THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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JULY 3, 1926

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Eleanor Mercein — J. P. Marquand — Henry Raleigh — Frederick Irving Anderson
Robert Welles Ritchie — Floyd W. Parsons — Richard Connell — Albert W. Atwood

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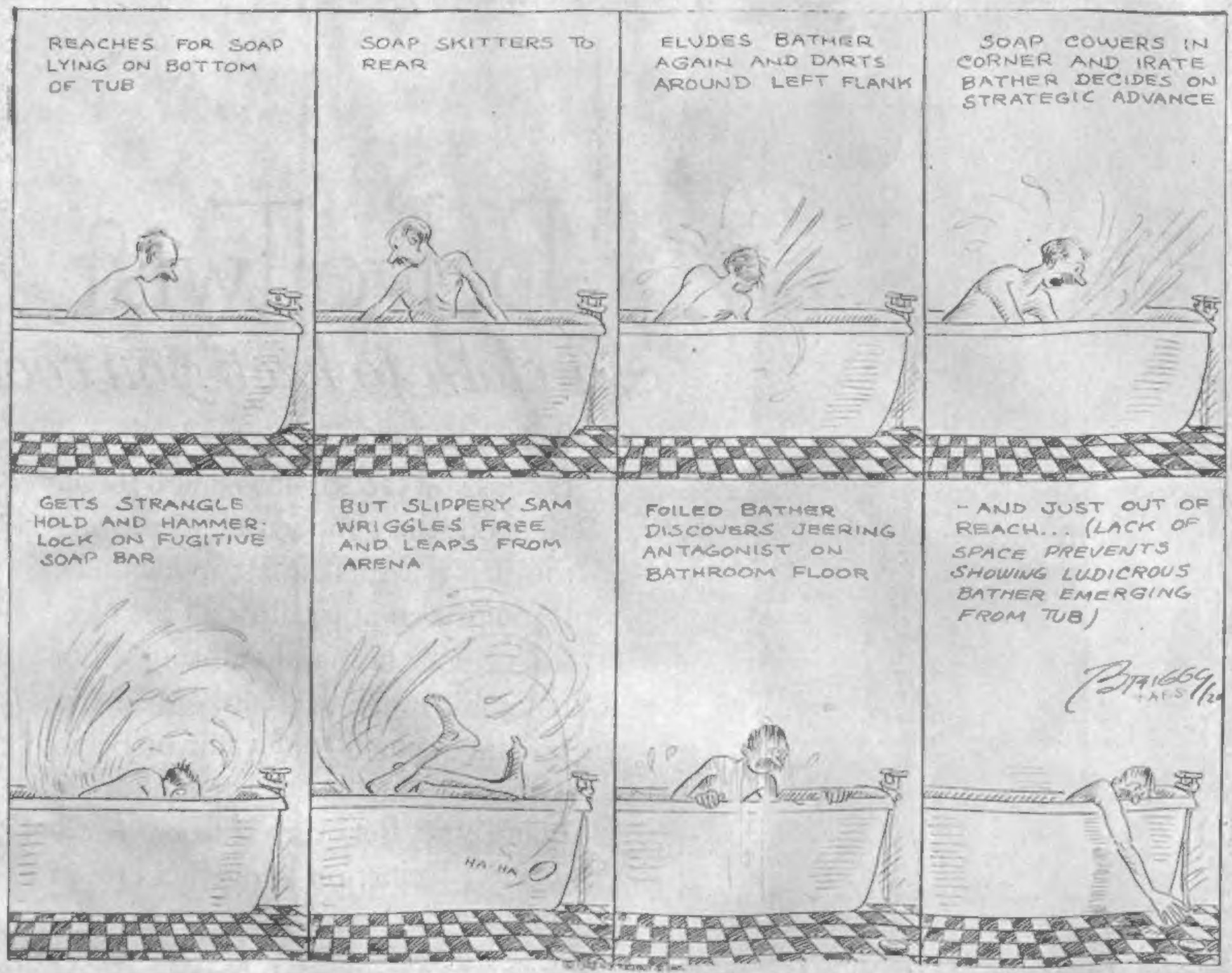
NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1925

. in Women's Title Golf, Carried to Home Green tc

Movie of a Man and a Slippery Bar of Soap : : : By BRIGGS


REACHES FOR SOAP LYING ON BOTTOM OF TUB
SOAP SKITTERS TO REAR
ELUDES BATHER AGAIN AND DARTS AROUND LEFT FLANK
SOAP COWERS IN CORNER AND IRATE BATHER DECIDES ON STRATEGIC ADVANCE
GETS STRANGLE HOLD AND HAMMER-LOCK ON FUGITIVE SOAP BAR
BUT SLIPPERY SAM WRIGGLES FREE AND LEAPS FROM ARENA
HA-HA
FOILED BATHER DISCOVERS JEERING ANTAGONIST ON BATHROOM FLOOR
-AND JUST OUT OF REACH... (LACK OF SPACE PREVENTS SHOWING LUDICROUS BATHER EMERGING FROM TUB)
BRIGGS 9/12

The SPORTLIGHT by Grantland Rice

—and then he bought a cake of IVORY!

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It Floats

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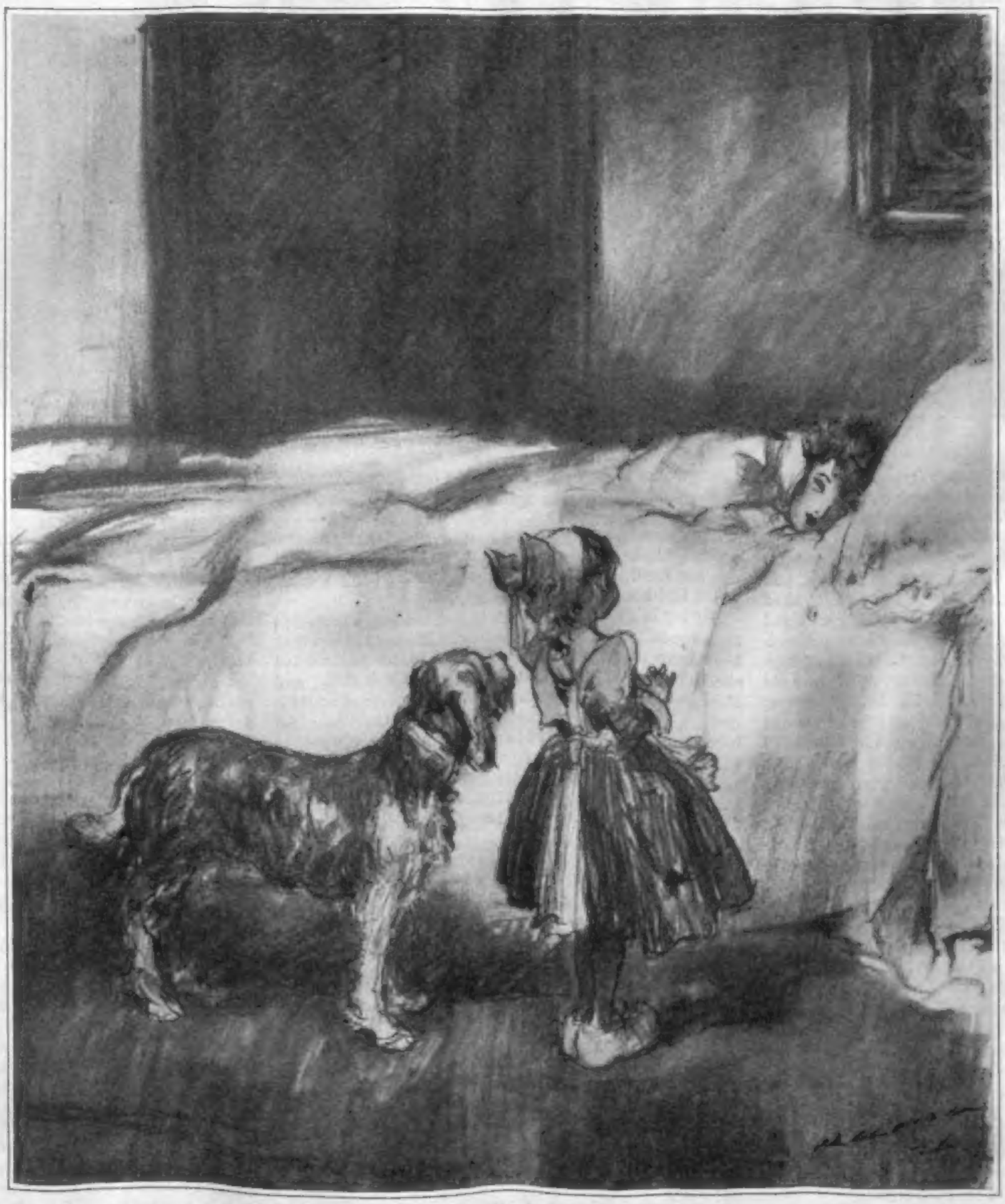
BASQUERIE

By ELEANOR MERCEIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

EMILY found Biarritz, now that the season was over, something of a bore; but they lingered on, partly because the rates were so much lower, and partly because her stepmother, Suzanne, seemed to be finishing up a little affair with the director. Emily shrugged at the thought. Duval was presentable enough, thanks to his opportunities; and, of course, Suzanne at her age had to take her men as she could get them; but really, a hotel director—— Surely one might fly one's kite a little higher than that.

Some weeks earlier the beach, even at this early hour—that charming intimate curve of beach, like the dress circle of a theater—would have been brilliant with striped bathing tents, vivid great parasols, gayly dressed and undressed ladies of the three worlds, great, lesser and half. Emily wondered in which of these she and Suzanne were usually classed by the onlookers. But what did they matter, the onlookers? There was still a yacht or two about. Emily had noticed a very nice one, Spanish probably, docked in the lower town, but the owners did not come to the casino, or Emily would have met them. Duval was very useful in that way. Nobody of any importance was stopping at the hotel, merely a few domestic parties, of the onlooker class.



She Was Wakened at Last by Four Eyes Gazing Fixedly at Her

Emily yawned. She seemed, in her shapeless little-girl frock, with the pale waves of hair cropped close to her pretty head, very young and frail, her skin of that delicate magnolia pallor which is thick enough never to burn or freckle.

Flowerlike every feature
As if one's breath would fray the lily of a creature.

And, indeed, a good deal of breath had been wasted in the effort here and there. Emily owed her unfrayed lilyhood, and also the fact that her exquisite, fragile little body was as muscular and active as that of a cat, to the dying counsels of her father—his best and practically his only legacy to her.

"The contours, my pet, are essential," Mr. Weldon had adjured her. "To keep really fit, exercise is advisable—swimming, riding, skiing, tennis, whatever is the *jeu* of the place, that you must do well; but not too well. Sports are as helpful in making acquaintance as a good dog, or going to the English church. Bridge, too; but in moderation, my pet; otherwise it is bad for the expression. And, of course, you will not be seen at the tables"—he meant the sort in casinos—"until after you are thirty. By that time you will have married, so it will not matter what you do. But it is wretched form to appear sporting before thirty.

"With regard to marriage," went on this very experienced gentleman, "my advice to you is the same as in golf: Keep your eye on the ball. Remember that a prince, Oriental or Slavic, is the equivalent of a duke, Continental; of a baronet, English; and of a millionaire, American. No matter what distractions offer, no matter what temptations arise—and there will be temptations, or you are not my daughter—keep your eye on the ball."

She was his daughter and she had done so. Poor dear papa! He, too, had known the difficulties that beset the path of a wandering beauty in Europe, none better; and he had done his best for her. Since he found himself unable to leave his daughter a suitable income, he had made what amend was possible; he had left her a stepmother who had one, and who could furnish as well the necessary background of chaperonage. Not that Suzanne as a background was all that could be desired, perhaps; but one did what one could. She was at least of an amiable and generous nature.

"I think," said the girl to herself, "that I shall go out into the Bay of Biscay and think things over." She always did her best thinking in the bathtub.

Since nobody was about to stare except a few natives, she did not bother to shroud her slim loveliness in a beach wrap, but ran out onto the nearest of the two little

Emily Had Caught the Contagion and Worked With the Rest, Worked Till Blisters Broke on Her Hands

pine-clad promontories that jut out into the water and took a neat header. Then she turned over on her back and let the Atlantic playfully slap at her face and tug at her with its undertow while she thought.

There was a good deal to think about; for example, young Prince Abdul—only an Egyptian, to be sure, and almost dark enough to be doubtful—it was hard to shed one's American prejudices. But she loved his yacht and his string of polo ponies, and he adored her silvery blondness; and the dot was certainly no object. What had happened to put him off? Had she seemed too cool? And old Sir Harry Congers, correct, substantial as his appearance; he had been on the very point of speaking to mamma—as Suzanne became on occasion—when something had called him away from Biarritz. He had left a bushel or so of roses and a very pretty bracelet, but he had not returned. Why? Had she been too approachable?

There were moments when Emily confessed to a slight inward panic. Nearing thirty and nothing in sight! Was she never to have done with this roving from pillar to post, this robbing Peter, as it were, to keep from paying Paul? Could the trouble be Suzanne?

Poor dear papa, she had to admit, had rather overreached himself when he married her. If he could only have postponed his demise a little longer, until his child was safely settled in a suitable walk of life! An unattached father can do so much more for a girl than she can do for herself.

A wave slapped her suddenly too hard to be pleasant, and she saw that she was in danger of being swept against the boiling rocks, where a man had recently, at a high tide like this, been pounded to a jelly. She exerted herself and got out of the caldron, but the effort left her tired. She thought she would land on the farther rocks, where the slope was gradual. But after a few moments she saw that she could not make it, and glanced over her shoulder to call the coast-guard boat which usually waited near that dangerous point. But the season was over; a frugal municipal government had withdrawn the boat.

"Well, well!" said Emily aloud. "Here I am in the Bay of Biscay with nobody to rely on but myself." Not, however, an unusual situation for her.

She struggled a little and swallowed water. "If I don't make it," she thought, "they'll find me in the surf in a very messy condition, and the Daily Mail will have headlines—The Beautiful Miss Weldon of Kentucky Drowned at Fashionable Biarritz—why must beauties always be from Kentucky or from Baltimore?—and Suzanne will have a chance to wear mourning again; which would suit her very well; so why struggle?"

She was roused from these macabre reflections by a voice which spoke to her out of the deep: "If mademoiselle will put her hand on my shoulder, please ——" So a coast guard had been watching after all.

She lay in a cove on the rock island, resting, a little sick from the salt water she had swallowed, glad of the sun that beat down upon her in that sheltered place. She wished she had more clothes on; the tide breeze was chilly, and after all, coast guards are men. But this one stood with his back to her, as far away as he could get; if the rock had been larger he would have been farther. It got smaller as the tide rose. She smiled to realize that. He was a handsome fellow, young, with straight black hair, high cheek bones, deep-set eyes; not a Spanish type, nor yet quite French. Emily looked him over appreciatively before she spoke.

"Thank you so much for saving me from a watery grave."

"It is nothing—mademoiselle, I mean, was still swimming quite strongly. I was not necessary."

"Oh, but you were! I was about to give up swimming. I wonder," she murmured idly, "if your name happens to be Neptune?"

"No, mademoiselle. My name is Esteban."

Still he would not look at her. She saw with amusement that he was embarrassed rather than intrigued by her appearance. Evidently this was no Frenchman.

"Neptune and siren alone on rock," she murmured, imagining the picture; and saw his cheek twitch a little as if he understood. "You need not wait, thank you," she added pleasantly.

"Mademoiselle has been good enough to say I was necessary ——"

"Not now," she replied. "I shall not commit suicide today. You must remember your duties. There may be other discouraged swimmers about."

He hesitated and then said quietly, "Mademoiselle is mistaken in thinking me a coast guard. I was watching—only for mademoiselle."

"Oh!" It was her turn to be embarrassed. She looked at him more closely. There was something vaguely familiar in his appearance. The smooth skin, brown as an Indian's, tattoo marks on the chest like a sailor's, a fine athlete's figure—and then, despite the shyness, his air of quiet confidence. It was difficult, she reflected, to be sure of a gentleman without his clothes on. Her rescuer wore only swimming trunks.

"I beg your pardon," she murmured, "you say you were watching for me?"

He replied surprisingly with a sort of controlled fervor, "I have been watching for mademoiselle ever since the first moment I saw her."

She bit her lip. "Really? You are not stopping at our hotel, I think?"

He shook his head. There were other hotels near by, of course; there was that yacht in the lower town. "I am native here," he said.

Emily regretted her apology. Her head lifted haughtily. For a mere native he had been impertinent. But for all she knew there might be native gentlemen.

"You mean you are Basque?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, Basque."

"But you speak English remarkably well."

He said quietly, "To one who speaks the Eskuara, no language is impossible; in that we are like Russians. But I have been in England; also in America."

"In the United States?"

"In both Americas. Basques are a seafaring people."

"You are a sailor, you mean? A fisherman, perhaps?" She had heard of the Basque whalers off Newfoundland.

"Both, mademoiselle; and other things."

Suddenly she knew where she had seen him; down in the lower town, working over a boat on the stocks, barefoot, his trousers rolled to the knee. She had realized for the first time how becoming the Basque costume was to a handsome man, the close-fitting *béret* worn over one ear, the wide red sash. She remembered, too, that the man had looked at her as he was doing now, with grave shy glances that turned away when they met hers. Emily was expert in such matters; she knew there was nothing to resent or fear in admiration such as this, no matter from whom it came. She decided to play Cophetua, as it were, to his beggar maid.

"Sit down here beside me," she said kindly—"you will have to soon, anyway, if this rock gets any smaller—and tell me about Basques. It is so strange to be living among a people of whom one knows nothing, whose life goes on independently of us, as if we were not here."

"It has been going on independently of you for thirty centuries," he remarked quietly. "You find it strange to see a people deeply rooted as a forest; while we find it

strange to see a people who wander about in families, like the Arabs, but without the Arabs' tents, living in hotels, railway cars, other people's houses ——"

Emily found herself somewhat on the defensive. "But the Basques are wanderers too; you said so yourself. Sailors and fishermen ——"

"—— and smugglers and at one time pirates," he finished for her. "Yes, mademoiselle; but with this difference: Basques return. The *etcheonda* is our home, our abiding place, no matter from how far we come to it."

"The *etcheonda?*"

"In Germany it is called the *Stammhaus;* in America—it is not called at all." He smiled gravely. "The *etcheonda* is the home to which one of our families belongs from generation to generation; where all the sons may bring their wives to live when they are done with roving; to whose shelter every member of the family has his right, and to which all pay tribute."

"No," said Emily thoughtfully, "in America it is not 'called at all,' because it does not exist. With us the nearest approach to an *etcheonda* would be an apartment building, changed every few years. Which is perhaps why we do so much family wandering."

"Doubtless, mademoiselle," he agreed.

Emily found the fellow oddly stimulating, intelligent; even humorous in a grave, simple way. And he was right. Roots—was not that what they needed, people like her and her father; what they desperately wanted and somehow could never find? They had torn themselves loose from their own foothold, the place where they belonged; yet where was that place? Certainly not an ugly prairie town near Chicago, where she had happened to be born! Again the slight panic came over her. Nearing thirty and no haven in sight; youth gone, beauty going, her charm acquiring a rather professional edge. She pulled herself together with a shiver. What nonsense! Her beauty going, when she could see the reflection of it in the eyes of every man she met—even this enamored native?

"I wonder why you have been watching for me," she murmured. It was playing with fire, of course, but Emily wanted to play with fire just then; it gave her a fictitious sense of warmth.

"Because I could not help myself," he muttered. "On the beach, at the casino windows, beneath your terrace—I could not keep away." Still he did not look at her.

She shook her head gently. "I am afraid you have been falling a little in love, Esteban. You must not do that."

"Why?" he demanded abruptly.

She laughed a little. Why, indeed, when his respect was so extreme that he could not make up his mind to sit beside her? She shivered again, this time not from cold. The game was beginning—the old exciting game.

"Mademoiselle is chilled!" he exclaimed, noticing the shiver out of the back of his head apparently. "It would be best to run about a little."

It would be best, thought Emily dryly, to swim straight back to shore; but aloud she said, "In bare feet on these rocks? No, thank you." She looked up at him from under plaintive lashes. "If you want to go on saving my life, I really think you will have to come and—keep me warm yourself." Her tone was quite matter-of-fact.

The temptation had come upon her too suddenly to resist: the need of strong arms about her, the touch of that powerful shoulder on which she had rested as they swam. It was not the first time she had been aware of primitive emotions, but as a rule she did not yield to them; she merely used them. Nobody had warned her that emotions, like muscles, strengthen with use.

He was no longer glancing at her with swift, shy looks like caresses; he had turned to stare at her in startled questioning.

"Don't be afraid of me, Esteban," she smiled encouragingly. "I'm not afraid of you. See how I trust you?"

With a muttered exclamation he did as he was bid. His arm, stiff as a ramrod, encircled her coldly, but she could feel him trembling. Certainly this was no Frenchman! Even one of her own compatriots might have felt the national chivalry strained by such circumstances. She laughed a little, but she was trembling too.

"You are trustworthy, aren't you?" she teased him. "Perhaps you'd better go then, or you might be tempted to kiss me. Just as you like, of course!"

"*Madre de Dios!*" he exclaimed, and made his choice.

The tide had turned when they swam slowly and easily back together; easily, because the tide went out more calmly than it had come in, slowly because below the point of pines they were to separate forever. Esteban did not know this, but Emily did.

"Look here! I don't want you to think American girls are all like this," she said suddenly, and rather oddly, considering that she rarely had anything to do with her compatriots. "We're not so bad as our bark—fortunately. We're rather decent as a rule. I hardly know what came over me—a touch of sun, perhaps."

He turned toward her a look of grave and happy understanding. "We Basques are called the children of the sun, mademoiselle. You are not accustomed to it. Do not fear! Love comes so, without warning, if the heart is ready. It was so that it came to me."

"You think this has been love, then?" she asked with some irony.

His answer shamed and touched her: "Have I not proof?"

She wondered about it as they breasted the long waves together, side by side, gazing at each other. She wanted to remember how he looked always. Was he right, this stranger whom she had kissed and would never see again? Love—the meaning of things, the reason for them? No wonder, she thought rather piteously, that people were always trying to find it.

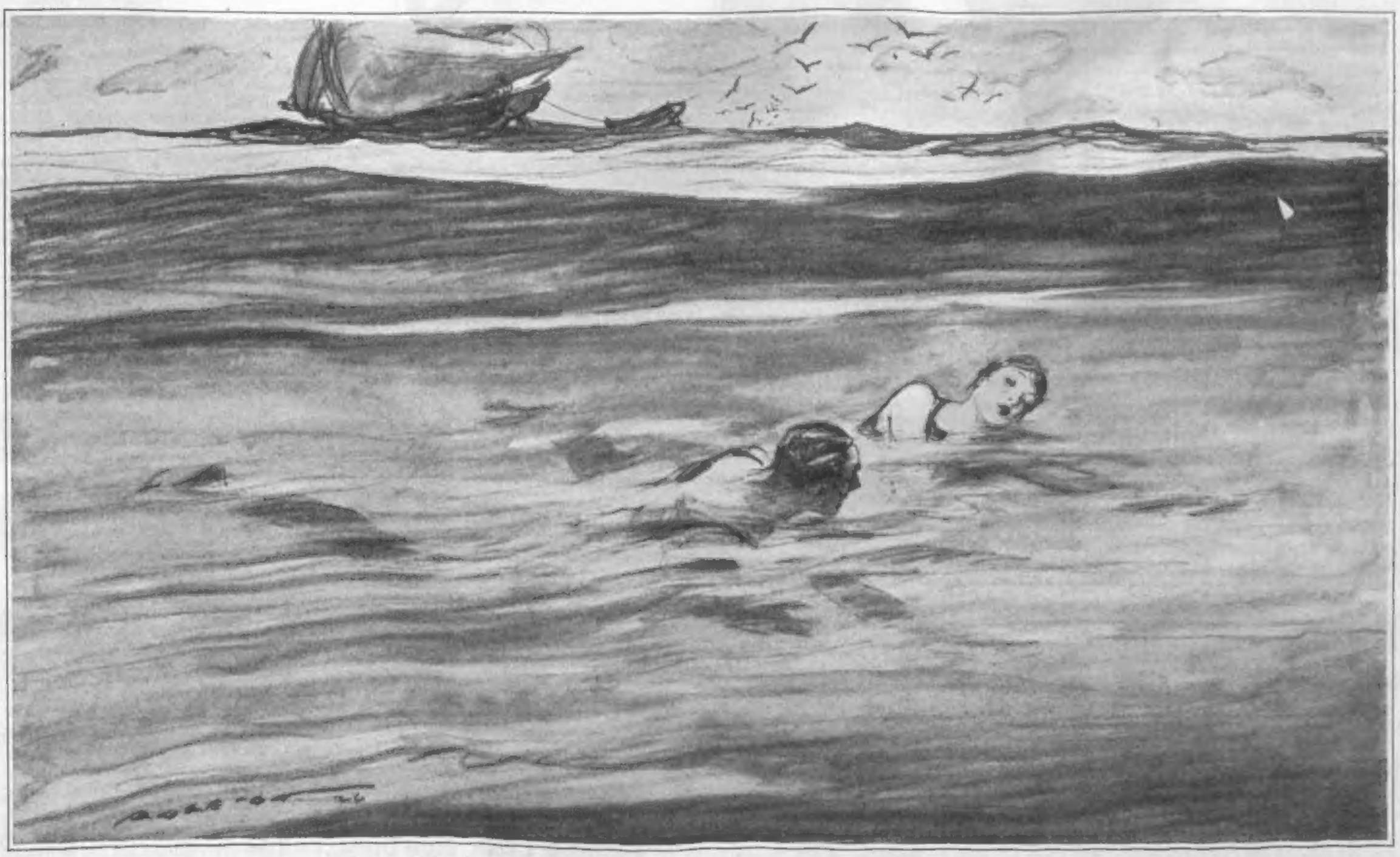
Emily had matched her skill with famous amorists more than once, and had not lost. True, she had not won, either; but there are contests in which not to lose is sufficient victory. Despite a somewhat intensive experience, she had remained not so much skeptical of love as entirely ignorant of it. She believed it, indeed, one of those picturesque myths in which people conspire to pretend credence, for some reason, like the pretty idea that to be good is to be happy. She, for example, was quite good, technically speaking; but she had never been at all happy. Whereas Suzanne was always happy, and yet —— The girl shrugged a cynical shoulder, and gave her the benefit of the doubt.

Thrills of the sort women discuss so freely nowadays she was quite familiar with; the thrill of the chase, of being chased; the thrill of uncertainty, not quite sure whether you could handle your man or not—far more exciting than, though on the same order as, the thrill of handling a lively horse. But this queer weakness, the melting sensation behind the eyeballs when you looked at each other, this absurd feeling that somebody was of more importance to you than yourself—an hour or two since, Emily could not have conceived the sensation of finding anybody more important to her than herself. Yet here she was dreading her final parting with this new lover, not so much for her sake as for his; she feared to hurt him. Curious!

She let Esteban down easily when the time came, promising to meet him on the point of pines as soon as it was dark enough.

Her stepmother did not appear to have missed her particularly. "You've been gone ages, dear," she said,

(Continued on Page 70)



She Wondered About it as They Breasted the Long Waves Together, Side by Side, Gazing at Each Other

YOUR FOOD AND OUR FARMER

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

FARM RELIEF! Talk and tempest have gone through the Sixty-ninth Congress about agricultural measures. Just as in legislative discussions and numbered bills about other issues, there is less significance in the immediate action taken than in the strong undercurrents of our national life, sending bubbles up to the political surface. It is the bubbles one gets in the daily news; it is the bubbles with which politicians deal; but to measure the strength and direction of the undercurrents it is necessary to take deeper soundings.

These deeper soundings are the concern of statesmanship. True statesmanship in America must consider the agricultural problem with more and more seriousness; for, on the whole, though prosperity and adversity carry our farmers up and down, there can no longer be any doubt that our basic industry—agriculture—is askew in our economic fabric.

Good statesmanship is not only the statesmanship of leaders; it often is the even more potent mass statesmanship of public opinion.

There is no general public opinion on the agricultural problem; there ought to be. There should be because the agricultural problem sits down at table with every individual and every family in the nation.

The food we eat, produced by our basic industry, engages the labor of approximately a third of our toilers. The question is one of your food or that of your descendants. It is a question of fundamental decision and not of political soothing sirups. It involves a broad policy, as important in the end to every consumer as it is to every farmer, rather than mere bait dangling for a sectional agricultural vote, done by some fisherman for the Presidency.

During the debate on the farm-relief bills a farmer wrote in: "Whatever you do, please do not talk any more about educating the farmer. In the main, the agriculture of the country is as advanced as industry. Don't educate us on the farm problem." He might have added: "If you want to educate anyone educate the consumer. The problem is not the farmers' problem; it is the nation's problem."

"ORGANIZATION WILL DO IT"

Urban Pride Goeth Before a Fall

GUGLIELMO FERRERO is known all over the world as an interesting analyst of history and the rise and fall of civilizations. He came to America with his farsighted observations and then wrote, in his Ancient Rome and Modern America, the following words:

"In no country of Europe are complaints of the expense of living more generally and loudly raised than in the United States. Why? Because in America the disproportion between the progress of the country and that of the cities, between industrial progress and agricultural progress, is even greater than in Europe, the home of populations which for centuries have been accustomed to a country life. It is a veritable *recommencement de l'histoire*, and the study of the Roman Empire can be of the greatest service in helping us to understand it. It is the first serious universally felt symptom of that excessive urbanization which was the ruin of ancient Rome."

At the time I first read this book Roosevelt was saying constantly in conversations that the most serious task in America was the restoration and proper economic adjustment of American agriculture; and I find in my notes:

"He believes the first requirement is to teach the urban and industrial population that it is their problem; that if they do not help to solve it, the campaign to do so will take on the hideous mien of agricultural blocs fighting for a special privilege here or a subsidy there."

That is exactly what has begun to happen.

I put down also: "Agriculture is the base. Nations are built and maintained on it. Its decay marks the coming of disruption. America has already begun to feel the chill of too much urbanization. Every civilization has gone tottering toward ruin because it sat down in great cities, congratulated itself on the marvels of spires, domes, money, pomp, and great stones placed upon great stones, and in factory and market turned its attention to the symbol of the coin.

"But one cannot eat the coin; the symbol of permanence is not building stone or, indeed, the mountain from which it came; the symbol of permanence of civilization and nations is the nodding head of grain. If cities were wise enough the first monument erected in the largest public square, so that none should forget, would be a towering tribute to the harvest, done in deathless bronze."

The conviction grows deeper constantly that the agricultural problem needs more than political jackstraw playing, more than economic tinkering here and there. It needs more than a special-privilege relief. It needs a national policy. It needs a national policy not made by farm blocs and Corn Belt lobbies, but by all of us—those who produce food and those who consume it.

That national policy cannot be expressed in any single slogan. The disjointing of agriculture from the machinery of our progress and its refitting into our unified economic assembly is not anything to be written into a single legislative bill, much less to be found in any one cure-all bottle. The politician who goes at it in that way identifies himself as a politician rather than as a statesman.

The readjustment is not so simple. Agriculture has not one, but several maladies. The politicians and the farm blocs use the demonstration of the maladies to advertise the virtues of patent medicines. That is the old patent-medicine game, and anyone who has followed the congressional debates this year recognizes the logic which argues: "Here are the kidney pills. Who can deny that there is a backache?"

Rural Jack Horners and the Treasury Pie

THERE is a backache in our agriculture. At the present time it is less acute than the lobbies of some of the farm organizations would have us believe. It is more than doubtful whether the mass of farmers of the country themselves wish to have their hands reaching into the Treasury, in accordance with proposals such as appeared in the defeated McNary-Haugen Bill in the last Congress and in the Haugen Bill as first presented in this Congress.

Stripped of disguise, that proposal is to take out of the Treasury an amount almost equal to the Federal income-tax reduction just effected in behalf of all of us. And why? To create a fund to be used to fix and maintain prices upon our important agricultural productions, in an attempt to legislate away the present situation, in which world prices control our prices.

The service I am trying to render just now as an onlooker in Washington is to distinguish between legislative economic tinkering and broad, liberal, national policy. Measures urged in behalf of our farmers which can be branded as special legislation, as special-privilege campaigns, as Treasury-looting enterprises, as class and minority-driven government as distinguished from general-welfare government, defeat rather than advance the ends of wise and generous statesmanship in dealing with our farm problem. Such measures create a tendency to introduce little or big self-serving minorities; they lean toward the creation of the multi-party system of politics which is wrecking the democracies of Europe; they encourage the vote-baiting aspirant for office; and they give rise to endless insincerity in Congress, where, especially in cases where such measures are marked for defeat, they are used by party or personal—and certainly petty—politics to embarrass those who are more sincere and more responsible. They hand soothing sirup and saccharin to the agricultural interests.

Above all, such measures are deadly poison to efforts to solve the farm problems by any large comprehensive policy with a united country behind it. When forced back to the disclosure that the legislation not only emphasizes class but tends to whip up sectionalism, such measures only irritate the self-interest of other sections and other classes. To the taxpayer who is offended there is added the consumer, who sees not only a new attempt to create a complicated legislative experiment to supplant economic laws but a price-fixing scheme directly contributory to high prices and the cost of living. Even the dairymen, the cattlemen and other agricultural interests shiver as this wind of higher cost of stock feed blows from the mouths of congressional debaters. The average man feels that he need not worry about the farmer; the farmer appears only as trying to take care of himself too confoundedly well. Railroad labor, for instance, says: "If we made a drive for high wages, especially if it included putting our hands in the United States Treasury, and if that drive threatened higher freight rates, maybe we would hear a squeal from the farmer."

The damage done by the extreme farm-relief measures occupying so much attention toward the end of this congressional session is mainly a damage to the real solution of agricultural problems, because what is needed is the development of a national policy with a nation behind it and not a short-view farm policy with a lobby behind it.

We Americans should have our faces turned toward a long view of our agricultural future; it is a matter of immense—indeed primary—concern perhaps to us, and certainly to our posterity and the future of the United States. If it were handled with a vision broad enough it might rapidly become a presidential issue at a time when no other issue can be found, not only by the opposition but by the party in power. No one is handling it in that way. It is being used by ambitious hopefuls as the only catchhold in sight, but as they have snatched it up it is a brittle spear. Those who are using it are trying to help the farmer, but the main point is to roll Coolidge off his balance.

Here is the essence of it: "At vote auctions, political bankruptcy pays nothing down and bids everything up."

So it was in 1924. "Oh, there will be trouble for C. C. in the Northwest," said the farm-blockians. But as one who preached that doctrine says today: "And yet see what the Northwest did for him!"

The brief of the farm question is this: An agricultural policy is needed. It is anyone's political opportunity.

Any successful program must be a national program—a program not only of the farmer, as it will be if we let it go, but of taxpayers, labor and industry, if we act with national unity.

Any successful program presupposes skill in awakening our alertness and intelligence and our own or our children's self-interest as consumers, and skill as a nation maintaining its food independence.

The problem is not primarily a social problem to educate the farmer and improve his mind; the problem is economic. It is to fit the farmer back into our economic assembly.

Finally, the problem concerns not one but many questions; it is not a thread but a whole fabric.

Fishing for the Farm Vote

DID these fundamental principles receive substantial broad recognition in the congressional debates? No. The whole contest over the Haugen and Tincher bills was as fine an example of American legislative effort at its low ebb as one could easily find.

Tinkering with the agricultural problem! Tinkering and jackstraws and soothing sirup and politics! Almost every insincerity, almost every feeble intrigue of propaganda and lobbying and minority-group, self-interest politics! Peanut politics in currents and cross currents! No coherence or unity even among the agricultural interests of the country as to what they wanted! Political bait dangling and fishing for the farm vote of 1926 and 1928! And finally a situation in which American farmers could not know what it was all about any more than Congress itself could explain. After a creditable session of attending to business—to the measures which kept our national clock ticking and getting the business done—behold—pettiness and political piping over farm relief!

Many of us know already of the two prominent proposals for farm relief. Described in words of the First Reader, they were as follows:

First, a proposal to take $375,000,000 out of the Treasury. That proposal was based on the undoubted fact that, as Mr. Haugen, author of the proposal says, "We produce and it is essential that we produce a surplus of certain agricultural commodities. This surplus must be sold in competition in the world markets. It is sold at the world price. But the surplus for export is not segregated from the supply for domestic consumption. Consequently the world price fixes the price for the entire crop. Under these circumstances our present tariff, to a very large extent, is inoperative. The effect of the world price upon the entire crop can be removed by removing the exportable surplus so that the domestic price will be protected by the tariff."

No one denies that this statement represents a real economic difficulty for the farmer—one of the several economic maladjustments of our agriculture which need attention. As the report to the Committee on Agriculture says:

"It is possible for a manufacturer to adjust the volume of his production exactly to the estimated requirements of his market. This the farmer cannot do, since in many crops weather and pests have more weight than acreage in determining total yield.

"Winds, droughts, floods, boll weevil, corn borer, wheat rust and other pests and diseases make the accurate adjustment of the production of agriculture to estimated demand in order to avoid a surplus on the one hand and national underproduction, possibly famine, on the other, out of the question.

"In 1920, the corn acreage of the United States, approximately 101,000,000 acres, produced at the rate of 31.5 bushels an acre; in 1924 the yield was 22.9 bushels. On the same acreage base for those two years the variation in total yield, due to weather and other factors beyond the farmer's control, was 858,000,000 bushels.

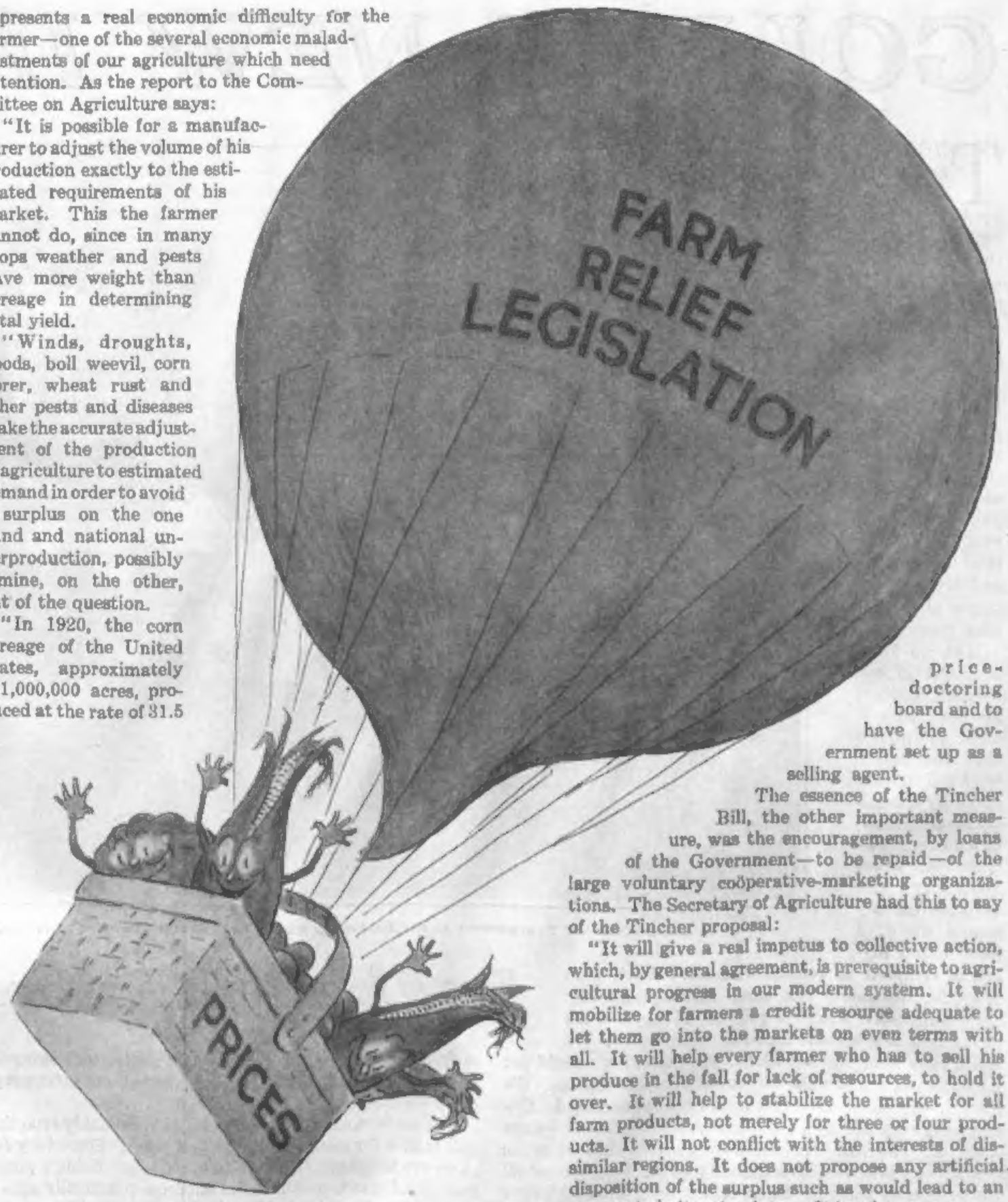
"The average United States cotton acreage for the years 1921–1924 was 35,000,000 acres. The 1921 yield was 124.5 pounds the acre; in 1924, 156.8 pounds. The cotton-yield variation in those years, due to uncontrollable influences, amounted to 2,250,000 bales on the average acreage.

"The 52,000,000 wheat acres, which produced on the average 16.5 bushels an acre, a total of 862,627,000 bushels in 1924, yielded only 12.8 bushels an acre, a total of 669,365,000 bushels in 1925. The difference, which no degree of foresight or organization on the part of the farmers could have prevented, was nearly 200,000,000 bushels of wheat. In other words, the same acreage that yielded barely enough wheat to supply our domestic requirements in 1925 had produced a gigantic exportable surplus the year before. The foregoing examples show conclusively that control of acreage is not control of production."

But can anyone be heard to say that the law of supply and demand may so readily be waved away by the sweep of a few congressmen's hands, even with the rattle of oratorical cuff links?

And then what was the prescription for the relief and remedy written by these doctors? It was to ask the taxpayers to provide $350,000,000 of the $375,000,000 for a revolving fund. To do what? To purchase, withhold and sell the exportable surplus with the idea of indirectly fixing higher prices on the basis of the world price, plus tariff, plus transportation charges to the United States. Attached to this originally was the device of collecting—beginning after two years—a fee from the producers to make up the loss, so that the fund could be used for another purchase of another exportable surplus.

The essence of this relief measure can be expressed thus: It is a proposal to have the taxpayers finance a price-doctoring board and to have the Government set up as a selling agent.



The essence of the Tincher Bill, the other important measure, was the encouragement, by loans of the Government—to be repaid—of the large voluntary coöperative-marketing organizations. The Secretary of Agriculture had this to say of the Tincher proposal:

"It will give a real impetus to collective action, which, by general agreement, is prerequisite to agricultural progress in our modern system. It will mobilize for farmers a credit resource adequate to let them go into the markets on even terms with all. It will help every farmer who has to sell his produce in the fall for lack of resources, to hold it over. It will help to stabilize the market for all farm products, not merely for three or four products. It will not conflict with the interests of dissimilar regions. It does not propose any artificial disposition of the surplus such as would lead to an aggravated situation later. It involves no governmental price fixing, nor does it put the Government into the business of handling farm products. It does not offer a subsidy to farmers, but it does offer them the businesslike help that other groups enjoy."

The Old Army Game in Congress

"IT IS not a threat to consumers, but is, instead, a contribution to the general stability of supply and markets. It keeps the business of marketing farm products in the hands of farmer-controlled agencies, where it belongs. It is sound, constructive, and will pave the way for the broadest participation by farmers in the shaping of national policies. It seems to me that the present Congress will have taken a notable step in the interests of farmers and of the community at large if a measure along the lines of the Tincher Bill is enacted into law."

These two farm-relief ideas, together with a third not necessary to describe, were all reported out of committee at one time, although they conflicted—an absurd, almost unparalleled ducking of responsibility. Such were the bones thrown into the mêlée of the House.

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GOLF—A NEW INDUSTRY

PHOTO. BY EDWIN LEVICK, N. Y. C.

A Recent Caddies' Tournament at the Rockaway Hunt Club. Lester Cummings Driving. He Scored 54 for Nine Holes

By Floyd W. Parsons

THE doctor said, "Golf is what you need; it is much better to hit a pill than to swallow one." This seemed to be good advice, so I purchased the regulation equipment, joined a couple of clubs and started out to master the intricacies of the most devilish game that was ever invented to test the temper and try the patience of the human race.

Not so long ago, one of our leading editors got sour on golf and proposed that the nation be freed of the curse by Constitutional amendment. Frequently, after totaling the strokes on my score card, I have found myself in complete agreement with the editor. Don Marquis, discussing this same matter, expresses the sentiments of a host of golfers. He says: "We never had any trouble like this with liquor. We could take it or leave it alone. We took all we could get for some years, and what we couldn't get we let alone. We have no will power whatever where golf is concerned. Unless we are rescued by a Constitutional amendment, we are done for. The Scotch invented the game so that while the rest of the world wastes its time in playing, they can get all the prosperity there is. Since taking up golf we no longer have friends; we have only golfing associates, and we don't like them, because they can all play better than we can."

I attended the dinner given to the Walker Cup team the night before they sailed for England to play in the international match with the British team. The different speakers told how golf is a great builder of human character; how it is no longer a rich man's pastime, but is fast becoming the national game for the average citizen. I do not doubt that there is some truth in these statements.

Tut-Tut!

BUT I must confess that golf is also an effective developer of one's vocabulary. I can now express my feelings with far more force than was ever possible before. Experience has shown on frequent occasions that to restrain one's language is to hurt one's game.

Arthur Balfour, when Premier of Great Britain, is an example in point. While playing golf one day he got into a bad bunker, and on making an unsuccessful effort to get out, he said, "Tut-tut!" He tried again and failed, once more exclaiming, "Tut-tut!" The Scotch caddie was looking on, and at this remarked, "Hoot, mon, tut-tut will ne'er get ye oot o' that bunker!"

But aside from these tendencies, it is probably true that golf makes for mental and physical poise. Since very few shots are the same, it is infinite in variety. Being a purely individual sport, in which the outcome practically always depends on the player himself, it is the world's greatest suppresser of ego. As a revealer of character, golf is likewise supreme. It does place one on his honor, for other players do not try and are not expected to watch you.

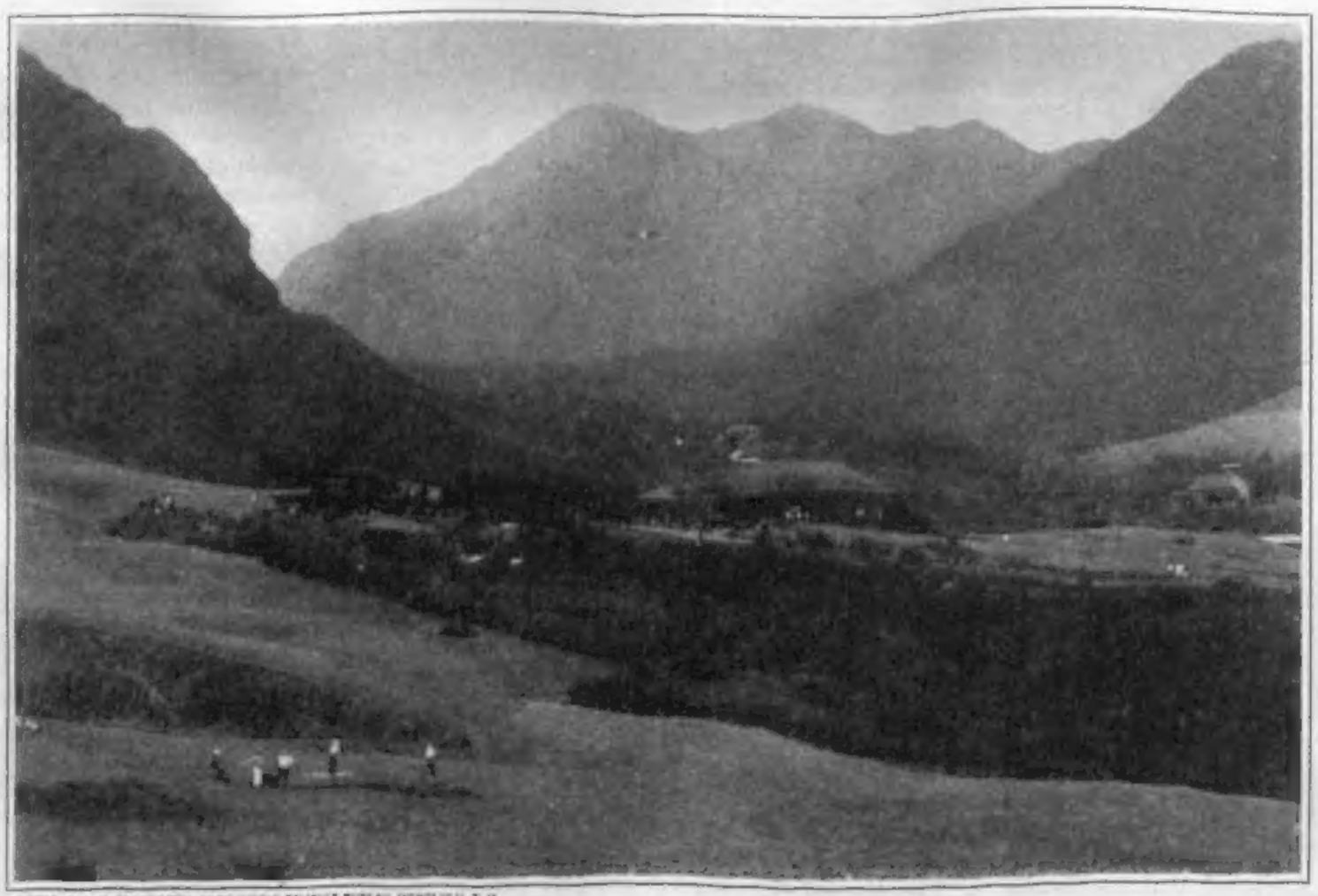

PHOTO. BY L. E. EDGEWORTH, FROM HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU, HONOLULU, T. H.

Players at the Thirteenth Hole on a Hawaiian Golf Course

The unfortunate truth is that the proper viewpoint of golf has not yet become universal. The principles of the game that are so sacred to many are certainly not appreciated by all. It would be an exaggeration to say that players always act the part of gentlemen. Many regard golf as merely a matter of card and pencil, and their arithmetic is better than their game. Some do not show a proper respect for the rights of others or a willingness to play for the hole at every stroke.

Stymied

A LOT of golfers wear glasses, but very few of them get their eye strain from reading up on the rules. Even the terms of the game are Greek to many.

A man turned to his caddie and said, "Why couldn't that fellow get his ball into the hole?"

"He was stymied, sir," was the reply.

"Oh, was he?" said the other. "I thought he looked rather funny at luncheon."

A group of golfers out on the Pacific Coast, realizing the need for higher standards of golf, resolved recently to make an effort to improve present practices. The game has grown so fast that there has been a resulting laxity in the finer points of golf etiquette. The new movement is not designed to admonish players for every little slip of the rules, but is an attempt to get golfers everywhere to learn and observe the ethics of the game. The ultimate aim is to make golf, in fact as well as in name, a builder of character, and to make the players realize that honor and self-respect are more to be valued than victory.

Down through the ages have come all sorts of toasts to golf proposed by the lovers of the game. Boiled into one, these would read about as follows:

It is an accomplishment, a science, a contest, a test of temper, a trial of honor, an antidote for worry, a developer of concentration and a builder of health. It is a study in which you may exhaust yourself, but never your subject. It brings one close to Nature, sweeps away mental cobwebs and teaches one to extend courtesy and generosity to an opponent. It is a study in psychology and a challenge from the subconscious mind. It is a teacher of philosophy and a doctor of therapy for nerves at high tension. It is a meeting place for parents and their children and

A Golf Ball Fisherman at White Sulphur Springs. He Gets Ten Cents for Each Ball and Salvages About Seventy a Day

offers dad and mother a chance to be pals with the kids, thereby linking the entire family in a bond of common interest. It is doing more than all else to prevent walking from becoming a lost art, and is fascinating because it can never be conquered. In addition to all this, it offers the widest range of participation of any game, and yet it is not a game—it is an experience that one can enjoy until a wheel chair gets him.

It is to the credit of golf that it can bring forth eulogies of this kind. But the game is not without critics, nor is it free of problems. I know a number of very successful business men who hold the opinion that golf is a waster of valuable time.

The Ither Man Micht Die

THERE are also many who believe that golf does the average business man more harm than good. Some folks doubtless play too much golf. Even eighteen holes is quite wearing on the fellow who doesn't play well and who suffers at the same time from a considerable degree of mental torture. Eighteen holes of golf on an average course means about four miles of walking, which in itself is no crushing task. But for the army of dubs who work at the game instead of play at it, and who have not yet developed the attitude of a true philosopher in accepting the game as it comes, we must make allowance for wear on the nervous system and its resulting fatigue. For most people, eighteen holes of golf is plenty.

It is undoubtedly a fact that golf does teach a valuable lesson for everyday business. The golfer soon learns the need for relaxation and the danger of getting too much keyed up. It discloses the wisdom of understating rather than overstating the case; and while emphasizing the truth that the loss of one shot or one hole may mean defeat, it also points out with force that where the heart is stout, the fight is not lost until the final stroke.

Supporting this never-die spirit is the story of a famous match at St. Andrews, where a player got into the almost hopeless position of being six down and six to go. His caddie, who had quite a wager on his employer, offered this encouragement: "Cheer up, sir, the ither man micht die." This remark so changed the whole situation that the next seven holes were won by the fellow who had been six down.

But whether or not golf as a game is good or bad, the fact remains that it has now become more than a mere sport—it is an important industry that requires the highest skill in management and the close attention of science. As a business, it is disorganized, wasteful and sadly lacking in efficiency. Opportunities for improvement exist in all departments of the game, from the construction of the golf courses to the methods of teaching new players. Before touching on the philosophy of golf and the art of making the various shots, let us see what this sport has become in the way of a great national industry.

Willie Macfarlane, National Open Golf Champion, Shows the Slow-Motion Cameraman How His Drives are Made

There are 3954 golf clubs in the United States that actually own property. In addition, there are approximately 600 golf clubs or associations that arrange and carry out yearly programs of tournaments that are played on the courses of clubs that extend the courtesy of their grounds to these nonmember groups. A carefulsurvey shows an average of 145 acres of golf land to each club. This means more than 570,000 acres of land in the United States are now given over to the game of golf. Though some of this ground is worth no more than $100 an acre, the land of clubs in many places has a value of from $5000 to $20,000 an acre. A few years ago $500 would doubtless have been a fair average price for golf acreage, but with the advent of the automobile, and particularly of the motorbus, the prices of suburban land have advanced materially, and it is conservative to say that $1000 an acre is now a fair average price for this class of property. This means that the golf clubs of our country now have an investment in land alone of more than $570,000,000. Further assuming $40,000 as the average cost of clubhouse and golf equipment, we get an additional total of about $158,000,000, which brings the capital investment of American golf clubs up to nearly $730,000,000.

Girl Caddies at Le Touquet Golf Club, Near Paris. In Oval—A Seagoing Caddie Rescuing Golf Balls From a Water Hazard at Palm Beach

Catering to the Golfer's Needs

THE membership of our golf clubs now totals approximately 1,650,000. More than 3000 concerns are engaged in making accessories for the game, while 1210 of these companies are devoting all their energies to producing golf supplies. The retail cost of the golf balls sold last year totaled nearly $10,000,000, while the retail cost of golf clubs was about $11,000,000. More than 12,000,000 golf balls were sold in 1925. The sales of equipment for golf are larger than the sales of equipment for any other sport.

In small communities the membership of golf clubs will often run as low as 150, but in metropolitan districts the average club has a membership totaling more than 400. There are from 300 to 500 caddies at many clubs. Eighty is probably the average for small clubs

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THE SPITTING CAT

Before Buddington or Pinckney Could Speak, Harry Lurched Forward and Got Buddington by the Arm. "Don't!" He Cried Hoarsely. "Sit Down!"

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

HARRY ROBBINS is the only one who knows from its first to its final phase the epic of Pinckney Clew and Buddington Brent, though, of course, everyone has heard rumors. In fact, if you went about at all that particular autumn in Boston, New York, or anywhere that the idle and more or less useless forgather, you must have encountered embroidered gossip. You must have encountered principals, too, if you were young enough and active, for they were moving about, forever moving. Cecelie Snow, fortunately the least important, would have been the hardest to find, for she was generally in some conservatory, where her bobbed head and quick smile had little competition and where the color of her eyes and dresses were brighter than the flowers.

But Pinckney Clew—you must have seen him, with that alert bearing that comes of a small figure with sensitive face, straight dark hair and delicate nostrils. He was the one who never gave a sign of anything being wrong. Buddy Brent was so obviously careless that anyone would have guessed he was trying too hard to be at ease. You wouldn't have overlooked him—he was generally in the crowd around the punch bowl or the cocktails, making loud noises, and swaying his one hundred and eighty pounds from one foot to the other while his blond hair shone above his smooth pink forehead.

On such an occasion—say, at one of those ever-recurring coming-out parties—a look of anxiety sometimes would usurp the conventional happy expression of their host. You might even have heard him say to someone in a careful undertone: "Are you sure they're all right? It is my opinion it wasn't wise to ask them both."

"Of course they're all right!" That was always the answer. "They've been at the same places all this autumn." Yet those answers were too pat, like voices saying it would not rain when clouds obscured the sun.

Now it is curious to consider the people that fate selects to see things. Harry Robbins was the one of us who saw the end, the boy we used to call Fatty Robbins back at St. Joseph's, and Harry said himself he didn't appreciate all that was going on. He was just sitting in his chair and wishing he was safe in bed and anywhere but in Italy.

"Honest to goodness now," Harry always says, "I just sort of woke up. No, it wasn't what I had to drink. Now listen: The old duca was wheezing and coughing, lolling in one of those drinking places. What the deuce do you call them? They're cafés in French, but what the dickens are they in Italian?"

And there you have the trouble. Harry everlastingly wanders off and bemuses himself in details about cafés and chairs, and there he is—the only one who knows. Of course there were others, but they only saw the end of it—that scaly old sinner, the asthmatic old Duca de Mola, for instance; but who could tell what he really thought?

Who can tell, for that matter, what may happen in Florence in the spring when warmth comes to its narrow medieval streets? Where else but in Italy and Florence can one imagine a wheezing, sated old nobleman standing today in his house and panting in execrable English:

"You say they're gentlemen—what? And it is quiet here—yes? And I can fix it—the Molas always fix—*perbacco!* Let them fight with the duel and swords then, the big fool and the little fool!"

II

IT SEEMS a long jump to get to the beginning: but there is enough spirit to carry you over, enough of something beyond mere flesh. Though one must go back fifteen years and across the ocean to one of those New England church schools, neither the time nor the space means much. It even seems, so strange are the tricks of years, that none of us was much different when we all went to St. Joseph's. Harry Robbins was just as fat and I was just as thin, and surely Pinckney Clew was as small proportionately and as nervously active, and Bud Brent as heavy and as insolently strong.

When Pinckney came up in the stage from the station, a wide-eyed pale boy whose knickerbockers kept slipping down his spindling legs, he had that stunned and hopeless look which new boys often have. Pinckney had come from Maryland with a sole-leather trunk and kid gloves and a little derby hat and two new bags of pigskin. Buddy Brent looked at them and grinned, and that was the beginning.

First Buddy grinned and then twisted his face into a simper. He had been standing with the other old boys on the lawn by the rector's study to watch the new boys come in. Even then Buddy Brent was half a head taller than the rest of his form and lank with a heavy-jointed ranginess.

"Where'd you come from, mommer's boy?" he asked.

Anyone could have known the way Pinckney felt. He had been told about the school and he wanted to do the proper thing.

"I come from Baltimore," he said, and added as though it was part of the answer, "I'm one of the Clews of Baltimore."

There was a titter, naturally enough. Already the boarding school was beginning its relentless work of casting Pinckney into that enviable mold known as the St. Joseph's boy.

"Who'd you say you were one of?" asked Buddy.

"One of the Clews of Baltimore."

"Well," said Buddy, "I'm one of the Brents of Pittsburgh. Did you ever hear of the Brents of Pittsburgh?"

"No, sir," answered Buddy.

"Did your mommer bring you here?"

A faint pink had come into Pinckney's cheeks, and his nostrils quivered, but he got no sympathy. His kid gloves and his derby hat were enough to dry up human kindness.

"Tell him," called someone. "New boys have got to answer."

Pinckney answered with a strained intensity, startlingly out of porportion to his meager build. "None of your business," he said.

"What's that?" Buddy thrust out his jaw and Pinckney spoke again.

"I won't be made fun of—not about that. My mother's dead."

"There," said Buddy. Everyone knew the thing pleased him, for Buddy was that conventional character, the bully of the school. "It's lucky you backed down."

A curious note came into Pinckney's voice. It was like a voice from space, a voice of someone talking in his sleep.

"I didn't back down," he said. "I'm not afraid of you."

Buddy laid hold of his shoulder. "You will be, though," he said.

And then the rector's door opened, and the rector was standing on the steps of his study, a big man, red of face, with a low clerical collar.

"Here, here!" he said, staring at Buddy's hand on Pinckney's shoulder. "Here—what's this?"

But the rector knew without anyone's telling. He knew boys even better than his books.

"Don't lie now, Brent," he said. "You're bullying again, Brent. You're a despicable bully, and let me discover you just once more —— Shake hands, sir, with the new boy and tell him you're sorry."

In Pinckney's face and Buddy's face there was something that was the same, not readily to be described, but so apparent that anyone could see; not stubbornness exactly, but a hardness, tempered by some internal fire.

Naturally, any boy who was worth anything fought at St. Joseph's. When the time came it would be over in a minute, when one considered that Buddy could have given Pinckney fifteen pounds; and yet the prospect made us nervous. The certainty of it put our whole dormitory on edge—the absolute knowledge of what would happen, combined with its not happening. Though sure as fate they would have to have it out, a month passed, and another month.

I remember the day when Pinckney and Buddy fought, even little details in it, such as make you wonder at the laws of remembering and forgetting. Pinckney and Harry and I were scratching with short sticks in the leaves at the base of the chestnut tree which grew behind the tennis courts, just where the fields slope in a gentle declivity from theschool building, when Buddy heaved in sight. Pinckney saw Buddy first, and straightened quickly and dropped his stick. Buddy was rustling through the leaves, pleased apparently at the scuffling sound. A shadow fell across his face, diagonally from the edge of his jaw. Other shadows of bare twigs made a little grating across his jersey.

"Hi, mommer's boy," he said.

It was not a matter of words that made them fight. Pinckney was polite, like all the Clews of Baltimore, in words.

"Please don't call me that," he said.

"I'll call you anything I please," said Buddy.

Pinckney took off his Norfolk jacket. His arms were reedy; his neck wriggled loosely in his Eton collar, but his voice was what we noticed.

"No, you won't," he said.

Buddy laughed, but his laugh ended in a startled choke. Pinckney had gone for him, but not like other boys who do not know how to fight. He did not lower his head and wave his arms, but leaped straight at Buddy's face before Buddy had time to guard. Neither of them spoke. A trickle of blood ran from the corner of Buddy's mouth. He struck at Pinckney's white shirt, stepped forward, tripped him, and they rolled down together.

Buddy was on his feet, while Pinckney still sprawled on his hands and knees. The rest was a simple matter. Buddy drove his knee into the small of Pinckney's back, jerked him upward and twisted Pinckney's right arm behind his back in a hammer lock, as Pinckney came up standing. Pinckney stood like a trussed fowl, breathing between his teeth, and Buddy jerked savagely at his arm.

"That'll teach you to mark my face!" gasped Buddy. "Say 'enough'!"

"No," said Pinckney.

Both Harry and I moved toward them.

"Leave him alone!" we cried. "You're going to break his arm."

"If you won't say enough," said Buddy, "say 'I beg your pardon, grant your grace.'"

"Go on and say it," we suggested, but in those silent boys was some force beyond our scant philosophy.

"I won't say it!" Pinckney gasped. "Don't pull him away! I'm not afraid!"

His voice changed with the last words. Buddy gave his arm another wrench.

Somehow we could not move, but could only stand listening to Pinckney's quickened breathing.

"Go on!" said Buddy. "Say 'I beg your pardon, grant your grace' or I will smash your arm." A sharp cry burst from Pinckney's lips. "Ah," said Buddy, "did you say it?"

"No!"

And, just as I mentioned, both their faces were the same, though Pinckney's was grilled with pain and Buddy's red with sullen anger.

"Say it!" Buddy repeated.

Pinckney spoke at last. His voice was a low murmur: "I beg your pardon."

"Go on!" said Buddy hoarsely; his eyes glittered. "Say it all!"

"Grant your grace." Suddenly Pinckney's voice rose shrill and fierce and he added a final couplet of defiance. "And I hope the cat will spit in your face!"

"You will, will you?" cried Buddy. "There! I'll teach you to fool with me!"

A second later they were standing face to face and Pinckney was looking very sick. His arm was dangling at his side.

We never knew how much the rector saw, but then we saw him standing looking at us beneath the brim of his black felt hat. "Here, here," he said, "what's this?"

Faintly but very distinctly Pinckney answered before any of us could speak. "Nothing, sir," he said. "We were just wrestling round."

The rector tapped his boot with his walking stick, knowing probably that none of us would tell.

"Brent," he said, "go to your room until I send for you; and you, Clew, and you two—I'll see you first."

The rector's study was lined with books. A cannel-coal fire was burning in the grate, but the shelves and crackling flames were all a part of ominous suspense.

"Now, Clew," said the rector, "what's the matter with your arm?"

"I just gave it a wrench, sir." Pinckney's eyes never left the rector's face.

"Is that all you want to say?"

"Yes, sir." Pinckney's voice sank to a faint murmur. "I was just—wrestling round."

Pinckney swayed. He would have fallen if the rector had not caught him. "Robbins," said the rector sharply "run to the Infirmary! He's fainted."

But Pinckney had not fainted. As the rector lifted him to a couch he murmured something and the rector looked at me, puzzled.

"What's that?" he asked. "What is the boy saying? Go and tell Brent I wish to see him."

As I left I could still hear Pinckney's mumbled words:

"I beg your pardon, grant your grace
And hope the cat will spit in your face."

And still that wretched juvenile couplet keeps on jingling.

III

THERE are two things about life which must strike everyone sometime. First, the whole past seems to contract into a fleeting, hurried time; and second, nothing in that past—particularly, unpleasant parts of it—seems ever to be irrevocably finished. An older man would have known, known as sure as fate, that people would begin to talk some day. An older man would surely have known that Pinckney Clew and Buddy Brent would meet again.

We had been jovial all day, Pinckney Clew and I. It was easy to be merry in Pinckney's company after he got his degree at Harvard and his father had put him on an allowance of twenty thousand dollars a year. It was August in 1922 and we were motoring in Pinckney's car to the Nevilles' for a week, and the Horatio Nevilles always made you comfortable. They owned a whole promontory of land jutting into Casco Bay with a thirty-room house upon it, built along the lines of an Elizabethan manor, with tiled baths and boiling-hot water and a butler and two second men who could answer any bell in half a second. St. Joseph's seemed very far away.

Old Horatio Neville and Mrs. Neville were so frightfully correct that, once within their walls, it was impossible to think that anything overt could come to pass. And Pinckney was so correct, the sort of man that servants

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"You Stupid!" Said Cecelia "Why are You Always Stupid? You and the Other One! Everyone Knows You Came All the Way Over Here to Find Pinckney and Hold His Hand"

THE JAPANESE PARASOL

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

OLIVER ARMISTON had been playing solitaire for three days with a bushel of newspaper clippings. They appertained to the practice of murder and the various degrees thereof. There were hundreds of them, thoughtless murders for the most part, but nevertheless a sizable proportion of thoughtful ones. It was these latter over which the shadow chaser paused, weighing and considering as he built them up into neat little stacks, like a game of Canfield. His original notion had been to write a monograph on the tools of the craft, on the broad assumption that a carpenter's idea of lethal weapons differs from that of a bacteriologist; and that only a blacksmith would be occupationally stupid enough to tack a horseshoe on a maul and use it as a bludgeon.

Given a thousand or a million instances, it was pleasant to note how the little ball of chance was tied to the apron strings of probability. In fact, given race, climate, creed, and trade or calling, chance did not enter in at all, or to a degree that was practically negligible. Taken by and large, the deliberate murderer used the tool in which he was most skilled. The more clever he was, the more sure he was to fall into this error. Murderers, theorized Oliver, pulling at his single white lock of hair, do not begin to be subtle until they cease to be clever.

This thesis was developing beautifully, like all solitaire games, with a little help from the manipulator. But toward the end of the second day Oliver—if an informed outsider might have watched him—would have been observed to turn away more and more frequently from his fascinating problem to stare at his street window. At two in the morning, with the atmosphere rank with the empyreumatic odor of the yards of stogies he had been consuming, and the fire all but dead on the hearth, he paused in the act of going to bed to lift the blind and peer out into the street, hollow with night. An expanse of brownstone opposite, without a single light to suggest wakefulness, greeted his eye. He yawned, recollected his couch and departed.

At six in the morning he was back at his desk again, the prey of an idea that had been simmering slowly overnight—on the back of the stove, so to speak. His game was on the desk, but he didn't see it, although his eyes were on it.

At Sight of the Comic She Threw Up Her Hands and Shrieked and Made to Flee

At seven the door opened softly, and the housekeeper looked at him fixedly and conveyed to him by lip movement the portentous information that Mr. Parr was calling. At seven! This was splendid.

The famous man hunter, special deputy in charge of the detective bureau, affected his friend Oliver Armiston from varied approaches. In the first place, and principally, he was wont to come here to consult his medicine when his usually efficacious nutcracker methods of solving crime did not work.

Oliver was an extinct fiction writer, teller of tall tales, who preserved through the years he had been out to grass a singular facility for whiplash endings. He had written last acts to the frozen plots Parr brought him, with occasional startling results. Then there were other occasions when the famous man hunter would come here in much the same frame of mind as a methodical cat that will now and then make it a point to squat by a mousehole of good repute. But never before at seven in the morning.

The deputy, as usual, deposited himself in his favorite elbow chair, that fitted him like an old shoe, with the single movement of a tired dog. He was freshly shaved, as usual, and his expansive jowls presented that live-boiled look that comes from the habit of taking a hot towel in lieu of a night's sleep. He selected the least disreputable of the stogies, and while he applied a light with a single magic twist of the wrist he eyed Oliver's game, of which he had some inkling. He shook his head gloomily.

"Murder isn't a system," he said, staring stonily at old Buddha squatting in the chimney corner, "it's an accident." He scratched an ear, scowling ferociously. "Things are a little slow," he complained. "I disappeared mysteriously from the Century at midnight and mailed myself back to town by airplane." He smirked at Oliver. "My pets simply won't do their stuff when they think I am watching them, Oliver. Could you put me up for a couple of days?"

Splendid! There was no telling what high-class pet was in the immediate focus. Parr wasn't exactly a *provocateur*, but he occasionally played possum to revive confidence among shy crooks.

They smoked for some time, each paying the other the flattering tribute of being alone with his own thoughts. After a time Oliver swung his chair to the window. He went over and stood against the jamb, looking out. "Parr," he said abruptly, "I want to look inside that house."

"What house?"

"The one with the dirty windows."

Parr was examining the ash of his stogy abstractedly. His great head turned slowly on the pivot of his bull neck. "You? Yourself? In person?" he asked.

Oliver pondered. "I think maybe you'd better do it for me," he concluded.

"All right," said Parr, with the air of a parent temporizing with an unreasonable child. Then with a maddening indifference he closed his eyes and went to sleep—wherever that is. His stern jaw rested on his creaking shirt front. His hands were folded like an old lady's dozing over her knitting. His stogy continued to smoke itself.

Old Buddha, in his corner, appeared to be cocking an ear, intent on the portentous pool of silence. The clocks thudded, one little one hurrying along with a faster trot now and then, as if to catch up. There was a fog on the river, emphasized by the dismal wails of tug, ship and ferry, which seemed to move up to the very doorstep; now and again a ship's bell would clank hysterically; and at precise periods the old grandfather of all the foghorns, staked out on Governor's Island flats, bellowed like a pensive bull.

Oliver had returned to his game, but without zest. A thousand murders, like a thousand beautiful women, become mere abstractions against the immediate contiguity of one. The minutes dragged on. It was too early yet for those houses opposite to wake up, except for the drawing of occasional window curtains in the basements, or the clink of a casual milk bottle or early ash can. This block, one of the few still reserved for private houses in the old residential Fifties, did not begin to get up until after the rush hour, and then it took at least two hours to the task.

Number 56, opposite, with the dirty windows, belonged to the old Dilk estate—one of the ancient landed families of the island. The original Dilks had scratched a living out of corn on these arid acres, never dreaming of the wealth that lay for their descendants in lazy fallow. Old Cadmus Dilk had been buried from there a year ago—an ironic event wept over by a single mourner, an irregular female who had eased his last palsied years. The family had thereupon locked up the house, sealed it with its contents and its tainted memories, and left it to wither and decay. There are plenty of such mansions in this neighborhood abandoned with even less excuse.

Shortly before eight o'clock a street sweeper, in a uniform that had probably been white enough for the last parade of his clan, trundled his rattling barrow into view and unlimbered his tools to murder sleep. In an instant he was sedulously scraping, scraping the velvety asphalt, already buffed to a high polish by automobile tires. Reams of letters have been written to the Times by indignant taxpayers in protest against this process that shrieks along the edge of a nerve and drags one from the deepest dreams. Still it goes on.

In front of the coalhole of Number 56 the street sweeper came to a stop and went around in front of his scoop and stirred his catch with a stick. He picked up some treasure and hid it in a pocket. A clever street sweeper will get more than his wages out of a good block, mused Oliver, watching him from his window. The fellow resumed scraping, an artist at setting teeth on edge and getting the most out of it. Armiston was vaguely disturbed by something oddly familiar in the outline, but White Wings had propelled himself out of the angle of view before Oliver could analyze it.

The street was empty again. Some more basement windows opened their eyes and yawned torpidly. The fog was lifting slightly—the spires of the cathedral, over the housetops, were smokily attaching themselves to flying buttresses. Then, quite casually, the coalhole cover in front of Number 56 lifted itself—or was lifted—with a dull pung that caused the window to shudder convulsively, as if to free itself from its mortal frame. The coalhole cover

To Him it Was Child's Play, Where to Another it Would Have Been Heroism. He Did Save Barry's Life

returned to earth with a clatter after its ineffectual attempt at flight. A mushroom of jet-black smoke emerged from the coalhole, like the plume at the muzzle of a great gun as it recoils. The mushroom arose; it uncurled itself with dignified calm; it divided itself into billows that somehow, without any visible means of support, seemed to pile themselves up and up and up. The house was afire.

Nothing happened. That is the way with a fire. It doesn't break out. It simply emerges and looks around. Oliver arrested himself in the act of springing up—someone ought to pull the box at the corner.

Someone was pulling the box at the corner. There came the sound of tinkling glass and of a languid bell unwinding itself. Then came the street sweeper, galloping like a maniac, and screaming at the top of his lungs, *"Fuoco! Fuoco!"* He danced up and down in front of the vomiting coalhole, brandishing his stick to conjure the terrible genii to return to their bottle.

Then, with no time out for intermission, a long low wail, like a panther burying its head and howling in a cavern, rose on the air, a weird unearthly yell that expanded in volume until it shook the panes. A volley of musketry uncovered itself at the head of the street. It was punctured with dull vicious thuds—hand grenades! It was only the fire truck arriving from the outer void with its trailing demons; then steamers, hose wagons, water towers, patrols and the busy little red flivver of the commanding general. It seemed impossible that any agreement among the fiends could have settled on any single moment in eternity on which to erect such a pandemonium of howls, shrieks, bangs and clangors. Noise is quite as important at a fire as in a Chinese battle, and for exactly the same reason.

Curtains ran up, windows flung open, terror-stricken faces peered forth. Basement entries suddenly vomited forth inhabitants, each soul in some magical way snatching and bearing off with him at this last moment some darling treasure, as a soul will snatch for its darling sin at the Day of Judgment. Axes and sledges were ringing and crashing against the basement doors of Number 56. The breach opened, and through the opening squirmed those helmeted pirates as if to the loot. The teakettle steamer, that had come to anchor by the fire plug below Oliver's window, suddenly began to sing in a violently vibratory voice. Hose lines swelled and wriggled like snakes come to life. The pillar of black smoke dancing on tiptoe above the coalhole, casually changed its hue to a dirty white. Then, quite as casually, it was gone. The fire was out.

The elongated fire truck extricated itself from its narrow quarters in this little side street, going home and taking all its noise with it. The commanding general was off to a fussy clatter of bells and whistles. The steamer suspired quietly; the spring lines that held it fast to the fire plug were cast off and the monstrosity drifted away down the street with a fluidity of motion amazing in its bulk. In five minutes there was nothing left but a squad of patrols folding unused tarpaulins and the crew of a hose truck taking in their slack. All disappeared.

On the basement steps sat a little group of police, firemen and some other plenipotentiaries of such occasions, taking down and exchanging notes on the pedigree of this affair. They too drifted off, leaving behind as sole possessor of the scene a handsome fire laddie, who lifted the basement blinds and sat down in Number 56 to study his morning racing forms. He—and his relief—would stand guard in this house for twenty-four hours. That is the penalty for indulging in the luxury of a fire.

Now the street sweeper who had stood by and freely offered advice and assistance throughout the run of the piece, loaded his instruments of torture on the barrow, and prepared to depart. As a preliminary he filled and lighted his pipe. Something in his aspect as he drew the first puff and gazed soulfully at Oliver's window caused the author to stir uneasily. Parr seemed not to have moved.

It was Pelts. It wasn't a street sweeper at all. It was Parr's prize possession. Pelts was a shabby little fellow who, on occasion, could look like anybody—excepting only a policeman. When he was a barber he cut hair with the best of them; when he was a snowbird he sniffed something that looked like coke; when he was a street sweeper he was nothing else. Pelts moved off the scene.

Oliver smiled wanly. Then fresh suspicion smote him. He took up his field glasses and focused them on the fireman guard in the basement window. Morel! Not a doubt of it. These two men, Morel as handsome as a prince, and Pelts as shabby as a beggar, were the great man hunter's attending sprites. It was said Parr never strolled abroad without having one ahead and the other behind. Not much escaped those three pairs of eyes.

So this was the explanation of Parr's early morning call, this tale of his having been up all night and wanting a place to hide out in. This was Parr's private, personally conducted conflagration, staged with all the accessories and facilities to which the versatile man hunter had access. And it had been set off merely for the purpose of installing his handsome pet, Morel, inside, with eight hours to look around in and no questions asked. Then there would be two reliefs of eight hours each, to drain any additional milk from the coconut. Very neat.

Parr stirred, opened his eyes; he seemed surprised to discover himself out of bed, as chair sleepers will.

"With your kind permission, I think I will retire," said he, fixing a dull malevolent eye on Oliver.

"You have it," said Oliver, not to be outdone. "Try the third-story front. You will admire the view." He summoned Mrs. Albaugh, the housekeeper, who took charge.

Passing out, Parr paused by the radio, an elaborate super with ornamental loop. He sat down and turned it on.

"What's the matter with this thing?" he asked sleepily.

"Nothing," said Oliver.

"What? Isn't there anything wrong with it?" demanded Parr.

"Absolutely nothing."

Parr chuckled as he turned it off and arose. "My friends brag about their radio sets like new babies; but half the time they go dumb when I come to see them do their tricks." Parr patted a yawn. "I'll play with it later, Oliver," he said, departing.

II

THE first evening papers came in at eleven. Since Oliver had gone up for his thesis on the technology of murder, he had been getting all editions of all city papers. This was to check, in a small measure at least, the activities of his

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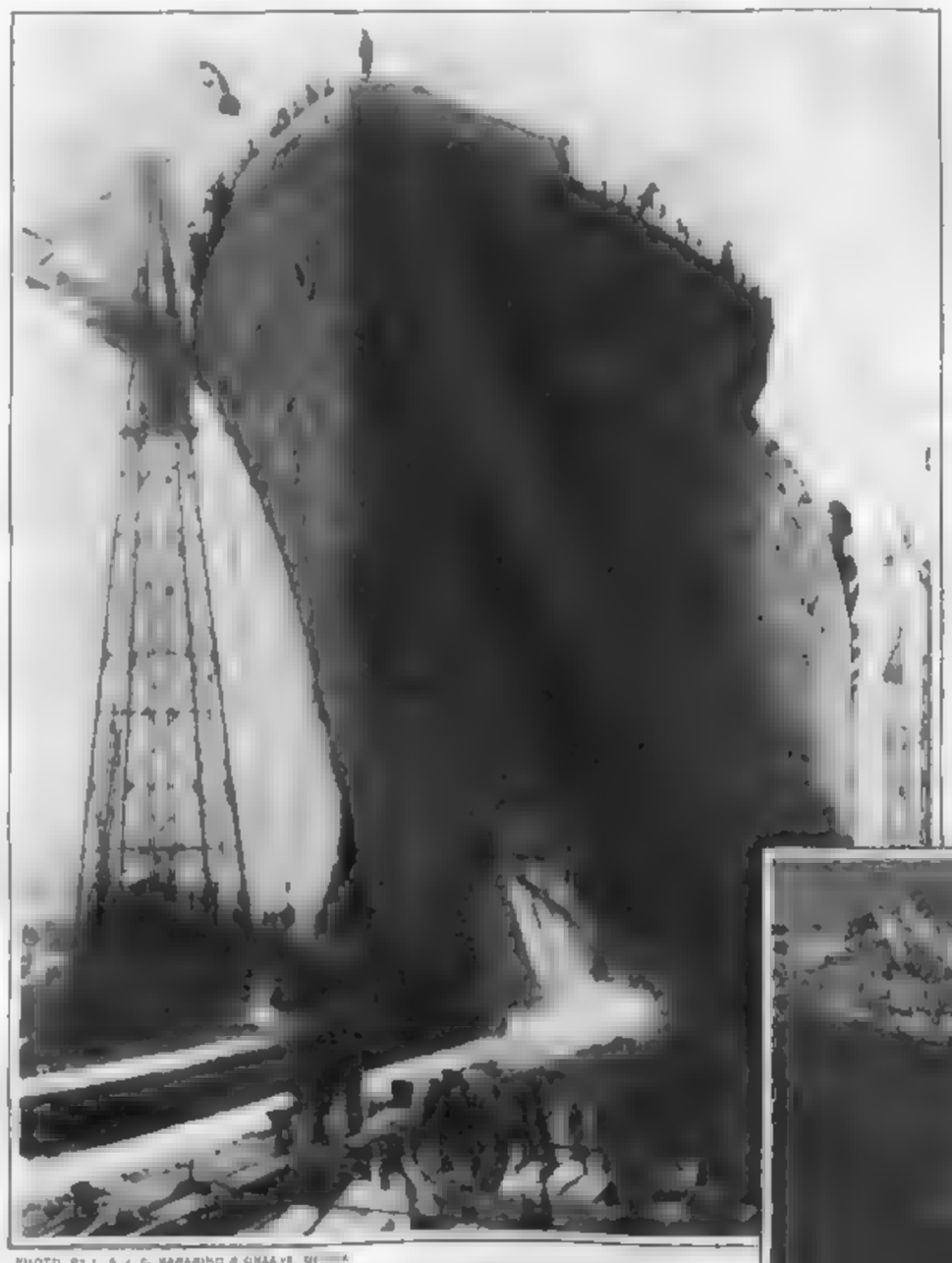
He Picked Up Some Treasure and Hid It in a Pocket

THE REBORN ITALY

By Isaac F. Marcosson

WHEN Britain plunged into a general strike on May third, the only European country that viewed the situation and its consequences without alarm and apprehension was Italy. The reason lay in the fact that she was intrenched behind a strong government which has proscribed idleness and outlawed every attempt at industrial dislocation. In the peninsular kingdom that postwar phenomenon embodied in the love of work has come to pass.

So completely has Italy come to mean Mussolini and the dramatization of his vivid political cult that the economic transformation achieved through his ascendancy is usually subordinated to the spectacle of the man and his methods. Fascism has gone much deeper than the rescue of the country from communism. It promulgated a gospel of effort, economy and discipline that has balanced the budget, increased production, galvanized industry and inspired an intensive nationalism that is little less than a miracle. Bolshevism, on the other hand, represents an adventure in terror that has wrought ruin. Whatever opinion you may have about the agencies employed by the Fascists to put themselves over, the fact remains that the Italian renascence is due entirely to them. The strong arm and the mailed fist have been translated into terms of productive awakening.



Launching the Roma, Italy's Biggest Liner, at Genoa

A National One-Man Show

IT IS a blessing not unmixed with peril that this new Italy, emerged from the turmoil of class war, should have found her emancipator in Mussolini. The blessing is that he became the man of a dark and crowded hour, strong enough to discipline the energies of the nation. The peril is that all the qualities essential to leadership seem to be embodied in him alone. In courage and capacity he is so far ahead of any other living Italian that his elimination from the scene is bound to be fraught with serious consequences. Mussolini is boss of a one-man show more complete than any dictated by Cromwell or Napoleon. From long experience we know that, whether in government or in investment, it is hazardous to put all your eggs in one basket.

Hence the question—After Mussolini—What?—which I tried to answer in a preceding article. This necessarily embodied a swift survey of the economic situation, as a background for the *duce*—leader—as they call him on his home heath. The task just now is to find out more in detail just what has happened socially, commercially, financially and industrially since that fateful October in 1922 when the son of a blacksmith, once exiled for sedition, took over the government that in prewar days he had repeatedly defied and by which he had often been imprisoned. No contrast could be greater.

The awakened Italy has peculiar and progressive interest for us, first because of our large Italian population, second by reason of the important part that American capital has played in the reconstruction. Since the advent of Fascism we have loaned approximately $150,000,000 for public and private enterprise. A third factor is the settlement of the Italian war debt, which has brought the two countries into close fiscal relationship.

Before going into the concrete story, let me clear up what is still a wide misimpression about Italy. Because of her familiar classical and cultural setting the average person is inclined to associate her only with a dead and drowsy past, shot through with the romance of a Beatrice and the intrigue of a Borgia. The glory-of-other-days complex lingers. Tenors and tourists are also mixed up in the conception. The outstanding visualization of the nontraveler, however, is that of ruins. To be sure there are endless battered columns and timeworn temples, but they are only for the sightseer. If ruin is the measure, then Italy today is the most animated wreck anywhere in the world. Subways run under the ancient baths, and the olive-clad hills where poets and philosophers dreamed are tunneled to shorten railway journeys. Mussolinization of the country has meant the short and the swift cut everywhere.

A View of Verampio Power House and Pipe Line. The Difference of Level Between Intake and Station Floor is 570 Meters

Despite its hoary traditions present-day Italy is a comparatively young nation. Because she is young she responded to Fascism, which vibrates with vitality. As a united nation she has scarcely passed the half-century mark. The span from Garibaldi and Cavour, the Latin Bismarck, to Mussolini is not a long one. It was not until the beginning of the World War that the first generation of Italians born under the new government was growing to maturity.

What most people do not appreciate is that imperial Germany and confederated Italy stepped into their places in the sun at almost the same time. One was dedicated to a militarism that was its undoing; the other to a nationalism that was not really vivified until Mussolini set the pace.

An innovation that strikes the visitor who has not been in Italy since the war, and such was my experience, is the astonishing national unity. Until Fascism you heard people say: "I am a Sicilian," "I am a Roman," or "I am a Milanese." Today the refrain is: "I am an Italian."

First Duties—Then Rights

THIS cohesion, as it might be called, was emphasized in an episode that developed after the negotiations at Washington for the debt settlement. All Italy was interested in the procedure. There was none of the resentment toward the fulfillment of financial war obligations such as blazed throughout France. A spontaneous movement was started among the masses for a popular contribution to help wipe out the war bill.

The so-called Dollar Subscription was the result. All Italians were asked to give the equivalent of a dollar to the fund. It meant an individual gift of about 25 lire. In a few weeks 125,000,000 lire were collected, or approximately $5,000,000. This represented the first annual payment on the debt. Everybody donated his share, from the king down to the most obscure peasant.

The debt demonstration was one of the many by-products of a national creed that Mussolini has preached from the start. It is embodied in his epigrammatic phrase, "First duties—then rights." Analyze nations and you find that persistent protestation of so-called consecrated rights often leads to pronounced wrongs. So too with individuals, but in a different way. Men who are more agitated about the titles of their jobs than the work itself usually land in the scrap heap.

If Mussolini had done nothing else than infuse Italy with a sense of duty, which means work, he would have more than compensated for his presence. Italians seem to feel now that it is a definite responsibility to support the government. People in factories and offices do not sit with their eyes on the clock for fear they will give their employers an extra half hour of effort.

This call to duty is constantly before the people in the shape of the Fascist symbol. Nearly everybody knows the word "fascism," but few really know what it means. Its broadest definition is a compact bundle of separate units. Hence the significance of league, or unity. The Fascist device is the bundle of sticks tied together, with an ax protruding at one end. It is the sign of authority carried in the old days by the lictors. If you look at the

tails side of the new American dime you will find the Fascist sign.

You see the Fascist insignia everywhere. Mussolini wore it when I met him in Rome. At Genoa I talked with the Marquis Renzo de la Penne, director of the Lloyd Sabaudo, one of the great Italian shipping lines. When I commented on the Fascist button in his lapel, he said: "I am proud to be a Fascist."

I relate this incident to show that big business in Italy is squarely behind the Fascist movement. Anything that establishes order is a first-aid to trade and commerce. Discipline always pays, even when it is enforced with a big stick.

The Fascist button is not the only appeal. On the wall of a building adjoining the great square before St. Peter's in Rome, I saw the following inscription painted in big black letters: "*Duce siamo di vostri ordini*," which means, "Leader, we are at your orders." This was not only typically Italian but expressive of the spontaneous feeling of loyalty that Mussolini has aroused.

Of course, there is a strong sentiment in certain quarters in Italy against Mussolini, but it is under cover. Ruthlessness begets antagonism, and suppression is ever the breeder of hate. This hatred, which in some instances is almost fanatical, may prove to be Mussolini's nemesis in the end. The great majority of Italians, however, are behind Fascism, because it has meant progress and prosperity. This is why the communistic idea invariably gets scant support when the pay envelope is regular and adequate. It is a guaranty of the perpetuity of Fascism in some form.

Two Hats

FULLY to comprehend the economic consequences of Fascism you must know what went before. The situation in Italy was as black as the now-familiar shirts that the deliverers wore. In spots not entirely black, it was blue with depression.

The World War united Italy just as it coördinated Great Britain and tightened her imperial bonds. Unhappily, the association for mutual benefit which develops from consciousness of a common danger in a dire emergency usually subsides with peace or relief, more especially when the time comes to pay for the tumult and the shooting. If you have any doubt about this state of mind you have only to recall some of the teeth-pulling that preceded most of our settlements for war debts.

In Italy, where her entry into the great struggle was handicapped first by membership in the old Triple Alliance, which also included Germany and Austria, and second by various political considerations, the aftermath of war was a tangle largely precipitated by incompetent and vacillating governments. Bureaucracy was its middle name. Men perpetuated themselves in power through patronage. Alert industrialists realized the ineptitude of things, but were incapable of breaking up the long-established official rings.

The natural result was a government by pretense but not by efficiency. It was the two-hat period This refers to a story which you often hear in Italy today as expressing the futility of national administrations before the Fascists came into power. As a matter of fact it was equally applicable to the old Russia, Austria, and to other European countries. The way of it was this:

Nearly every government official of any rank had two hats, one that he wore and under which he sojourned away from his job. This meant that he used it nearly all the time. The other hat hung in his outer office. When people came to see this individual, whose name was legion, the attendant invariably said: "If you will wait a moment I will see if the *signor* is in his office. His hat is here and he must be somewhere in the building." Frequently the official was alleged to be in that well-known conference which is so often the alibi for the American business man when he wishes to side-step a caller

The upshot of it all was that the two-hatted Italian official was seldom visible except when and where he was having a good time. You need no diagram to show that government business lagged and was usually administered by incompetent subordinates.

When the Bubble Burst

BUT this was a minor evil compared with a larger one that threatened to engulf the nation once the postwar boom flattened out. Like many other countries, Italy had prospered during the conflict because all production expanded abnormally. Wages were high and people acquired luxurious tastes that they had never before known. When hard times arrived there was the invariable unrest.

The old Italian labor unions were infected with the poison of communism. Under the pressure of necessity the narrow gap that divided them was soon bridged and the way was toward the Left. Almost before people realized it Italy had nearly gone Red. Labor turned to its usual weapon—the strike. The extent to which labor dislocation

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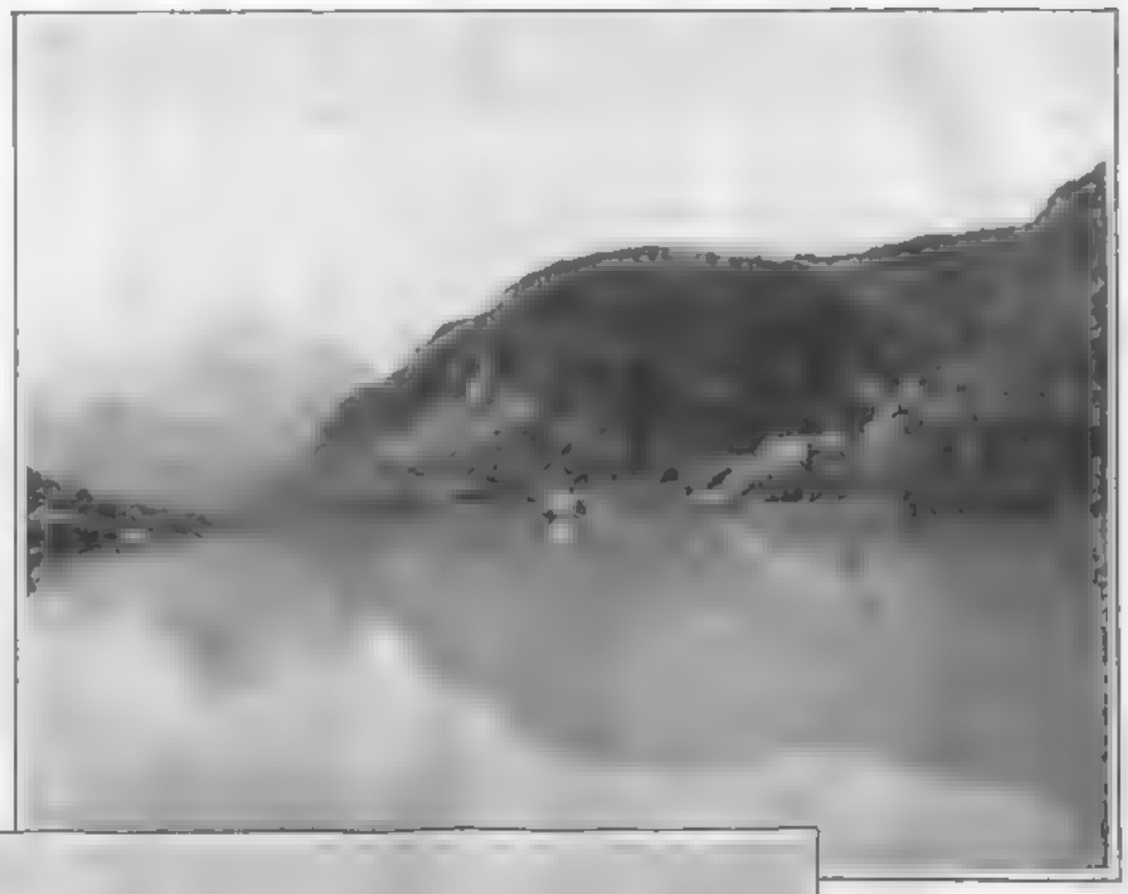

Power Plants From Which Milan and a Great Part of Northern Italy Get Their Power

Antrona Lake Reservoir, Owned by the Edison Company of Milan

Alpe Cavalli Dam, Valle Antrona Power Plants, Owned by the Edison Company of Milan

SHODDY

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

MARTIN CLAYPOOL went directly from his suite on the world's largest—and most costly—liner to the suite engaged for him in London's largest—and most costly—hotel. He always took a suite wherever he went.

He sent for a waiter, and with a gold-mounted pencil ticked off the dishes for his dinner on the right-hand, or price, side of the menu: Beluga caviar, fillet of sole Marguery, a squab Lucullus, asparagus, an alligator-pear salad, a bit of old Stilton, hothouse grapes. He said to the waiter, "And a bottle of your best wine."

"Yes, sir. What sort, sir?"

"The best," said Martin Claypool

"Does the gentleman prefer a sauterne? Or perhaps a claret?"

"Bring me the best you have."

The old waiter regarded Martin Claypool appraisingly. "A half bottle of Château Yquem '06," he murmured reverently, "and a half bottle of Romanée '11?"

"Yes, yes," said Martin Claypool impatiently. "That's it."

"And a liqueur, sir?"

"Yes, yes."

"What sort, sir?"

"Let me see now ..."

"We have some prime '76 brandy, sir."

"That will do."

When the waiter had bowed himself away Martin Claypool stretched the long legs which supported his powerful frame, and paced his suite. He took from a thin platinum case a very long and strong cigar, lighted it. It had no band on it, because he had had it made specially for him.

In front of the long glass in one of his bedrooms he paused to survey himself. He patted the spot where vest and trousers met, reflectively. Not so bad for a fellow past forty. The golf had helped. If he could keep the circumference of his waist two inches smaller than his chest he'd be doing better than most men of his years and habits, he mused. He rubbed his head. Hair going fast, despite the violet-ray treatments of that high-priced specialist. Still, he had a good fresh color. Plenty of vigorous years ahead of him—years of progress and success

He adjusted the black pearl pin in his necktie—a rather florid necktie. He was reminded of something. He took off his suit—it was gray, pronouncedly striped with white—and changed to his dinner clothes. The shirt he put on had been made to order for him in St. Louis. It was heavily pleated. He had had two dozen made, at thirty-six dollars each.

His dressing finished, he was poking the ends of his black tie under the wings of his collar when his dinner arrived. He gazed approvingly at his image in the mirror. Before he sat down to dinner he telephoned to Mr. Krohn. Yes, Mr. Krohn could come to his suite at nine. Good! Good-by.

"Telephone service here is almost as bad as in St. Louis," he remarked to the waiter.

"Yes, sir. Sorry, sir," said the waiter, who up to that moment had always thought of St. Louis as a man.

Krohn was prompt. Precisely at nine he came in, bowed to Martin Claypool, held out a long-fingered hand. Krohn was a lean, sallow man, meticulously dressed, and of no particular age or nationality.

"Delighted to see you, Mr. Claypool," he said.

"My Technical Staff is Under My Thumb. They Didn't Go to China Because They Love the Country or the Work. They Went There for the Same Reason I Would or You Would—to Make Money"

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Krohn. Sit down and have a cigar."

"Thanks."

"How about a little drink?"

Krohn shook his head. "I leave spirits to the Americans. They suit their temperament," he said. "Glass of port after dinner is my limit. But please don't let me deter you."

Martin Claypool mixed himself a highball. Then he turned to Krohn.

"Now then," he said, "let's talk turkey."

"I beg your pardon?"

"That means, in American, let's get down to business," laughed Martin Claypool.

Krohn inclined his dark head. "By all means," he said. "There is really no great hurry though. You see, Mr. Claypool, I've just come from China, where time is nothing."

"And I," said Martin Claypool, "have just come from America, where time is money—and money is everything."

"But now that you are here, you plan to look round a while, I hope. It's your first visit to England, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"You'll be taking a bit of vacation then, I expect; see London—Paris." Mr. Krohn pronounced "Paris" with a suggestion of a leer.

"No," said Martin Claypool.

"You deserve a rest, Mr. Claypool. I've heard how tremendously you work."

"That's no lie," said Martin Claypool. "I've always worked hard all my life. I wouldn't be on top today if I hadn't. But I don't intend to slacken my pace now, Mr. Krohn. No, sir! I'll save my sightseeing till I'm sixty-five or so and am thinking of retiring. My present trip is strictly business. I'm booked to sail for home a week from tomorrow."

"You Americans are wonderful," remarked Mr. Krohn. "It's a pleasure to do business with you. You see straight and you go directly to the point."

"Have to," said Martin Claypool, drinking his highball. "Competition. It's devil take the hindmost where I come from, Mr. Krohn. We don't bunk ourselves about what we are in business for. I don't, anyhow. I admit I'm not in business for my health. I'm in the game to make money. The more money I make, the better I like it."

"That's common sense," said Mr. Krohn.

"Common-sense College is where I got my schooling," said Martin Claypool, pouring himself another drink. "It's a tough school. I wasn't born with any silver spoon in my mouth, Mr. Krohn. Nothing was ever handed to me on a platter. I had to grab it. Yes, sir!" He raised his glass, smiled expansively

"I was born a poor boy," he said "I'm not ashamed of it. I didn't stay poor. My dad was a puddler in a steel mill I went to work in the mill myself when I was a kid. See this chest and these shoulders? Well, I didn't get them from lying round a country club and eating cream puffs. I earned them, like everything else I have. I've had no bed of roses, I'll tell you. I've known what it is to be hungry. Yes, and I've seen the day when I had but one shirt to my back and not a dime in my pockets. I know what poverty means."

"Really?"

"Yes, sir. I guess that's why I know the value of money. Don't let anybody kid you, Mr. Krohn. Money is the only thing that counts. People don't ask you where or how you got it. All that interests them is that you have it. The more you have, the better they like you. Why, do you know that there are plenty of families in St. Louis today who wouldn't have let me in their back doors when I was a lad juggling steel rails for a living, who today invite me in their front doors and are damn glad to see me too?"

"Indeed?"

"Yes, there's a lot of difference between Martin Claypool, puddler, and Mr. Claypool, head of Martin Claypool, Inc., Locomotive Builders. Yet I'm the same man. The answer is—I've done something. I've built a big corporation out of nothing. I've developed and perfected the best engine in the world. I'm mighty proud of that."

"You have every right to be, Mr. Claypool."

"I wanted money—and I got it," finished Martin Claypool. "And I'm going to get more too."

Mr. Krohn's thin lips formed a knowing smile. "I shouldn't wonder," he said. He studied Martin Claypool, whose great torso was sprawled in an easy-chair. "Mr. Claypool," he said, "shall we—what is it now?—talk turkey?"

"Shoot!" said Martin Claypool.

"The Kiang-su-Kiang-si Railroad Syndicate has left everything in my hands," said Mr. Krohn.

"Good!"

"The money to buy rolling stock for the new road has been provided."

"Good!"

Mr. Krohn inserted a long cigarette in a still longer holder, lighted it and said, "The question which I now must decide is: Where shall I buy the locomotives?"

"That's easy," said Martin Claypool. "The Claypool locomotive is the best in the world."

Mr. Krohn nodded. "I think," he said, "that you'll find few who will dispute that. Even our Chinese directors know its reputation and are in favor of buying Claypools. It's the best, beyond doubt. That's just the trouble."

"What do you mean?"

Mr. Krohn smiled blandly. "It's too good," he said.

"You want the best, don't you?" demanded Martin Claypool. "Any fly-by-night outfit can sell you a bunch of junk that won't last five years."

"True," said Mr. Krohn. "But, Mr. Claypool, isn't there a difference in your mind between 'too good' and 'good enough'?"

Martin Claypool regarded Mr. Krohn with his shrewd blue eyes. "You've got some sort of proposition," he said. "What is it?"

Mr. Krohn smiled admiringly. "It would have taken weeks of negotiation, hinting, circumlocution, to get this far in an interview with a Chinese," he said.

"Well, I'm no Chinaman," remarked Mr. Claypool. "Put it in plain words."

Mr. Krohn hitched his chair nearer Martin Claypool. "What I mean is this," he said in a confidential tone: "If you supply standard Claypool locomotives, made according to the rigid specifications you sent us, at the price we can pay, you can't make much profit on the transaction."

"Don't expect to," said Mr. Claypool promptly. "I'll tell you just how it is, Mr. Krohn. Business is slack in my works now. I want to keep them running full time. That's why I sent a bid to you. I want to get into the Far East market. I want the people out there to learn by experience how good the Claypool locomotive is. There'll be more railroads built in China—a lot more. I'm out to win that business, even if at first I only break even."

"But," said Mr. Krohn, "you'd like to make money—a lot of money—out of this present deal—now wouldn't you?"

"Does a cat like cream?"

"There's cream in this, Mr. Claypool."

"Show me!"

"Your bid was four million dollars, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Suppose you could deliver those engines to us at a cost to you of, say, three million?"

"No chance," said Martin Claypool. "I can't cut the price of labor and material."

"No," said Mr. Krohn, closely watching his face, "but you can change the kind of labor and the kind of material." Martin Claypool frowned "Of course," said Mr. Krohn hurriedly, "I don't wish to suggest ——"

"I get you," said Martin Claypool. "You mean I could cheapen the quality of the Claypool locomotive. That's it, isn't it?"

"Well, since you believe in plain speaking — yes." Martin Claypool's frown deepened. "You see," said Mr. Krohn, "I've a plan by which you could make around a million dollars."

Martin Claypool ceased to frown. "Let's hear it," he said.

"Remember," said Mr. Krohn, "we are dealing with a lot of rich Chinese who know nothing about the practical side of railroading. They accept me as an expert. Now listen. If I say the engines you ship me are O. K., well, they are O. K. and no questions asked."

Martin Claypool gestured with his cigar that he got that much and wanted to hear more.

"My technical staff is under my thumb," went on Mr. Krohn. "No trouble there. They didn't go to China because they love the country or the work. They went there for the same reason I would or you would -to make money. The Chinese officials won't interfere. There's a pleasant custom in China called the squeeze, and the highest mandarins are not above taking a squeeze when they can. They expect us to do the same. It's business ethics out there. When in Rome, you know—eh, Mr. Claypool?"

"About that million," said Martin Claypool.

"That's up to you," said Mr. Krohn. "You make the locomotives—make them as cheaply as you can—make them so they look right and will run a while. You'll get the contract on the specifications you have submitted. Well, somehow, the set of specifications in my office will get mysteriously lost. The Chinese will never know the difference. If the engines don't stand up well, we'll blame it on the climate and on the fact that the native engineers don't know how to treat them. We'll give them the merry devil for abusing the Claypools. Sound scheme, what?"

Martin Claypool chewed his cigar. A hard smile came to his face. "A million, eh?" he said. "That's worth thinking about. You and I have something in common, Mr. Krohn. We both play the game for all we can get out of it."

"Quite so."

"I'm thinking about your proposition. I'm looking at it from a practical point of view. I'm not one of these moonstruck idealists. I'm out for the dough, first, last and all the time; and what's more, I'm honest enough to admit it. These big millionaires can yap about service, but you'll notice they didn't start to yap till they'd served themselves pretty well first. I know these philanthropists. You have to be a hard-headed trader first, and get yours. You can't give away what you haven't got. That's sense, isn't it?"

"Right!"

"As you point out," went on Martin Claypool, "the Chinese market is different. They halfway expect to be stung. Now the only reason I make the Claypool locomotive so well is because I have to if I want to get business in America. If I can do business in China with an inferior article, and clean up—well, why not?"

"An eminently sensible point of view," agreed Mr. Krohn warmly.

"Now," asked Martin Claypool abruptly, "where do you come in?"

Mr. Krohn waved his long cigarette delicately. "Thirty per cent of your saving would satisfy me," he said

Mr. Claypool's teeth tightened on his cigar. "Twenty per cent seems right to me," he stated

"I run risks," said Mr. Krohn, the temperature of his voice falling many degrees.

"So do I."

"There are many people I will have to satisfy," said Mr. Krohn, more coldly.

"Twenty per cent," repeated Martin Claypool.

"Twenty-five," said Mr. Krohn, his voice touching zero "Other firms would give more."

"Well, then," said Martin Claypool, "call it twenty-five That means about three-quarters of a million to me Not so bad."

Mr. Krohn thawed. "Not at all bad," he said

"We won't sign anything now," said Martin Claypool. "I'll have to do some figuring and cabling."

"I'll be at your service whenever you are ready," said Mr. Krohn. "The formal contract is waiting for your signature." He bowed low and started for the door.

"Mr. Krohn?"

"Yes, Mr. Claypool."

Martin Claypool's manner held a hint of embarrassment in it. "I'd like to ask you a personal question," he said.

"Certainly."

"I've been noticing the fit of that coat of yours," said Martin Claypool. "Now I thought I'd stock up on clothes while I'm in London. Could I ask who your tailor is?"

"Well"—Mr. Krohn hesitated—"that's a rather delicate question to ask a Londoner. We guard the secret of our tailor's name as zealously as you, in the States, might the name of a bootlegger who had genuine Scotch. But since it's you, Mr. Claypool, I'll let you in on my secret; and mind you, it's a secret worth knowing."

"Thanks."

"I get my clothes from an artist," said Mr. Krohn, smoothing a flawless coat. "He's a queer old bird with a tiny shop in Albemarle Street. Been a tailor fifty years, and his father and grandfather were tailors before him. He does all the cutting and fitting himself; and what beautiful work! He could have built up a huge business, but he keeps to a small clientele so, as he says, he can give every garment his personal attention. Old guild spirit, I suppose you'd call it. His prices ——"

"They don't matter if he's good," put in Martin Claypool.

"He's the best I know about," said Mr. Krohn. "And, incidentally, his prices are not high. He has excellent materials, or you can take your own cloth to him to make up. Now I don't ordinarily send people to him, but I happen to know that he needs work badly now. He's getting old, you see, and can't produce very fast. He'll be glad to get your order."

"I expect to give him a big one," said Martin Claypool — "a complete outfit."

"I'll give you a letter of introduction to him," said Mr. Krohn

"Lord save us, do I have to have a letter of introduction to a tailor?"

"You do to this one," said Mr Krohn, sitting down at a desk and picking up a pen

"Back home they hound you for business," observed Mr. Claypool

"This old fellow will be a new

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Tavistock Shook His Head. "I'm Sorry, Sir," He Said Firmly, "But I Just Couldn't Put My Shears Into a Piece of Goods Like That"

WATER AND THE LAND

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

AS THE Far West develops in wealth and population there is certain to be a more sustained interest in other parts of the country in its vital and peculiar problem, that of water. We all know in a vague sort of way that water, like air and food, is necessary to life. But in the Central and Eastern states it is taken for granted. Engineers are paid to worry about a future supply for their growing communities, but the rest of us give little thought to the subject.

This attitude is a natural one. In the Eastern and Central sections there is a yearly rainfall of twenty-five inches or more, usually distributed fairly regularly throughout the year. There are dry seasons and wet, and after a severe winter disastrous floods often take place in certain sections.

The Spillway of a Dam in Southern California

But, generally speaking, there is enough water for all purposes. Agriculture has sufficient, as a rule, and even the largest cities can be supplied, if only extensive lands are protected from fire and other forms of destructive abuse. Droughts do occur, yet, year in and year out, Nature provides out of its plenty.

But conditions are quite otherwise in the great arid region which, with the exception of the extreme Northwest, is practically synonymous with the Far West. Here the annual precipitation ranges from two to fifteen inches, except on the mountain tops. More than that, it is usually confined to a few months of the year only; in any case it is far less evenly distributed than in the Central and Eastern states.

Rain Makers

THE result is that the Far West is being developed on the basis of the artificial application of water as distinct from rainfall. Of course, in the last analysis it all comes from rainfall or melting snow. But the peculiarity of the West is that the rainfall or melting snow must be caught, impounded, stored, diverted and applied to the land, whereas in other sections the farmer trusts that Nature will shower his fields with rain at more or less regular intervals.

It is not that the arid West lacks water resources. For ages the Colorado River has carried unused to the sea water which, if artificially controlled, would in time profoundly influence and stimulate the development of six or seven of the largest states in area in the Union. Many of the mountain ranges have great supplies of moisture, but here again man must step in with great artificial works of engineering.

It follows, of course, that the civilization of the Far West is being erected on the basis of irrigated agriculture. In a sense peculiar and altogether different from other sections

Irrigating a Large Acreage of Watermelons on a Ranch in Kings County, California

water is its limiting factor—the determining element of its future growth.

This is almost as true of industry as it is of agriculture. In the Central and Eastern states industry gets its power largely from coal directly, or else indirectly through electricity. But the Pacific Coast and Intermountain states have not as yet developed coal on any large commercial scale. Power is largely hydro-electric. It is just as important to the manufacturer as to the farmer that water be conserved.

Power

IN MANY sections of the arid West the farmer depends for irrigation water upon pumping. To pump he must have power, and the power company in turn generates its juice from the same element. So for still another reason it is necessary to conserve and utilize the available supplies of moisture if the country is to prosper.

Although all Western states, with but few exceptions, have an important water problem, nowhere is it more complex and many-sided than in California. This is because the population and variety, as well as extent, of agricultural development greatly exceed those of other states in the same area, unless of course Texas be classed as a Western rather than a Southern state. In any case Texas is as yet less distinctively dependent upon irrigation.

It is from California rather than from other states in the Colorado River Basin that there comes the insistent demand for an early and colossal harnessing of that turbulent, flooded stream. It is in California that advocates of state rather than private distribution of power attempt at regular intervals to win the voters to their theories. It is in California that plans have long been studied for a completely coordinated development and use of the state's waters—a project which if carried out would be of the first magnitude.

What will come of all these mighty stirrings no man can say at present. In another article I hope to tell something about the Colorado River; for the diversion and use of so much water and power may well

change the whole face of American development. It is enough to say now that ever since agriculture began to supplant gold mining as the principal industry in California, there has been a continuous and constantly increasing farm development based on the use of artificially applied water, until today the complete conservation and utilization of the water supply is the dominant, paramount issue in the state. It is the supreme topic of interest and of conversation.

A Mexican Date Picker in One of the Gardens at Indio, California

Many of the intensive, high-priced, specialized crops grown in California—the fruits, tropical and otherwise, and vegetables—require ample water. Twenty-five times as much water is used in the state for irrigation purposes as for all the other domestic and industrial uses combined. Whether because of this great crop development, or because of a long cycle of dry years, or for both reasons, large areas of the state find their supplies depleted, with no replenishment in sight. The water level is falling, year by year.

But the state as a whole has an ample supply for its needs, provided all sources are utilized and the flood waters stored and distributed. There are regions with more than enough for the slight agricultural development in their vicinity, and other regions with nothing like enough for an immense farm activity. It is clear that local issues and jealousies must give way to broad, coördinated efforts.

Contention

IN THE past, water has been developed by many persons for many uses, with little thought given to the needs of all. Projects have been for flood control, or irrigation, or power development, or domestic use, and rarely with all four purposes in mind. The undertaking to coordinate the use of the state's available waters will be, from the civic and economic point of view, one of the greatest works of man ever attempted in any country.

To begin with, legal doctrines and rights must be clarified and adjusted to modern economic needs. Riparian rights seem at present to interfere with the necessary storage of flood waters. In one case riparian owners require a certain fixed quantity of water during the irrigation season to render their lands fertile.

Yet during two months they receive nearly thirty times the quantity required, and for brief periods more than one hundred times the needed application. They insist, however, that no one interfere with or abate the flood from its state of nature by placing storage works higher up on the stream.

Since the time of Abraham, men who lived in dry countries have fought over water holes. A San Francisco lawyer who had been trying a water case in a rural district became so impressed with the bitterness of feeling engendered that he remarked to one of the litigants:

"You people seem to prize water more highly in this country than you do your wives."

"Why not?" was the reply. "There are other women, but no more water."

Another lawyer, versed for years in the amazing intricacies of water litigation, remarked, after a trial almost as prolonged as Dickens' imaginary Jarndyce *vs.* Jarndyce, or the actual Tichborne and Willett cases in London and Norfolk County, Massachusetts, respectively, that "water is the only subject upon which honest men on both sides of a case perjure themselves on the witness stand."

But even after the legal questions are settled, and before any plan can be adopted for a state-wide utilization of available waters, it is necessary to coördinate the organizations and interests, other than property owners as such, which have to do with this great resource. Through one of its departments the state of California regulates water rights, but most of the water originates in land which is owned by the Federal Government and is under the control of the forest and park services, and the navigable portions of streams come under the jurisdiction of the War Department.

Fan Palms and Eucalyptus Line This Section of the Foothill Boulevard Through the Citrus Belt of Southern California

Then, too, the agricultural sections feel that cities take water at times that should be left for irrigation. The power companies and irrigationists both use water, and are not always in harmony. Often landowners find they cannot economically develop irrigation unless they can sell power as a by-product. Thus they develop the upper waters, which the power companies themselves desire, instead of being satisfied with the lower water, after the power companies have used it.

Water Rights and Water Wrongs

SO THE questions arise whether irrigation districts should go into the business of distributing power in competition with the great interconnected corporate systems, or should sell it wholesale to corporations, and what price they should charge.

The most complete investigation of the general water problem in California, aside from the Colorado River question, is that which has been under way for several years by the state engineer. Something like forty engineers are now working on this survey. A report made in 1923 spoke of there being at that time perhaps 1,000,000 acres of land, fertile enough, but which were then failing to produce adequately to pay for all the costs, including improvements, and "lacking in numbers of tillers of the soil to respond to the propitious agricultural environment of the state."

The last available report is that made to the Legislature of 1925. It

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A View of Orange Groves, With Old Baldy in the Background—Southern California

THE CHINESE PARROT

"I'm Very Sorry, Miss Wendell, But Since I Wrote That, Certain Matters Have Come Up — I Have a Business Deal On"

IV

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

DUSK was falling in the desert town of El Dorado when, on Friday evening, Bob Eden alighted from the train at a station that looked like a little red schoolhouse gone wrong. His journey down from San Francisco to Barstow had been quite without incident. At that town, however, a rather disquieting thing had happened. He had lost all trace of Charlie Chan.

It was in the Barstow lunch room that he had last seen the detective from the islands, busy with a cup of steaming tea. The hour of 3:20 and the El Dorado train being some distance off, he had gone for a stroll through the town. Returning about three, he had looked in vain for the little Chinese policeman. Alone he had boarded the train; and now, as he stared up and down the dreary railroad tracks, he perceived that he had been the only passenger to alight at this unpromising spot.

Thinking of the fortune in "undigestible pearls" on the detective's person, he was vaguely alarmed. Had Chan met with some unfortunate accident? Or perhaps—who could say? What did they really know about this Charlie Chan? Every man is said to have his price, and this was an overwhelming temptation to put in the way of an underpaid detective from Honolulu. But no; Bob Eden recalled the look in Chan's eyes when he had promised Salty Jordan to guard those pearls well. The Jordans no doubt had good reason for their faith in an old friend. But suppose Shaky Phil Maydorf was no longer in San Francisco ——

Resolutely Bob Eden put these thoughts aside, and rounding the station entered a narrow strip of ground which was, rather pathetically, intended for a park. February had done its worst, and, up above, the chill evening wind from the desert blew through the stark branches of Carolina poplars and cottonwoods. Crossing a gravel path almost hidden by a mass of yellow leaves, he stood on the curb of the only pavement in El Dorado.

Against the background of bare brown hills, he saw practically the entire town at a glance. Across the way a row of scraggly buildings proclaimed yet another Main Street—a bank, a picture theater, the Spot Cash Store, the News Bureau, the post office, and, towering above the rest, a two-story building that announced itself as the Desert Edge Hotel. Eden crossed the street, and, threading his way between dusty automobiles parked head-on at the curb, approached the hotel door. On the double seat of a shoe-shining stand two ranchers lolled at ease and stared at him with mild interest as he went inside

An electric lamp of modest candle power burned above the desk of the Desert Edge, and a kindly old man read a Los Angeles paper in its dim company.

"Good evening," said Bob Eden.

"Evenin'," answered the old man.

"I wonder if I might leave this suitcase in your check room for a while?" the boy inquired.

"Check room, hell!" replied the old man. "Just throw her down anywhere. Ain't lookin' fer a room, I suppose. Make you a special rate."

"No," said Eden. "I'm sorry."

"'Sall right," answered the man. "Not many are."

"I'd like to find the office of the El Dorado Times," Eden informed him.

"Round corner on First," murmured the old man, deep in his pink newspaper again.

Bob Eden went to the corner and turned off. His feet at once left El Dorado's solitary sidewalk for soft crunching sand. He passed a few buildings even meaner than those on Main Street—a plumber's shop, a grocer's—and came to a little yellow shack which bore on its window the fading legend: "The El Dorado Times. Job Printing Neatly Done." There was no light inside, and, crossing a narrow dilapidated porch, he saw a placard on the door. Straining his eyes in the dusk, he read:

"Back in an hour ——
God knows why.
Will Holley."

Smiling, Eden returned to the Desert Edge. "How about dinner?" he inquired.

"Wonderin' about it myself," admitted the old man. "We don't serve meals here. Lose a little less that way."

"But there must be a restaurant ——"

"Sure there is. This is an up-to-date town." He nodded over his shoulder. "Down beyond the bank—the Oasis Café."

Thanking him, Bob Eden departed. Behind unwashed windows, he found the Oasis dispensing its dubious cheer. A long high counter and a soiled mirror running the length of it suggested that in other days this had been an oasis indeed.

The boy climbed onto one of the perilously high stools. At his right, too close for comfort, sat a man in overalls and jumper, with a week's growth of beard on his lean, hard face. At his left, equally close but somehow not so much in the way, was a trim girl in khaki riding breeches and blouse.

A youth made up to resemble a motion-picture sheik demanded his order, and from a soiled menu he chose the Oasis Special—"Steak and onions, French fried, bread and butter and coffee. 80 cents." The sheik departed languidly.

Awaiting the special, Bob Eden glanced into the smoky mirror at the face of the girl beside him. Not so bad, even in that dim reflection. Corn-yellow hair, curling from under the brim of a felt hat; a complexion that no beauty parlor had originated. He held his elbow close so that she might have more room for the business that engrossed her.

His dinner arrived, a plenteous platter of food, but no plate. He glanced at his neighbors; evidently plates were an affectation frowned upon in the Oasis. Taking up a tarnished knife and fork, he pushed aside the underbrush of onions and came face to face with his steak

First impressions are important, and Bob Eden knew at once that this was no meek, complacent opponent that confronted him. The steak looked back at him with an air of defiance that was amply justified by what followed. After a few moments of unsuccessful battling, he summoned the sheik.

"How about a steel knife?" he inquired.

"Only got three and they're all in use," the waiter replied.

Bob Eden resumed the battle, his elbows held close, his muscles swelling. With set teeth and grim face, he bore down and cut deep. There was a terrific screech as his knife skidded along the platter, and to his horror he saw the steak rise from its bed of gravy and onions and fly from him. It traveled the grimy counter for a second, then dropped onto the knees of the girl and thence to the floor.

Eden turned to meet her blue eyes, filled with laughter. "Oh, I'm so sorry," he said. "I thought it was a steak, and it seems to be a lap dog."

"And I hadn't any lap," she cried. She looked down at her riding breeches. "Can you ever forgive me? I might have caught it for you. It only goes to show—women should be womanly."

"I wouldn't have you any different," Bob Eden responded gallantly. He turned to the sheik. "Bring me something a little less ferocious," he ordered.

"How about the pot roast?" asked the youth.

"Well, how about it?" Eden repeated. "Fetch it along and I'll fight another round. I claim a foul on that one And say, bring this young woman a napkin."

"A what? A napkin? We ain't got any. I'll bring her a towel."

"Oh, no, please don't," cried the girl. "I'm all right, really." The sheik departed. "Somehow," she added to Eden, "I think it wiser not to introduce an Oasis towel into this affair."

"You're probably right," he nodded. "I'll pay for the damage, of course."

She was still smiling. "Nonsense! I ought to pay for the steak. It wasn't your fault. One needs long practice to eat in the crowded arena of the Oasis."

He looked at her, his interest growing every minute. "You've had long practice?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes; my work often brings me this way."

"Your—er—your work?"

"Yes. Since your steak seems to have introduced us, I may tell you I'm with the moving pictures"

Of course, thought Eden. The desert was filled with movie people these days. "Ah—have I ever seen you in the films?" he ventured

She shrugged. "You have not and you never will. I'm not an actress. My job's much more interesting. I'm a location finder."

Bob Eden's pot roast arrived, mercifully cut into small pieces by some blunt instrument behind the scenes. "A location finder I ought to know what that is."

"You certainly ought to. It's just what it sounds like. I travel about hunting backgrounds. By the Vandeventer Trail to Piñon Flat, down to the Salton Sea or up to the Morongos—all the time trying to find something new, something the dear old public will mistake for Algeria, Araby, the South Seas"

"Sounds mighty interesting."

"It is indeed; particularly when one loves this country as I do."

"You were born here?"

"Oh, no. I came out with dad to Doctor Whitcomb's—it's five miles from here, just beyond the Madden ranch—some years ago. When—when dad left me I had to get a job, and—— But look here, I'm telling you the story of my life."

Will Holley

"Why not?" asked Eden. "Women and children always confide in me. I've got such a fatherly face . By the way, this coffee is terrible."

She nodded

"Yes, isn't it?" she said. "What will you have for dessert? There are two kinds of pie apple, and the other's out. Make your selection."

"I've made it," he replied. "I'm taking the one that's out." He demanded his check. "Now if you'll let me pay for your dinner——"

"Nothing of the sort," she protested.

"But after the way my steak attacked you——"

"Forget it. I've an expense account, you know. If you say any more I'll pay your check."

Ignoring the jar of toothpicks hospitably offered by a friendly cashier, Bob Eden followed her to the street. Night had fallen, the sidewalk was deserted. On the false front of a long low building with sides of corrugated tin, a sad little string of electric lights proclaimed that gayety was afoot.

"Whither away?" Bob Eden said. "The movies?"

"Heavens, no! I remember that one. It took ten years off my young life. Tell me, what are you doing here? People confide in me too. Stranger, you don't belong."

"No, I'm afraid I don't," Eden admitted. "It's a complicated story, but I'll inflict it on you anyhow some day. Just at present I'm looking for the editor of the El Dorado Times I've got a letter to him in my pocket."

"Will Holley?"

"Yes. You know him?"

"Everybody knows him. Come with me. He ought to be in his office now."

They turned down First Street. Bob Eden was pleasantly conscious of the slim, lithe figure walking at his side. He had never before met a girl so modestly confident, so aware of life and unafraid of it. These desert towns were delightful.

A light was burning in the newspaper office, and under it a frail figure sat hunched over a typewriter. As they entered, Will Holley rose, removing a green shade from his eyes. He was a thin, tall man of thirty-five or so, with prematurely gray hair and wistful eyes.

"Hello, Paula," he said.

"Hello, Will. See what I found at the Oasis Café."

Holley smiled. "You would find him," he said. "You're the only one I know who can discover anything worth while in El Dorado. My boy, I don't know who you are, but run away before this desert gets you."

(Continued on Page 50)

"I Drove Back to Town. A Short Distance Down the Road My Lights Picked Up the Little Old Prospector Again"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 5, 1926

Rubber Prices and Profits

THE operations of the Stevenson restriction of the marketing of crude rubber, together with the speculations aroused by this artificial control, have made rubber goods expensive to American consumers. The high price of crude rubber has been a prominent cause of the heavy money value of our imports in recent months. By extension of substitutions and through application of processes of reclamation and conservation American manufacturers have accomplished much in the direction of saving of crude rubber. Tires have been so perfected that, despite dear rubber, the cost of mileage has been held down to a surprisingly low point. Nevertheless, at lower price for crude rubber, tires and mileage would be cheaper than is the case today. And certainly tire prices are unreasonable if they include exploitation prices for crude rubber.

It is now announced that the operations of the Stevenson Plan have been revised. Revised upward, of course. The established price of eighteen pence a pound has been raised to twenty-one pence. If after August first the average export price falls below twenty-one pence a pound the exports are to be restricted to eighty per cent of standard production. This means that the basic price is to be forty-two cents a pound. It does not take a prophet, or a distant relative of a prophet, to imagine that the price will rise after August first. American factories can thereafter base their buying policies on conjecture or speculation.

Is this done to save distressed rubber growers from ruin? Hardly that. We have available something better than hearsay evidence of the present position of rubber producers. In Great Britain it is the custom of commercial companies to issue annual reports that are given out to the press. Recent numbers of The Economist contain the reports of several rubber companies. They make interesting reading, also expensive reading. A few excerpts will serve to enlighten tire users.

The chairman of the Golconda Malay Rubber Company, after announcing what he stated was a liberal dividend, remarked that "the Board felt that, after the recent lean years, the shareholders were entitled to receive 40 per cent." This was surpassed by the Kepong Malay Rubber Estates, whose chairman was able to announce that "we paid you three interim dividends during the year, amounting in all to 37.5 per cent, and we now propose to pay a final dividend of 25 per cent, making 62.5 per cent for the year, and to transfer to reserve account £5000." Later he recalled that since the maiden dividend in 1909 the company had paid 722 per cent in dividends. The chairman of the Kapar Para Rubber Estates Company, after announcing "a total distribution of 45 per cent for 1925," forecast for the current year a crop of more than a million pounds, at a cost of 23.14 cents a pound, which would warrant "a very fair, moderate and conservative estimate" of a dividend of 54 per cent. The chairman of the Rembau Jelel Rubber, in announcing a dividend of only 20 per cent out of earnings of 31 per cent, took occasion to make the reassuring remark that "a dividend of 20 per cent in their second year was in reality, he thought, satisfactory. . . ." These are fair samples of the tenor of British rubber-company reports.

The British deserve the credit for having established the plantation cultivation of rubber. They intend also, evidently, to get a good deal of cash as well as credit for it.

History Revised

DR. ROBERT McELROY, an American scholar who was formerly professor of history at Princeton and now lectures upon the same subject at Oxford, in an address given before a distinguished company in one of the larger committee rooms of the House of Lords, made some notable observations upon British-American relations, past, present and future.

Doctor McElroy confirmed the ofttimes accepted impression that our national disposition to carry a chip on our shoulder when clash of interests brings us face to face with John Bull is largely due to misleading accounts of the War for Independence and the War of 1812 which are to be found in some of the older textbooks. School histories are more judicially written than they once were, but some of them still perpetuate the propaganda of fifty or a hundred years ago.

The speaker went on to say, according to a special dispatch to the New York Times, that "our children are now being taught the great truth that the American Revolution was not a war between Great Britain and America, but a war between the reactionary elements of both countries against the progressive elements in both. They are taught, from the first, to understand that not all of the Fathers of the Republic dwelt in America; but that Chatham, Fox, Burke, Barré, Shelburne and a host of other British leaders of the day were, in a very real sense, also Fathers of the Republic.

"Since the accession of the Shelburne Ministry there has been no cause for Americans and British to quarrel over the Revolution; for we have viewed the chief issues from the same standpoint. We have our differences, shall always have them; for we are distinct nations, alike in the things which count most, it is true, but vastly different in myriads of little things which make up a nation's personality.

"We have a common stake in a badly shattered world, and cannot afford to allow past conflicts to lessen our chances of future successes. Fortunately our next ruling generation in America will begin its period of dominance with a clearer view of the glory that is Britain, having fed on truth."

Doctor McElroy is right in his implication that garbled history is no proper food with which to build up a sturdy patriotism. There is so much that is glorious in our own past, so much that is worthy of unalloyed admiration in that of Britain, that exact historical truth about our past relationships can harm neither nation as much as any variation from it. There have been many unfortunate examples of childishness in such matters on both sides of the water. British Toryism accounted for some of them, our own pride of youth and performance for others. It was not until the period of the Spanish War that, nationally speaking, we went into long trousers. Since that time we have been in fact and in bearing an adult member of the family of nations.

During the past generation we have made great progress in relearning our own history. We have now come to realize that in 1776 men were just about what they are in 1926, on whichever side of the Atlantic they are found. We see the absurdity of trying to believe that all the Continentals were saints and doughty knights and that all the redcoats were villains or poltroons.

A new portrait of George III has replaced the old one. Instead of beholding a tyrannical old scoundrel whose one thought in life was to oppress American colonists, we see a snuffy old German who liked train oil in his salad, who was singularly conscientious in his own quaint way, and who was the foe of the liberties of all plain people, wherever they might dwell. The British picture of George Washington has also been repainted and has been raised to a niche scarcely less exalted than the one in which we Americans have enshrined him. We acknowledge with gratitude, tinged with wonder, that one of the most dramatic and sympathetic histories of our Revolution is that written by Sir George Otto Trevelyan, nephew of Lord Macaulay; and admirers of Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee will never forget what their English biographers have done to keep green their memories in lands across the sea.

One-Topic Talkers

IT SEEMS to be a law of life that as civilization advances, new pests, parasites and diseases come into being to harass it and prey upon it. We have coped more or less successfully with San José scale and the cotton boll weevil, with the hookworm disease, with the boy who didn't know it was loaded, with the practical joker and with the moron who rocked the boat.

We are now at the high peak of a plague of anti-prohibition pests. They are commoner than bootleggers, and their breeding grounds are coextensive with the jurisdiction of the Volstead Act. Their ravages have perhaps attracted less attention than those of other pests because they are of a social rather than of an economic nature; and yet they have a certain potency that can make them a real menace. Two or three of them can make an otherwise pleasant club practically uninhabitable for their fellow members. One or two can make everyone else at an evening social gathering wish he had stayed at home. Of all bores, they are the most deadly. Successive conversations with half a dozen garrulous men of other types may be bearable, for each is tiresome in his own individual way and the experience is lightened by variety.

This cannot be said in defense of the anti-prohibition bores. They all say the same thing and say it in the same way. They keep on repeating what they have been saying night and day for years. They employ the same words, gestures and headshakings. No new thought, no novel angle of approach, no fresh argument, ever mars the perfect standardization of their gusty diatribes.

Society should declare war upon these pests, not on account of the views they hold and not because they demand hearings and rehearings in season and out of season, but because they are such wearisome and depressing monomaniacs. Science may reconstruct the universe, men of daring may play tag with the North Pole, revolutions may threaten empires, governments may fall, notable books and plays may appear, and Jess Sweetser may bring home the British amateur golf championship; but the anti-prohibition pest appears to be as ignorant of these topics of conversation as if he dwelt on some lonely reef on Friday Island. There is just one thing he wants to talk about and none other, for his mind is not only a single-track mind but it is laid out in a circle and there are no switches, sidings or bumpers to prevent his going around and around the same old ring.

If these wets have the great majority they claim their course is clear and simple. The only thing they have not told us is why they talk so much and do so little. Every day they go on explaining away their cause. Every time they open their mouths they prejudice it, because those about them are so weary of hearing it talked about that they are in no humor to judge it upon its merits.

In the end the prohibition issue will be fought out in polling places and not at clubs, restaurants and golf links. Ballots speak louder than words, but the wear and tear on the ears of the majority is not nearly so severe.

The Cabinet of Doctor Calcooly

A STUDY IN GARLIC

By WALLACE IRWIN

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

Faulty Ventilation in the State of Denmark

I OFFER this tale without any apology,
Knowing 'twill please, if you're fond of mythology,
Stories of Prester John's magical court,
Thor and his flagon,
Saint George and the dragon,
Or old Uncle Bluebeard's idea of sport.

Our able Department of Justice, they say,
Was stirred to its very foundations one day,
When a certain detective,
With eyesight defective,
A very false beard and a manner corrective,
Slunk in and hissed thrice, "I've a confidence which'll
Thrill you and chill you, dear General Mitchell."
Not Mitchell the flyer,
But one rather higher,
Who runs the department and pokes up the fire.

"What ho!" cried the hard-working boss of attorneys.
"I see you are back from mysterious journeys.
Now time being short,
Please make your report."
The rubber-shoe specialist, giving a snort,
Brought out a book
Of a dangerous look
Noisily labeled The Love-Haunted Cook.

"Well, what's it about?" The attorney spoke choppy,
But his master detective just blushed like a poppy.
"Oh, general, please!
Such subjects as these
One doesn't quite mention with lightness and ease—
It's the way I was raised—I would much rather not ——"

"What rot!
Whacha got?
Come, gimme the plot!"

"The plot, sir? Why, plots they've gone 'way out of style.
This novel is modern—I see that you smile—
Just read a few pages, and if you get green,
I'll readily see that you know what I mean."

The general turned
To page 17.
His face brightly burned
With a pale, sickly green.

And he gasped as he rasped, "Where's the lightning to prod 'em
Out of the Western Addition of Sodom?
Open the windows and turn on the fan—
Where did you purchase this volume, my man?"

"In Boston, Chicago, Detroit and Peoria,
Trenton, Los Angeles, Newport, Astoria;
Widely they're spread in a manner effectual.
Products, you see, of the young intellectual."

"Ignatius Pye," She Typed With Zeal, "First Learned to Lie and Then to Steal"

"Gosh!" murmured Mitchell. "Where have they gone slumming to?
What, may I ask, are our young people coming to?
Shingle-haired bandits and college-boy yeggs,
Cherubs converted to ten-minute eggs.
Henry, by dint of your secret position,
I bid you go forth on a roving commission.
Seek out each hive
Where these smut slingers thrive.
Hunt 'em to earth, be they dead or alive."

"But, sir"—the man's voice with discouragement rang—
"These modernist fellers don't go in a gang.
They say, be yourself, and as such they reside
Like jungle gorillas in caves far and wide.
They're all of 'em free
As a squirrel up a tree,
And they never agree
On subjects that vex
Poor you and me,
Unless it is sex,
Which they always discuss when they meet at a tea.
For youth wears no chains."
"Go on, use your brains!"
The general cried;
So his servant complied
And went to the station to look up some trains.

The First Clew

WITHIN a flat in Boston town
A baby sat in gingham gown,
With rat-tat-tat a-writing down
A novel fat to gain renown.

The secret-service man was there,
Exerting nerve and cunning care.
He peeked with verve and startled air
To get the curve of Goldy Hair.

"Ignatius Pye," she typed with zeal,
"First learned to lie and then to steal.
A modern guy, he made you feel
He'd rather die than earn a meal.

"Eureka Wheat was modern too.
She had to eat—so what would you?
So on the street, a-feeling blue,
She chanced to meet our hero true.

"'I love you slick!' exclaimed the lad.
'You are so wicked and so bad.'
'I love you madly,' said she quick.
'You are so bad and, oh, so wick!'"

The little maid then ceased to write,
Before her laid a sheet of white.
On this she blinked before she wrote.
'Twas plainly inked, for Authors—Note!

More Puzzling Evidence

WITHIN a cottage humble by Detroit's suburban jumble,
Our sedulous detective on another clew did stumble;
For there he saw a mother with her children all around her
As she typed a sheet of paper on a little seven-pounder.

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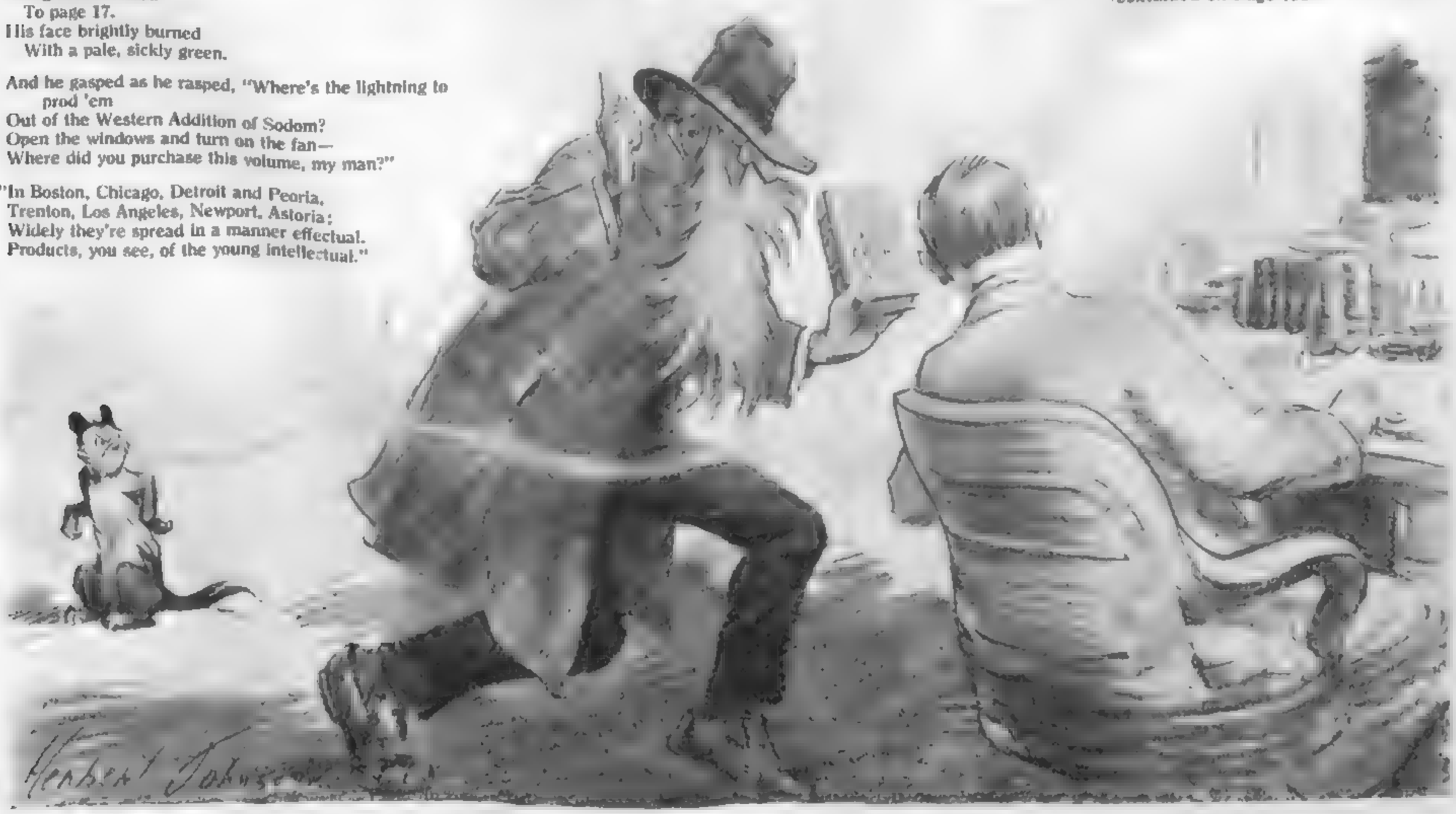
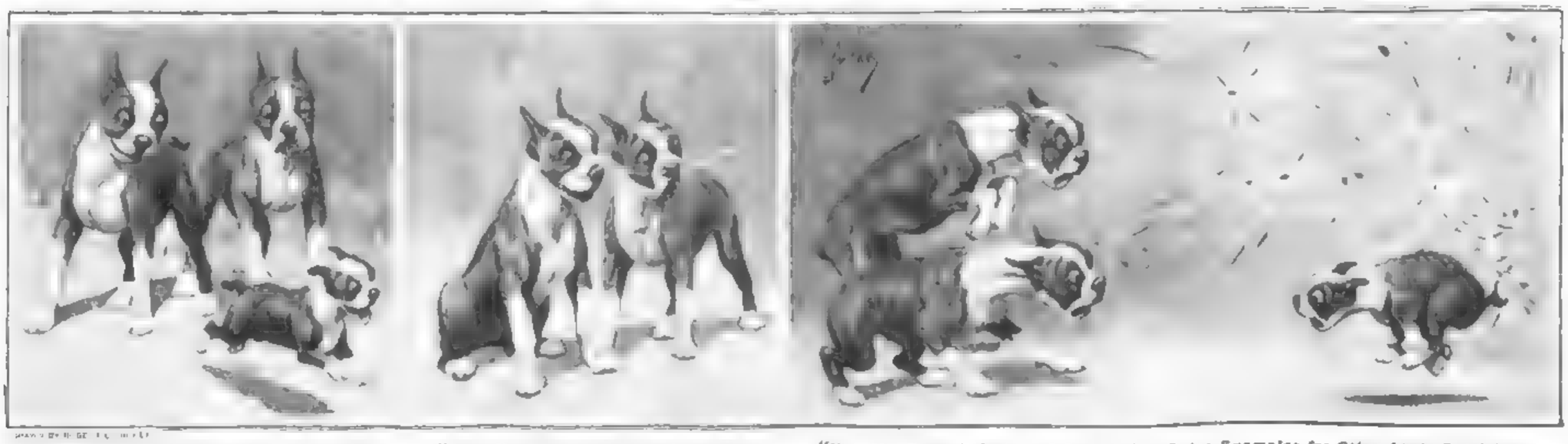


"This Novel is Modern—I See That You Smile—Just Read a Few Pages, and if You Get Green, I'll Readily See That You Know What I Mean"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Mr. and Mrs. Beans



"Doesn't it Quicken Your Pulse, Vi, to See Our Little Buster Start Out to Celebrate His First Fourth of July?

"Isn't He the Little Patriot? He's a Fine Example of What Our Country Stands For"

"Yes, Mr. Beans! But am I Supposed to Raise Examples for Other Little Patriots to Send Home to Me in This Condition?"

How the War Ended

THE next war was being fought. Terrible slaughter had been reported along all the battle fronts. Communications were being issued so rapidly that typewriters had to be stopped now and then to permit them to cool. The commanding general was in the hospital, suffering from a wound inflicted by a machine-gun attack of adverbs and adjectives. Interjections were falling on every hand. A runner from the front dodged into a communication trench just as an infinitive split over his head.

"The enemy is sending up a propaganda barrage," one of the outposts telephoned to headquarters.

"Ignore it completely, if possible," instructed the chief of staff

Overhead there was the fearsome drone of an airplane squadron. Looking up from headquarters, a scout armed with field glasses noted that the enemy was sky writing insults.

Immediately a bomb was hurled heavenward. It exploded near one of the sky writers and the letters took shape. "So's your old ComMANder," the message read.

The commanding general groaned as a surgeon picked an adverb from between his ribs. Several adjectives had gotten under the skin, but they would have to receive attention later. A runner burst in, saluted and turned deathly pale. He whispered his message to the commander, who issued the final order, then turned his face to the wall.

"Run up the white flag," the order read. "We have exhausted our supply of brief cases."

—Tom S. Elrod.

Quite Likely

IT IS said that chop suey has become such a favorite with the Chinese in New York that they contemplate introducing it into China.

A Radio Romance

HETERODYNE SMITH, sorely wanting a mate,
Resolved to go forth and select her;
But knowing he needed a sparkler for bait,
Bought a two-carat crystal detector. . . .

When he met Sally Brown, it was love at first sight;
Her hair was the color of henna;
She answered: "I'm ready to hook up all right,
If you get the consent of Aunt Tenna" . . . .

But our hero soon found out conclusively, that
From Auntie he'd get no assistance;
For when he approached her, she gave him his hat,
And a cold look of fixed resistance

That night while the moon shone like pure liquid amber,
'Neath Sal's window he stole, without sound;
With the aid of a rope, she was able to clamber
In safely, down to the ground

They married and moved to an elegant flat,
Where their heartbeats grow fonder and warmer;
And Het never kicks when she wants a new hat,
For love's such a wondrous transformer . .

—Thomas R. Jones.

The Development of the Sport Page

HOW Pindar—522–443 B. C.—would have dealt with a modern league game: Muse! This day must thou attend the contest of the great-souled sons of high-turreted New York and them of white Detroit, land of goodly coursers.

Come, silver-footed Venus, bring crowns of olive, bay and parsley, and crown therewith the ambrosial locks of Holloway, high-soaring twirler of the flivver-towners; who did hurl his horsehide sphere as hurls the rolling wave a pebble, 'gainst which the Yanks did vainly interpose stout clubs of ash.

And there was sound of woe in New York beside the wine-dark sea. And women rent their garments, crying Ololu! Ololu! when the voice of the relentless Umpire uprose, proclaiming Koenig, Combs and Meusel outstricken.

Weave now, my dulcet harp, in Lydian harmony, a song pleasing to Ruth, him who guardeth in his might the right field of the Yankees, garbed in pearly gray, for he hath smote a circuit clout in the ninth inning, whenas his mates were in sanctuary on every base.

Pour forth libations to honey-dripping Ruth, pour forth nectar, tonic, pop, and all such nonintoxicating beverages.

Let the citizens bring forth the dædal harp and, rejoicing, sweep its strings for Ruth, whom none may reproach.

As the Editor doth now reproach me, the Sport Reporter. And at his reproach I must needs bring Excuse, the daughter of Afterwit, tardy in wisdom;

(Continued on Page 46)

She: "George, You Need a Shave"

The Absent-Minded Truck Driver Unloads a Party of Picnickers

There's sunshine in its flavor!

Oh, let no day go on its way
Without a Campbell's greeting
For soup gives pep to every step
And joy to all your eating!

There's the glow of the sun in this tempting soup! Every spoonful brings to your lips the goodness and tonic wholesomeness of the most glorious full-ripe tomatoes, sweetened right on the vines and made into soup the very day they are plucked!

In Campbell's famous kitchens the rich juices and tomato "meat" are strained through mesh as fine as pin-points. So the smooth puree that remains contains only the most delicious and nourishing parts of the tomato.

In giant tureens of pure nickel, golden butter is blended in and our French chefs add the fresh herbs and other seasoning that make the flavor all the more enticing. What a treat!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

LI'L' GOOFYDUST

By Robert Welles Ritchie

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT E. JOHNSTON

"You an' Me, Rat-tail, Jes' Back From Our Tower o' Yorup. Special Train on th' New Railroad Branch Lands Us at Ruby. Silver Cornet Band There—Hail to th' Chief!"

OLD Simmy Sydes let his tongue loll out of a corner of his mouth in the stress of composition. That red tongue tip was a vivid Easter egg in the scraggly gray nest of beard. The stub of a pencil was pushed against it for wetting, and Simmy Sydes hunched himself a little lower over the broad sheet of paper with the word "Register" heavily scored in type across the top.

"I found me a piece of float—richest I ever see—orter run a thousend $ to the ton."

Simmy studied this latter statement, then scored out the qualifying "a" before the figure and substituted "two." He never was one to be niggardly with his assaying estimates.

"Just this side the big dike witch runs up the mountn, head of Badwater Gulch, is where I found me this float. Orter be a whalin' rich outcrop somewheres this side where that dike shows or howd that float git there. I'd have gone all over Badwater Gulch on my hands 'n' knees if Sally"—Simmy's little desert car—"hadn't sprang a leak in her radiator witch chewin' gum wouldn't paste up long enough to stay away from water 2 long.

"So back to Ruby to patch up Sally and then we'll go find that ledge witch the 3000 $ float come offen."

Simmy wetted his pencil for the final flourish: "Sincerely your servant, Simeon S. Sydes." Under that a P. S. "Weather hot and dry."

He folded this sheet from the hotel register with careful creasing of the seams, slipped it into an envelope from the rack by the clerk's desk and addressed the envelope: "Simeon S. Sydes, Ruby, Nevada." Then he walked across the plaza to drop the missive into the letter slot in Ruby's post office. Simmy Sydes, of Ruby, Nevada, to Simeon S. Sydes, Ruby, Nevada.

Simmy had failed to affix a stamp before turning his letter over to the Government. This was because Simmy had no stamp. There was no place in Ruby where he could buy a stamp. Stamps had not been sold in Ruby for five years—nor anything else, for the matter of that.

But there was the post office, with letters waiting call in some of the boxes and its sawdust box in the middle of the floor to serve as a spittoon, all regular—in fact, a regular post office, even if it didn't sell stamps. And after each return from a prospecting trip out in the brassy-white gulches of the Telescopes or the farther Shoshone range, Simmy Sydes wrote out on a sheet from the Ruby Red Hotel's register a report of his mineral explorations, addressed it to himself and dropped it into the post-office letter slot. Some day when Ruby came to life again he'd get a sight o' mail—look mighty important.

These were the only letters mailed in Ruby—if even without stamps—in five years. Reason: No other letters were written in Ruby in that period.

There was nobody in Ruby to write letters, nobody in the post office to receive them—not a soul, besides Simmy, in the town to read a letter, even granted that a ghostly postmaster were behind the stand of lock boxes to shuffle and distribute.

Ruby was what the West calls a ghost town. Deserted and standing stark alone in the wilderness of sun-scourged hills, a sad monument to the passing of some mining hysteria.

Consider Simmy Sydes as he stepped from the post office out into the magnesium flash of desert sunlight—the individual in relation to his environment, as the sociologists say:

Little and sun-sapped and pindlin', this survivor of Ruby's glory. All the years spent prowling amid white-hot rocks and enduring the oven bleaching reflected from alkali and borax flats had wrought their protective coloration in the man, even as the chuckwalla is dight to blend with pale sage, and the sidewinder of the desert country takes unto himself a neutral disguise. Overall blue of trousers and jumper—the latter humped over a permanent bow of shoulders—had faded to dust color; dust was the color of the ring of beard around his chin, and under the dust siftings on cheek and forehead the skin burned a dull red-black of lava weathered by the ages.

Only the eyes were free of the desert spell—or were they? If one understanding looked into their thin-washed blue and saw there the occasional fanatic spark which burned when Simmy spoke guardedly of "this country comin' to life ag'in some day," might not that understanding one call to mind the desert's mirage, the phantom striding of the dust devils across a borax lake—all the illusory tricks in trade of the Valley of Death just over the mountains?

There you have Simmy; and about him the life-in-death of the town of Ruby, Nevada, ringed about by leprous hills. In the plaza the fountain basin, happy gesture of some town beautifier in the day when Ruby was lusty and growing. Dead poplars about the dry cement pool. The three-story bank building—you could see the shimmer of brass cages through windows' dust no less obvious than the padlock on the door. The Ruby Red Hotel, with its casters still standing on the dining-room table, did you care to peer through a window. The Red Front Store—stripped, of course. The Desert Hope Saloon and five similar establishments in the square of the plaza. Houses with window casings plundered.

Well, there you are—a town left to rot when the bubble of mining speculation burst in a coast city far off, and blasted dreamers saw only the economic possibility of hauling themselves and their lightest movables to where the railroad ran, a hundred and thirty miles away.

Simmy Sydes had blundered upon the town of Ruby three years after its death, and—with occasional necessary trips to a railroad center for drums of gasoline and hanks of bacon intervening—he had adopted Ruby for his own, loved it with an old man's jealous passion. In the Ruby Red Hotel he lived—he and Sally, the desert car, and Rat-tail, his cat: Sally for taking him out into the hills, Rat-tail for guarding his cache of bacon, prunes and what not, after the custom of all desert prospectors and their alliance with protective but aloof cats of the Thomas persuasion.

It may be nothing but here and there if I add that upon each return to Ruby from a mineral-hunting trip into the desert, Simmy and Rat-tail occupied a different room in the Ruby Red Hotel, taking all eight in rotation by the months marking each revisiting. Blankets shaken down in the middle of the floor for Simmy; by mutual agreement, a salvaged sofa pillow from the ladies' parlor for the one-eyed tomcat to use after nocturnal hunting; and cooking, of course, on the hotel stove, which was a great convenience. This moving from room to room was prompted by a simple faith in luck—to give each silver-plated number on the doors a play. Up to the time this story tells itself no play from 1 to 10 had given Simmy Sydes the luck he undoubtedly would have had if the Ruby Red had possessed a Room 11.

This day of Simmy's return to Ruby after three weeks in the Shoshones, when he had posted to himself the log of that excursion, he turned back to the hotel. In the shed behind reposed the crippled Sally, who had made forty-odd miles back from the scene of discovery with part of her intimate machinery patched with chewing gum. Here was a job, and pressing upon the successful completion of that job was the lure of float away off in Badwater Gulch—float which the high-geared imagination of Simmy Sydes assayed at 1000 $—or maybe 3000 of the same—to the ton.

He had out his soldering kit to give Sally her facial lift—her entire countenance the while being in a sad state of temporary dishevelment—and as the gasoline lamp heated his iron he addressed himself to Rat-tail, who, comfortably settled, let his solitary yellow eye reflect his usual tolerance of such one-sided conversations. Simmy's voice had the thready note of a reed bird's:

"You Rat-tail, I'm a-tellin' you, oncet let yer ole man run down th' ledge which shed that float I brung back from Badwater, an' you'll see this town wake up. Mines'll be there at discovery pint an' like's not a new town. But mind you, they gotta bring their ore here to Ruby for millin'. Not so much as a snifter of water 'tween Badwater an' here—'nough here in town pipes to run a dozen mills.

"An' there y'are!" A flourish of the soldering iron in ecstasy. "You an' me, Rat-tail, jes' back from our tower o' Yorup. Special train on th' new railroad branch lands us at Ruby. Silver-cornet band there—Hail to th' Chief!

"'Mr. Sydes,' says the welcomin' committee, 'in yer absence we taken the liberty of electin' you mayor o' this here greatest El Dorado camp in th' known world, you bein' its richest an' at th' same time enterprisin'est citizen. So if you pleases to step over to th' Desert Hope Saloon where they's somethin' on ice ——.'"

Simmy's flight of imagination left him breathless. Rat-tail snouted a flea with that irritating detachment from all worthwhile affairs which is the cat's.

"Anyway, fool cat"—Simmy's second wind of soberness—"it won't do you a smitch o' harm to keep yer good eye on Ruby's big comeback."

All sleeping Ruby echoed to the tap-tap of Simmy's hammer as he fitted Sally's restored radiator honeycomb

(Continued on Page 28)

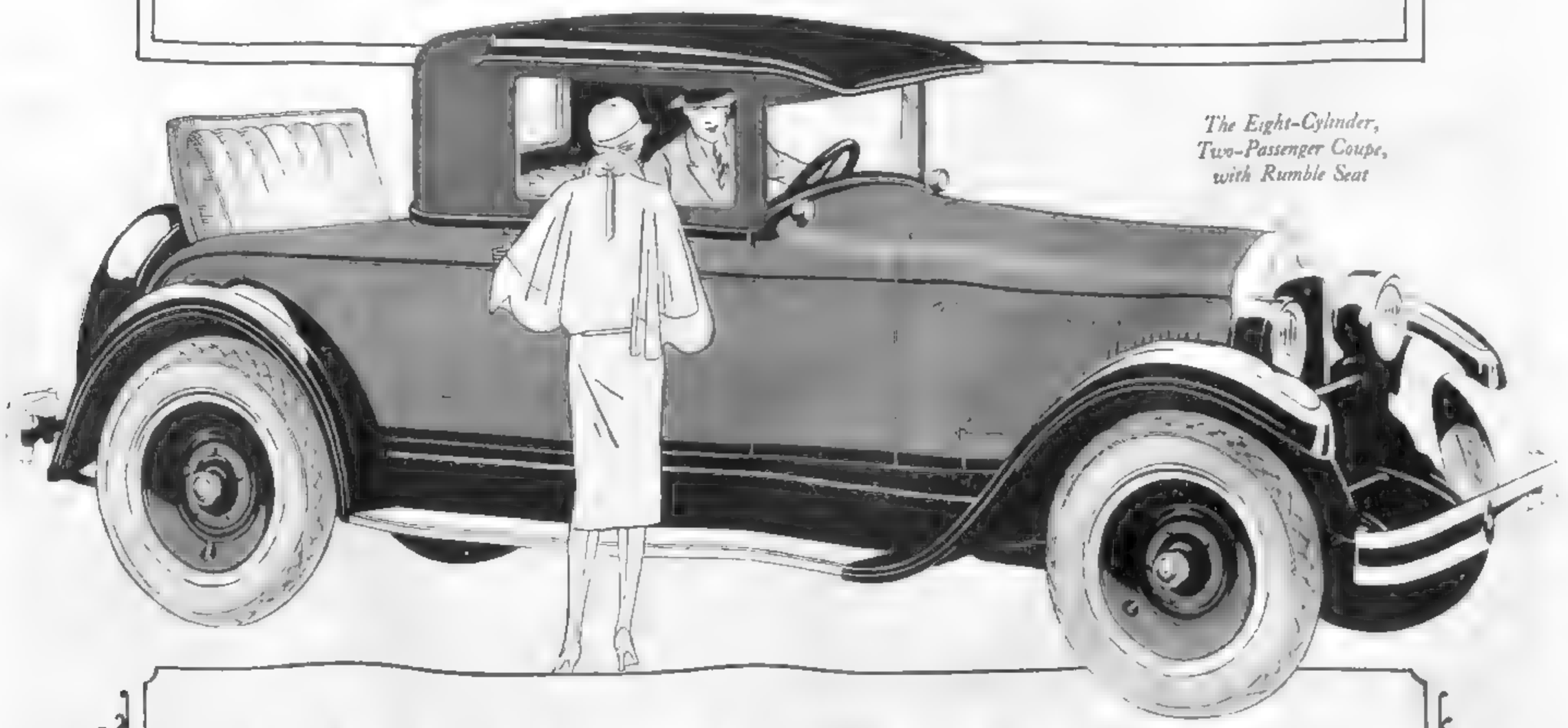
Over and over again, we find the Hupmobile Eight winning the entire family away from far more costly cars. A joyous car to drive—with dashing, rich appearance entirely in keeping with straight-eight performance which is not surpassed by *any* car at *any* price. By every right of superlative quality, and the wonderful old Hupmobile reliability, entitled to the commanding position which is being awarded to it among the very finest cars in the land.

Hupmobile Eight

Sedan, five-passenger, $2345. Sedan, Berline, $2445. Coupe, two-passenger, with rumble seat, $2345 Roadster, with rumble seat, $2045. Touring, five-passenger, $1945. Touring, seven-passenger, $2045. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

Hupmobile Six

Sedan, five-passenger, four-door, $1385. Coupe, two-passenger, with rumble seat, $1385. Touring, five-passenger, $1325. Equipment includes 30 by 5.25 balloon tires, four-wheel brakes. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.



The Eight-Cylinder, Two-Passenger Coupe, with Rumble Seat

HUPMOBILE EIGHT

(Continued from Page 26)

back into proper place. So intent upon the job was he that he did not hear the squeal of a car's brake out on the plaza in front of the hotel.

"Hey there!"

Simmy leaped a foot off ground and came down sitting on one of Sally's fenders. Rat-tail made a lightning fade-out around a corner of the open shed. A bulky figure in a dust coat, and with glare goggles splicing a heavily jowled face like a mask, met Simmy's quick weasel glance of fright. Thick lips parted in a gusty guffaw.

"Didn't mean to scare you, stranger—sorry."

"What'd you think'd happen—sneakin' up on a feller sudden like that?" Simmy's reedy voice tried to snarl. "Men've got a bullet for less in this country."

"Ain't used to strangers in your town, I take it," was the mollifying olive branch the one in the dust coat extended.

"Ain't used an' ain't welcome," snapped Simmy, balancing his hammer in hand significantly.

"Well, that's too bad," the interloper upon Ruby's trance soothed. "Was going to ask you to share a saucer of tonic with me—something cold and—well, easy to take."

Simmy let a second survey of the stranger's port modify his hostility. City feller, o' course—them fancy leather leggin's an' that doodad hat shaped like a pancake with a handle onto it. Still an' all, there was city fellers an' city fellers. An' he said somethin' 'bout—

The man in the dust coat interpreted as acquiescence the sliding of one of Simmy's hands across the tangle of whiskers masking his mouth and graciously led the way out to the curb. There stood a very fancy car whose new paint and shiny nickel desert dust had not quite obscured; man in a sort of soldier's uniform behind the wheel.

"Frank, get out the grub," said the big fellow. "The mayor of the town"—a wink here which Simmy did not see—"has asked us to have luncheon with him. And fetch along the vacuum bottle."

In wonder, Simmy saw a trunk, all shiny leather and brass trimmings, lifted from the mysterious depths of this fancy car. At the big fellow's nod the soldier guy carried the trunk into the Ruby Red's dining room and set it on the table next to the historic caster. Another trip to the car and he returned with a big silvery thing like a capped section of water pipe except for the shine of it.

"Right tidy little hotel you've got here, mayor. Nothing overcrowded, you might say." Simmy's host was busy unpacking plates, shaking out from their nest three little silver cups all glimmering gold inside.

"Tidy enough fer me an' Rat-tail," was Simmy's suspicious answer. He wasn't sure that this city feller with his slick tongue was talking straight about the Ruby Red or about himself either. This mayor business now ——

Yet was there naught but utmost cordiality on the other's pink countenance when he unscrewed the top from that section of silvered water pipe and poured a pale pinky-gold liquid into the cups. One of those fairy cups was slipped between Simmy's fingers.

"My name's Rarity—Francis X. Rarity, of Los Ang'les, mayor. And here's mud in your eye!"

Simmy took a cautious sip. His head reared back. Ice-cold, by the two-pronged Injun moon! Ice-cold, an' not a smitch of ice to be seen! First touch of ice he'd tasted in gosh knows how long!

"An—um—yep, good! That Miss Nancy-lookin' pink licker sure eases a feller's thirst!"

"Now that you don't seem to have to hold your nose to get that down"—heartily from Mr. Francis X. Rarity—"you might inhale a second shot. Of course this is pre-war."

Simmy suffered his little gold-and-silver eggshell to be refilled, taking the opportunity the while to slip an exploring hand against the side of that silvered water pipe from which ice-cold nectar was decanted. The thing was warm as blood! Now, what d'you know 'bout that?

The soldier guy called Frank had set out upon the dust-grimed cloth a fascinating array of grub—sort o' shivery jelly with chicken breast in it; a ham all flowered out with cloves; bread which didn't look nor smell like sour dough; little dufunny cakes and real oranges. Not a smitch o' sowbelly in the whole gosh-wallopin' banquet! Nary a bean, glory be!

That magic water pipe gurgled again. Deep down behind the fourth button on Simmy's shirt a little cool fire began to flicker and send gentle tingles to his finger tips. He looked over to the big jovial face of Mr. Rarity and suddenly discovered he belonged—he was Simmy's kind of folks.

"Ain't thinkin' of settlin' down here in Ruby, Mr. Rarity?" Timid anxiousness fluttered behind Simmy's words.

"We-ell, Mr. Mayor, I'll tell you honest. I gotta be convinced, you might say. I'm that kind—conservative, you know."

Simmy chased a cube of aspic to its death with his knife blade, then spoke with more assurance:

"First off, this Ruby town might hit a stranger as just a mite slow. But that's because you don't know it. Gotta live here fer a spell like me to get the feel, like you'd say, of this Ruby town. Now water—th' ain't a town in the hull state o' Nevada kin touch our water. An' climate, like you Los fellers is always spoutin'. Why, Mr. Rarity ——"

After covertly replenishing Simmy's cup the big man from Los Angeles settled back in his chair and hearkened to Simmy's flow of panegyric. Only Frank could interpret those little wrinkles about his boss' eyes as sly flags of the mirth secretly shaking him. The chauffeur knew the big fellow of Superba, Inc., hadn't enjoyed himself so much since Will Hays made his last speech before the Producers' Association.

"An' I'm tellin' you right now, Mr. Man, now's the time to settle down in Ruby, before"—Simmy moved his lips confidentially adjacent to Mr. Rarity's ear—"before news of the big strike gits round the country!"

"Strike?" the other questioned. "Who's going to strike here in your town?"

(Continued on Page 60)

Simmy Raised Himself From the Prone Body, Dusted Off the Knees of His Denim Overalls With Slow Dignity and Started Across the Street

IT'S THE NEW AND BETTER THING THAT STIRS THE PEOPLE'S HEART

On Broadway, a new play triumphs; and for months great crowds vie to witness it.

In Miami, there appears a chic new fashion; and the country immediately takes it to its heart.

In Chicago, a new invention revolutionizes an industry; and the entire nation pays eager tribute.

Out of Los Angeles comes word of a remarkable scientific discovery, and people everywhere thrill to the achievement.

This is America! Ever seeking to improve upon the past—ever welcoming the new and better thing.

In the minds of the 113,000,000, there is but one thought: "How can I achieve greater success? How better my work and my station in life?"

Those who would appeal to America, and win and hold America's favor, must keep pace with America's desire for progress.

They cannot become self-satisfied. They cannot stand still. They must go forward with America, or America will leave them behind.

America steers clear of ruts. America demands change—betterment—progress. America takes the highroad, and goes ever forward.

It's the worthy *new* thing that stirs the people's heart!

This is true in the arts. It is true in the professions. It is true in industry.

Only by achieving new and better things, can the leader retain his hold upon public favor. Only so long as he continues to lead will he remain the leader.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

TRIAL MARRIAGE

By Elizabeth Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

XXV

RITA was sitting up in bed and a most lovely apricot-colored negligee, after a tedious month of la grippe. For Sylvie's suspicion that Rita was merely feigning illness was quite unjust, and long after Sylvie had departed to heal her own wounded heart in the sun, her hostess still lay in bed, too perfectly miserable to think of affairs of the heart at all, and of course that meant that Rita was very, very ill indeed!

Now, with returning vitality, Rita's thoughts returned to their usual channels, and as she reclined among lacy pillows she studied her face anxiously in a huge, gold-bordered, lavender-enamel hand mirror. Her maid, standing by nervously - for she was usually blamed for Rita's appearance—was quite relieved when Miss Briggs trotted in to divert the storm. Miss Briggs was Rita's secretary, a nice, ugly little person—Rita liked plain women about her—and her face, too, was anxious.

"I am Going to Make You Rather Happy, Thor, I Think"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Dallett," the secretary faltered, "but they said Mr. Ware was painting, and couldn't come to the telephone."

"They!" cried Rita, in a tone that implied "you fool!" "What do you mean by they?"

"I didn't recognize the voice, Mrs. Dallett, but it sounded like a girl's."

"What girl?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Dallett."

"Not Miss Bannester, or Mrs. Weston? But then you would never mistake her for a girl!"

"No, Mrs. Dallett."

A strange girl in Thor's studio! Rita felt even more disturbed than at the discovery, which she had just made, of a tiny new line at one corner of her mouth. If she had not looked so wretchedly ill she would have rushed to Thor's studio at once. But Rita had reached the age when discretion becomes the better part of ardor. So she waited, though most impatiently, for a day or two. And then, after a morning of elaborate preparations, including quite unnecessary tears from her maid, Rita arrived, about noon, at Thor's studio, looking pale and interesting in a black velvet suit with an ermine collar, and walked straight upstairs. She would have walked straight in, too, for she liked to surprise people—you often discover the most interesting things about them in that way, and of course no one knocks in Bohemia—but, contrary to custom, the outer door of Thor's apartment was locked. So Rita pressed the bell impatiently, and the door popped open almost at once, and a small, excited face popped out.

"Sh!" warned the face, and shook its mop of blond hair at Rita.

"Darling!" she cried. "What a delightful surprise!" And would have entered to embrace Gay, but Gay pushed the door until it was open only the merest crack, and only one round blue eye could be seen through it.

"Why, you funny child," Rita remonstrated with the eye. "I really believe you are not very glad to see me!"

The blue eye maintained its severe expression.

"No," replied Gay, "I'm not—very."

Then Rita addressed Gay as one does an impertinent child.

"That is too crushing, of course," she murmured, with a superior smile, "but I came to see Thor really."

"Yes, I know you did," said Gay. "But you can't. Sorry, Rita."

And she closed the door firmly and finally.

For one outraged instant Rita had the impulse to beat on the door with her fists, to press her thumb down hard on the bell and keep it there until she was admitted. But she reflected that Thor was not the kind of man who is flattered by scenes—some men, of course, simply adore having you fling yourself frantically on their doormat. So, with a smile and a shrug, Rita strolled downstairs to her waiting car, and a few moments later her chauffeur mounted the stairs with a note in his hand. He came back with the same *billet-doux*, and something had been scrawled beneath Rita's dashing, bold writing in a round, childish hand:

"No, thank you, Rita. Thor is lunching at home. If you want to make an appointment for a sitting, telephone me late this afternoon. Affectionately, GAY."

While Rita drove away in a perfect fever heat of indignation at Gay's boldness, Gay herself was trembling, upstairs, from the same cause. For no one had appointed her Thor's dragon—least of all, Thor!

To a lovesick youth, the younger sister of his beloved is either an invisible object, if she doesn't interfere, or an utter encumbrance of the earth, if she does. In Midland, Thor had detected a tendency in Gay to thrust herself upon Constance's attention, and he had been as annoyed as you are by the person who obstructs your view at the theater. So when Thor came home, on the day of Adelaide's departure, and found that Gay had not departed, he determined to pack her off on the very next train. But though Gay was most subdued in manner and said "Yes, Thor," and "Of course you are right, Thor," somehow she stayed just the same. Perhaps she only succeeded because Constance, rather unexpectedly, took her part.

"Marcia simply bores me to death!" was Constance's verdict. "Besides, if she has to go back to Midland, Thor, what can we do? There's no one else I can think of who'd chaperon us, unless you want Rita ——"

"Heaven forbid!" cried Thor, just as Constance knew he would. "Even Gay's better than that!"

Gay, who had been meekly awaiting the verdict, very much as a small stray dog lingers to see if it will be adopted, said in a tone of cautious rejoicing, "It's settled, then? I may unpack my bag?"

"Your bag?" asked Thor sternly. "How does it happen you've got a bag if you missed your train?"

Gay turned innocent blue eyes upon him.

"One nearly always has a bag in one's hands under any circumstances," she retorted with dignity.

The most astonishing number of clothes came out of that bag; it seemed that Gay had the larger part of her wardrobe in hand when she missed the train.

"What are you doing?" Constance demanded as she watched Gay remove all the dresses from her—Constance's—clothes closet.

"I'm just straightening up your things a little before I hang up mine," Gay replied meekly. "There's plenty of room for us both if I keep the closet tidy."

"I don't like ——" Constance began.

But Gay interrupted quickly, "I'll only take two hooks, and not quite one-third of the rod for the coat hangers. And if I get in your way, darling, you just kick me out!"

"But why don't you put your clothes in Marcia's room?" Constance objected.

"That's really the breakfast room, though, isn't it?" Gay argued placidly. "And it must bother Thor to have all those dishes and things in his studio. So I thought, if you don't mind, Constance, I'd just move in here with you. I absolutely promise not to be in the way! You can always have your bath first, and first go at the dressing table. I'll just peek over your shoulder sometimes. My face isn't much to gaze upon, so just a little bit of mirror will do me!"

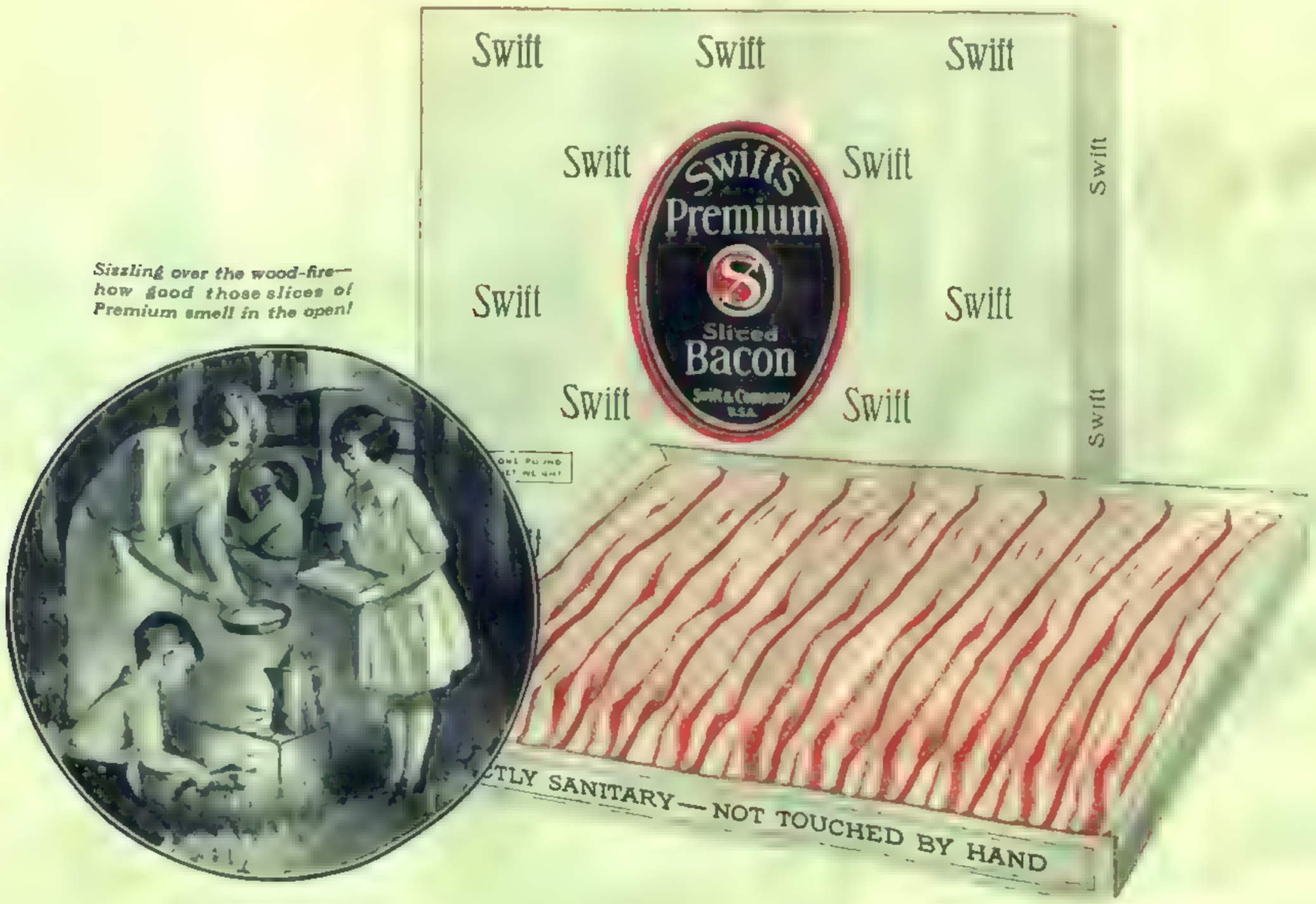
"But I don't like ——" Constance began again.

And again Gay interrupted. "I told Mike to move my bed up."

"You told Mike!"

(Continued on Page 33)

S W I F T



Sizzling over the wood-fire—how good those slices of Premium smell in the open!

Just to taste it makes you long for the woods

HOW often dishes you especially like awaken happy memories of old times, old places. So it is with the savory richness of Premium Bacon. To many it always brings the thought of summer days—a crackling fire set in the shadow of trees, a breath of cool wind, the scent of wood smoke and of bacon broiling. It is in the open that they taste best of all—those tender slices of Premium with their appetizing flavor. And you can have this choice bacon not only in the whole piece but also in pound and half pound cartons, particularly convenient for the picnic basket. In these cartons it comes evenly sliced and all ready for cooking.

Swift & Company

Premium Hams and Bacon

The Survival *of the* Fittest

One of the most important allies of success is health. Guard it well, if you have your eyes fixed on the top rung of the ladder of success.

Business is a stern taskmaster. Only the fit survive in this competition.

Unless he take "An Ounce of Prevention," the man who spends most of his waking hours in an office is apt to fall victim to faulty elimination, detrimental to his health, success and happiness.

Now, thanks to a delicious cereal food, he can ward off this danger without recourse to habit-forming drug laxatives.

Post's Bran Flakes is a delicious food that supplies the intestine with the bulk it needs to prevent faulty elimination.

Eaten as a cereal with milk or cream, it brings to the body such important food essentials as phosphorus, iron, protein, carbohydrates and vitamin-B —all essential to human health.

Start now to eat Post's Bran Flakes every day as "An Ounce of Prevention" and see how much better you feel.

Send for this book. At your request we will gladly send a free trial package of Post's Bran Flakes and a booklet that has important bearing on your health and success

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everybody—every day

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

as an ounce of prevention

"Now You'll Like Bran"

P. P. C. Co., 1926

(Continued from Page 30

"Yes. I didn't want to bother you or Thor. You see, I don't mean to be the least trouble."

Constance now finished her sentence with a determined air. "But, Gay, you know I don't like to share a room with anyone."

"You need a maid very badly, darling," remarked Gay diplomatically. "I could keep your clothes picked up and mended."

"But you don't know how."

"Oh, yes, I do! I got Jeanette to teach me after you left home. Just simple things, like buttons, and snaps, and runs in silk stockings."

"How on earth did you happen to ask Jeanette

"Well, you see," Gay explained, "it was you and Thor got me thinking. Suppose I'd fall in love with a poor man too. Oughtn't I to be prepared?"

"What a little goose you are!" declared Constance "Do you think I'm prepared for poverty?"

She polished her already shining nails and thoughtfully dabbed a little French perfume on her eyebrows, smiling at herself in the mirror meanwhile. The lace on the few filmy garments she wore had cost more than half the amount that Thor received for a portrait.

"You don't seem to take this thing a bit seriously," Gay reproached her.

"Of course not. It's only one of my mother's ideas."

"But, Constance, if you don't use this time to get ready ——"

"Oh, don't be a goose, Gay! I haven't the slightest intention of ever trying to live on Thor's income! The whole idea is too absurd! Dad will give me an allowance if mother doesn't interfere. And she will come around all right after I've pleased her by standing this test That's the only reason I ever consented to it."

Gay stared at her round-eyed

"Does Thor know that?"

"No."

"But, Constance, Thor's frightfully proud! Won't he mind if dad gives you an allowance?"

Constance shrugged her shoulders

"It really isn't any of his business, is it?"

"I didn't know you could say that about your husband!"

"My goodness, Gay, married or not, a woman has her own private, individual life!"

"Maybe you, not me," Gay replied. "If I were married I'd be nothing but a part of my husband. Like a third arm."

"Well, that would be very stupid of you, and men don't appreciate it anyway. The more independent you are, the better they like you."

"I know — I know ——" Gay shook her head mournfully. "One's always supposed to run away. But I can't. I'm too much in love to play tag properly."

"Too much in love!"

"I mean—I mean if I were in love. I mean, that's the way I probably should be, just in case I ever happened to."

Constance looked at the child thoughtfully.

"I don't know where you get this new line," she mused "It can't be from experience. You've never fallen for anyone that I know about."

"No, and I'm never going to!" cried Gay "I'm not going to fall in love ever! It hurts too much!"

Her little face twisted curiously. She seemed to choke back a sob

"But how do you know about that?" persisted the older sister.

"Holy cow!" cried Gay, now fairly cornered. "I've done a little reading, haven't I?"

"Well," Constance pursued the more practical issue, "do you mean you're going to be an old maid, then?"

"Certainly not. I shall pick out some nice, healthy man to marry and have heaps and dozens of children. That will make me happy enough. I love babies."

"Ugh!" shuddered Constance. "How terribly unromantic you are, Gay!"

"I guess so. Well, anyway, thank goodness, I'm too healthy to pine away and die just because ——"

"Because what?"

"Because of anything!" declared Gay fiercely. "There's not anything or—or anybody who can spoil my life. I mean to be happy"—she burst into tears, as unexpectedly to herself as to Constance—"if—if it kills me to do it" she finished, smiling through her tears, grinning derisively at herself, as she mopped up her grief with a rather crumpled little handkerchief.

That was the nicest thing about Gay. She could laugh at herself as well as at other people. And though she had inherited something of her father's efficiency, that genius for organization which had made Conrad's fortune, Gay had none of the self-righteousness and the reformer's zeal which usually accompany great executive ability. She concealed her practical gift beneath the tact she had acquired from Adelaide, and another, and equally feminine, charm of her own distillation. For the whole world was to Gay like her own name, and if nearly everyone in it overvalued themselves and their own importance, that, after all, only made the pattern rather more amusing, like a frieze of swollen, colorful balloons against a summer sky. And Gay was not one of those who wish to go about, pin in hand, deflating balloons. She much preferred to watch them dance, in childish pleasure.

Gay had not thrust herself into the Thor-Constance *ménage* in order to remodel either of them, or to remake their establishment, or even, as of course all feminine persons suspect, to steal her sister's fiancé. In fact, Gay would have found it difficult, if not impossible, to say just why she had missed her train and stayed where she knew quite well she wasn't wanted. She had acted on a wild, sudden impulse, and not with premeditation. And, anyway, her feelings were giving her so much trouble she really couldn't be expected to analyze her motives.

Perhaps, if she had been pressed for a reason, the best Gay could have managed was that she felt so frightfully homesick without Constance and didn't care a bit about Palm Beach!

So she inserted herself as tactfully as possible into the rather difficult household, her main idea being not to give any trouble. And at first merely tolerated, Gay soon became indispensable. This was not a bit of deliberate scheming either. It was just that Gay saw how badly things were being managed, and her vague purpose clarified into a desire to make both Constance and Thor more comfortable. With this double motive she began taking Constance's breakfast up on a tray. For if Constance were out of the way Thor could get to work at nine, instead of at noon, and, as Gay at once perceived, comfort to Thor meant the opportunity to paint.

Now that the breakfast room was restored to its original purpose, Gay began to serve Thor his morning coffee there, in spite of his protests

"I've got to eat, myself, haven't I?" Gay growled, like an angry kitten.

"But I don't want you to wait on me," Thor protested, blushing a little as he remembered how very unkind and inhospitable he had been to Gay.

"Where's that Hattie-Belle?" he demanded. "I haven't seen her around in ages."

And yet, miraculously, his studio was swept and garnished for his arrival every morning, without Hattie-Belle's audible housewifery. It was really this phenomenon which had caused Thor to unbend from his attitude of suffering, though silent disapproval.

"Oh, Hattie-Belle," replied Gay carelessly. "I fired her long ago."

"Well, I'd like to know how you managed it," said Thor,

(Continued on Page 92)

"It's Settled, Then? I May Unpack My Bag?"

JUROR NUMBER ONE

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

"JOHN GOODWOOD!" shouted the clerk of the court, and everyone looked toward the jury box to see which of the twelve men would respond, for they had just been led in by the sheriff and were not yet impaneled. Receiving no answer the clerk repeated: "John Goodwood!" Eleven of the prospective jurors were smiling now and looking at the twelfth, a young man who gazed dumbly straight before him at nothing at all. Obviously he was so deep in meditation that he did not hear even his own name.

"John Goodwood!" shouted the clerk, for the third time.

"Yes, sir. Here, sir. That's me," said the juror, as though suddenly awakened from a sound sleep, and even the judge laughed.

With twinkling eyes he began asking the questions prescribed by the statutes and at the end of the quiz announced that John Goodwood appeared to be a qualified juror. First the prosecutor and then counsel for the defendant asked a few more questions, after which both accepted him for the panel. John Goodwood had told them that he was employed to install a certain kind of machinery; that he was twenty-six years of age, and had served first in the infantry and later, when his technical training became known, in the heavy artillery with the American Army in France. He was the first veteran of the World War who had been called as a juror in that court and everyone was looking at him with approval.

"You were fortunate to come through without any wounds," remarked the judge, admiring his tall, shapely form.

"Yes, sir," the juror responded nervously, and his right hand moved involuntarily across his brow, then up, and finally down the back of his head. He was as bald as an egg. The bare, pink scalp contrasted strangely with his youthful blue eyes, full cheeks and the firm muscles of his neck and jaw. John Goodwood had had a taste of mustard gas in France and when, after three days of fighting, he had lifted his steel helmet his thick crop of curly blond hair had come with it.

Made bold by the judge's friendly expression, he managed to say, "Judge, your honor, could you let me off? I don't feel equal to this."

"You're well, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir, but I ——" he hesitated.

"But you what?" demanded the judge, interrupting.

After groping unsuccessfully for words, the juror mumbled, "I don't know."

Again everyone laughed good-naturedly. Here, they judged, was a wholesome young man who wished, like everyone else, to dodge jury duty, but lacked the guile to know how to make a shrewd attempt. An excellent juror.

The clerk called another man, received an immediate response, and the business of the court proceeded while Juror Number One resumed staring at nothing at all. Hour after hour he sat motionless, as though in a trance. Late that afternoon, however, as the ninth juror was being accepted, the business of the court penetrated his preoccupation and he turned to look at the newest member of the panel who sat in the row of chairs just behind him. Here was another veteran, a former captain of infantry, as he had just told the court. His name was James Larkin. John Goodwood looked at him in an effort to express an appeal, but the ex-captain was a hearty, friendly man, pleased by the smiling faces in the court room, so he took it for granted that the proper thing to do was shake hands with his late comrade in arms. John Goodwood's right hand was seized, held very firmly for a moment, then released, as Captain Larkin, still beaming good will, resumed his seat. Several women in the gallery applauded and the sheriff did not demand order in the court room.

Twice during the succeeding hour the young veteran turned halfway round in his chair to make sure that the former captain was still there. In France John Goodwood had been popular with his officers, so that to him a captain, far from being an ogre, was the very man to turn to for help. As soon as the jurors were locked up for the night he sought out the former officer, led him to a far corner of the room and whispered, "I've got to get out of this."

"Why?" demanded the captain, opening his frank brown eyes very wide. "What's the trouble?"

"I've got to get out of it," John Goodwood repeated.

"You're mighty nervous," the captain commented. "Is it a touch of shell shock?"

"No. I just don't know anything about this kind of business. I'm afraid I'll ——" He hesitated.

"That's all right," the captain reassured him. "Just listen to the evidence."

"But I don't hear half of what's going on."

"Are you hard of hearing?"

"No. I just don't seem to pay any attention."

"Yes, I noticed that. Well, wake up and come to life."

"Can't you get me out of this?"

"I don't think so. This isn't the Army, you know. I've got no more influence here than you have. Better take a brace on yourself and see it through."

John Goodwood stared at him as though unable to believe what he had just heard. The captain looked into his troubled blue eyes and for the first time sensed their mute appeal.

"Are you in some kind of personal trouble?"

"No."

"You've got a job, I believe you said?"

"Yes."

"How long have you had it?"

"Not long. This is my first suit of clothes since I took off my uniform."

"Well, what's the trouble? Do you owe some money or something like that?"

"No. I want to get out of this," Goodwood replied.

"Well, you can't and that's all there is to it, so brace up." This advice was underscored with a vigorous slap on the shoulder. Then the captain turned on his heel and walked away. John Goodwood stared after him until he was surrounded by the other jurors, all eager to hear tales of high adventure in France; then he went to his cot and undressed.

Then Leave in Paris. I Met a Girl There and Fell in Love With Her

II

WHEN the court recessed for lunch at noon on the following day, the jury was complete. The judge had announced that immediately after lunch the prosecutor would make his preliminary statement, outlining what he expected to prove.

(Continued on Page 48)

There is no parallel for the conclusive superiorities of Fisher Bodies in all price divisions. There is no parallel for the conclusive preference shown by buyers of all classes of cars for the quality assured by the symbol—Body by Fisher

FISHER BODIES

Plupy Regrets an Ambition That Leads Him Into Literary Activities

By HENRY A. SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

TUESDAY, May 4, 186—tonite father let me go down to the band room but i cood only stay ½ a hour. i played all my tunes to Bruce Brigham and he sed he had no idea i wood stick to it so well. then he took my horn and played a reumatic scale up and down, a reumatic scale is to play evry note in the scale and not jest the 8 notes. then he rote the scale for me. he told me to practise this for 15 minites evry day up and down. so i am going to do it after the concirt. i gess i will have all i can do to practise on those 2 himms

Wensday, May 5, 186—this morning there was grate xcitement in school at recess. Beany got a whissle down his gozzle and coodent get it out and neerly dide. old Luke Langley has been selling sum little flat round tin whissles about as big as a overcoat button with 2 little whissle holes in the middle. if you put it in your mouth between your lips and your teeth and draw in your breth and blow out your breth it will whissle both ways and a lot of the fellers had them. they cost 5 cents apeace.

well at recess the fellers dident do ennything but whissle on them. of coarse i dident want one becaus a feller whitch can play so well as i can on the E flat alto horn dont cair for a tin whissle ennyway. well of coarse Beany wanted to do it diferent from the rest of the fellers and so he put it way in his mouth and drew in his breth hard to see if it did whissle and it whissled good but it flew way back in his gozzle and stuck. well Beany coffed and gaged and bent over and bent back and the fellers pounded him on the back and he kept maiking noises like when a feller has had his breth gnocked out and is triing to get it back and all the time he was whissling becaus he coodent help it and was getting pirple in the face. one of the fellers ran for old Francis and he come out and grabbed Beany and sed Elbridge try to coff it up and all Beany cood say was eeahh tootle teetle eeahh teetle tootle with his eys sticking out like a doodlebugs eys. we fellers coodent help lafing althoug we was scart to deth for Beany but it sounded so funny like this

OLD FRANCIS: Elbridge, try hard, coff loud.

BEANY: eeahh teetle tootle agaggoo teetle tootle arrough.

OLD FRANCIS: Elbridge, try to shout loud as you can and that may start it.

BEANY: ogg tootle ogg teetle oggoo tootle teetle.

then old Francis told Scotty Brigham to run for doctor Sweat and Skinny Bruce to run for doctor Perry and Ross Tomson for doctor Goram and they went off as fast as they cood. doctor Sweat got there ferst and maid Beany open his mouth and he stuck in a peace of wire and in a minit got it out. Beanys throte bled a little and he took him to his office to put sumthing on it.

Beany was all rite this afternoon but dont xpect to be well enuf to go to school tomorrow. it was a narrow squeak for Beany and if it hadent been for those whissle holes he wood have strangulated.

when we got back into school old Francis maid evry feller whitch had a whissle give it to him. tonite Beanys father told my father that if Beany had dide he wood have sewed old Luke Langley for one hundred thousand dollars. father told mother he thougt Wats, Wats is Beany's father you know, was putting a prety high value on Beany. he sed he thougt $1. doller and $.50 cents wood be about rite. this afternoon i practised a half hour, went birds egging with Potter Goram and tonite i practised 2 times with Cele on the 2 himms and other peaces and then i went over to see Beany. Beany et a prety good supper of soft boiled egs and milk tost but he sed his throte was prety soar. he gessed he cood stay out of school for the rest of the weak. Beany always has the luck.

Thursday, May 6, 186—Beany was two sick to go to school this morning but all this afternoon he rode on Joe Parmers hack to the depot and back. i went up river in a boat this afternoon and caugt 3 pirch. tonite after i had practised with Cele i started to wright sum wirds for my himms. i read a lot of himms and i took a line from one and a line from another and sort of changed them and maid up 1 pretty good himm. this is it

compleat in thee, compleat in thee
twelve valiant saints i hoap they be
their voice will bid the tempter flea
and glory fair shall shine on thee.

it took me a long time to hunt these lines out and change them. i xpect the nex himm will be harder to maik up. it is a grate strane on a feller to compose the music and wright the wirds and lern to play the tunes on a e flat alto horn, and when this concirt is over i shall taik a long rest. that

(Continued on Page 38

He Sed if You Can Wright Sutch Himms as These at Your Age You Certinly Have The Spirit of True Religium in Your Hart

Body by Fisher

PONTIAC SIX

Never in automotive history has any new make of car—regardless of size, price or present popularity—enjoyed such an enthusiastic reception as the Pontiac Six · · · Never before has any such car won buyers at a rate that called for a production of over 30,000 in the first six months · · · Week by week the enthusiasm grows—and here are the reasons · · · Never before could you buy for $825 a closed car with a spacious, brightly colored, Duco-finished body by Fisher and a six-cylinder engine of 186.5 cu. in. piston displacement · · · Never before did that small investment give more definite assurance of long life, dependability and the full advantages of six-cylinder performance—because never before did an organization of equal skill, experience, facilities and vision devote itself to the manufacture of a six-cylinder car so high in quality, yet so low in price.

$825

COACH OR COUPE

Oakland Six, companion to the Pontiac Six, $1225 to $1295. All price at factory. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 36)

is to say i shall practise on the e flat alto horn but i shall not play in enny moar concirts.

Friday May 7, 186—sum nite there is going to be a practise nite of the players of the concirt and the singers. Keene and Cele will have to go but it isnt necisary for me to go. i had rather not go becaus i want my solo on the e flat alto horn to be a sirprise to evrybody and i want to beet the stewdcat whitch is going to play the flute. i gess i will beet him becaus a alto horn is lots louder than a flute.

i have maid up another himm. it took me a long time. if i taik the ferst line of a himm in the book sumbody will know it and when a feller gets one good line that isn't two well gnew then he has to hunt a long time for another line whitch will rime with the ferst. this is the second himm whitch i think is prety good.

hear not the message sent from thee
oh blessed trinity of three
with riping fruite from lifes glad tree
we bow our head and bend our gnee.

there, aint that as good as enny himm you will find in the book. you see i am going to have Pozzy Chadwick print my himms and i am going to have Mister Barrows the minister pass them round to the peeple befoar i play them.

well today i went over to mister Barrows and read him my himms. he was astonished and sed did you really wright them and i sed yes sir and he sed read them again and sed if i kep on i wood be another John Wesley or Lowell Mason or George Webb. i dident know who they were but i sed yes sir. i gnew that old Gnatt Mason whitch had a wenn on his neck and i gnew Webb Elliott on Linden street but i never herd of John Wesley or Lowell Mason or George Webb.

then i asted him if i cood print them and if he wood pass them round and he sed he wood deam it to be a grate privilege to do so and then he sed if you can wright sutch himms as these at your age you certinly have the spirit of true religiun in your hart. then i sed i must go and he thanked me and sed i had done him a grate deel of good and he sed he wood be proud to read my butiful himms to the congrigation and if the music was as good as the himms it wood be a remarkable performance and he hoaped it wood maik a era of piece on erth and good will to men.

then i went up to see Pozzy. well Pozzy sed he wood print them but he dident think mutch of them but when i told him i was to play them on a e flat alto horn in chirch he felt a lot diferent and sed he wood put on our company naim and motto

printed by Chadwick and Shute gob printers. our wirk is equil to none.

Saterday, May 8, 186—sumbody done a meen thing to me today. i think it was Beany but he crosses his throte and hoapes to die if he done it. i think Pewt had sumthing to do about it becaus i dont beleeve Beany cood have thougt up so meen a thing and sumhow it sounds jest like Pewt.

well tonite after i had been up river with Beany and Pewt in my boat i went home to practise. i remember now that Pewt and Beany kept laffing and giggling. well when i took up my horn to practice and put it up to my mouth i neerly choaked to deth, and my eyes smarted and the water ran out of my eyes and nose and i coodent get my breth for a long time. mother come running up stares with Aunt Sarah and washed my eys and nose and mouth and when i felt better she xamined my horn and sed sumbody had poared sum ammonia in it.

so we went down to the sink and she poared water throug it until i cood play it all rite without choaking. i asted her what ammonia was for and she sed for killing cockroches and taiking stains out of cloths and i asted her if it wood taik out paint stains and she sed painters always used it. so i am sure Pewt done this. if I hadent tuched that horn until tomorrow nite in chirch i wood have broke up the meating. Beany can cross his throte and hoap to die all he wants to. i know he gnew about it and he dident tell me. that is a nice way to treet a friend isnt it.

Sunday, May 9, 186—well we have had our concirt and peeple say that it was as good a sunday school concirt as they had ever herd. a man told me after the concirt that if it hadent been in chirch he wood have stamped and clapped and whissled throug his fingers when i got throug playing. well it is a long story. in the morning we all went to chirch. Cele and Keene sang in the quire and me and father and Georgie sat in the phew way up front on the rite ile. when the minister read the notices he sed that there wood be a sunday school concirt in the chirch in the evening at 7 oh clock. that there wood be vocal and instrumental music with piano and organ accompiments. that there would be a short sirmon. i am glad it was short, and reading from the scriptures. i always think of old Bill and Mary Ann Scripture whitch live on Linden Street when ennyone speecks of the scriptures and i want to laff.

well then he sed i have to announce with the greatest pride and plesure that a young member of the sunday school has composed two verry butiful himms copies of whitch will be gave to all who are present. the music of the himms i have not hird and i understand from this young member of our school that he has adapted sum new music to the impressivly butiful wirds he has composed. you all know sumthing of the service done to mankind by John Wesley, by Lowell Mason, by John Ellerton, by J. K. Paine and others in the composure of grand himms that have led our harts in the right.

my friends, i beleeve i am not overstating the case when i predic that this gifted yuth, for he is but a yuth, may taik his place with them and that two within our time. come and read them, come and heer them.

gosh i felt kind of funny. i kind of wished i had been satisfide to play the tunes without maiking up the wirds but it is two lait now.

well peeple was whispering to eech other and looking towerds old J. Albert Clark and Charlie Lane and Ezra Chase and sum of the auful good young men whitch havent never done rong and wundering whitch of them had rote them himms. of coarse nobody thougt of me. of coarse they dident. i gnew they woodent and i thougt how sirprized they will be when they find out i was the feller whitch done it.

well tonite after supper we all got dressed up and at first father sed he woodent go becaus whenever i had ennything to do i always got him in sum almity scraip. but mother she sed she woodent go a step unless he went and finally he sed he wood go.

well the piano was in front of the pulpit and me and Cele and Keene set down near it and i had my e flat alto horn under my arm. the peeple had begun to come in and pretty soon evry seet was taiken and there was more stovepipe hats down in front of the pulpit than ever was saw before or since. then the quire sung a peace and the organ maid the windows shaik. the quire was Mister Henry Folsom and his wife and their daughter and George Deerborn and Lizy Rundlett and Fred Rundlett and Mister Clapp and old Francis. Mr. Fonce plaid the organ.

then the minister read a peace from the bible and then he prayed and then evrybody stood up and they sung a himm. it wasent my himm but another one. then the stewdcat plaid the flute. he done prety well the ferst virse but when he started the second virse he begun to coff and choak and he stoped playing but Mister Fonce gnew enuf to put on the Flute stopp and plaid the peace and it sounded jest like the flute and most of the peeple thougt the stewdcat was playing all the time and was mad becaus sumbody begun to coff and choak and spoil it.

well you see it was a warm nite and they had opened the windows up in the quire loft and a lot of midges flew in and when the stewdcat drawded in his breth he drawded in about a milion midges into his gozzle jest like old J. Albert Clark when he got the rane water down his gozzle with the wigglers in it.

then the minister preeched a short sirmon on love divine all love xcelling and then Keene and Cele sung abide with me fast falls the even tide. i never herd them sing better and i never herd Cele play better.

then mister Gale the superintendent of the sunday school maid a speech and then the minister sed he had received from a young man, a mere boy 2 butiful himms that he had rote and they were to have the privilege of hearing them plaid on a brass instrument by the gifted wrighter of these himms. he sed it might seam unusual to hear a brass instrument in the house of the lord, but did not the good book speak of sounding brass and tinkling simbals. he sed the himms had been printed and while the organist was playing a voluntary, copies wood be passed round but not but one to a phew as the number was limited.

he sed after that he wood taik the opportunity of reading them aloud and then the wrighter wood play them upon the horn accompanied by his gifted sister and he trusted that at a later date these butiful himms wood be added to the service of song in this and all other chirches of the congrigational faith. then old Fonce played a peace on the organ and the ushers passed round my himms and what do you think. that old minister had cut off all about the gob printing business of Chadwick and Shute. now honest he dident have enny bizziness to do that. how is ennyone to know where to get their printing did. i was mad about it but i coodent say ennything then and dident dass to think mutch about it.

well i wached the peeple whitch got the copies and they read them and sum of them grabed their himm books and tirned over the leeves and squinted at the himms and compaired them and shook their heads as if sumthing was rong but they did not know what. then the minister sed that the wrighter of the himm wood play the ferst himm 2 times over and then he read the himm out loud. then Cele plaid the interduction and i played the himm all rite. then i plaid it onct moar. then the minister sed he was thrilled to the depths of his hart and the marrer of his bones by the lofty sentiments of the himm and the beauty of the music.

then he read the second himm whitch he sed was even moar butiful then the ferst, and then i played it all rite and Cele put in sum splendid cords and when i played it the 2th time everybody got up and sung it.

well after that the minister sed that in after years it wood be one of his proudest recollections that he ofishiated at the bringing to public notice a wrighter of himms whitch combined the beauty of those of J. K. Paine, the melodious measures of Lowell Mason, the trumpet call of Martin Luther and the true religius fervor of John Wesley.

then he prayed for the chirch and the congrigation and the singers and players and mostly for me and then it was over. lots of peeple come up to shaik hands with me and tell me how mutch good i had did them. and sum told father he had augt to be proud of me. i was ashaimed and got out as soon as i cood but i herd sum people say that the hole thing looked pretty queer to them and that it had augt to be looked into.

father and mother had hard wirk to get out of the chirch so menny peeple spoke to them about me. well father dident apear to like it verry well but he dident say mutch on the way home. when we got home he started to ask me sum questions about my himms but mother told him we had better all go to bed becaus we were all tired out and we were.

Aunt Sarah asted father if everything went well an father he sed evrything went two cussid well and she sed what do you meen and father sed it looked as if there was a niger in the woodpile sumwhere. then we went to bed and i was so tired that i dident wake up until neerly school time.

Monday, May 10, 186—when i went to school this morning the fellers began to yell the reverent Plupy Shute and the reverent John Wesley Shute and the reverend Martin Luther Shute and they yelled my himms as loud as they cood and Tady Finton hit me between the sholders with a rotten apple and sed here is a ripping frute from lifes glad tree and sum feller hit me rite behine the ear with another and i ran into the school house to escaip them. darn the old himms ennyway.

well at recess i dident want to go out but old Francis always maiks us go out unless we are sick and so i had to go. well of coarse they begun to plage me again and i stood it as long as i cood and i punched Jack Melvins whitch was one of my best friends in the ey, and we went at it but he licked me in no time so the fellers sed and my mouth is as big as a hens eg and i dont beleeve i can play the e flat alto horn agen for a month. darn it all. ennyway they sed i fit good and dident holler enuf. i woodent have hollered if he had killed me.

then Charlie Carter come up and hit me in the ey and i hit him and we went at it and i got licked agen but i dident holler and Tady Finton pulled him off me. then the bell rung and when i went in with my coller tore off and my swole mouth and my black ey and all covered with dirt old Francis licked me agen for fiting. he dident ask who fit with me and dident lick ennyone but me. i wish i had never rote those old himms.

Tuesday, May 11, 186—today the fellers plaged me sum moar but i dident have enny fites. 3 lickings in 1 day is too mutch. father asted about the fites and when he come home he sed as long as i fit as well as i cood and dident holler enuf it was all rite.

well today sumthing wirse hapened. Mister Barrows come to our house and wanted me to join the Congrigational chirch. i dont know what i cood have did if it hadent been for mother. she told him she coodent allow me to join enny chirch until i got old enuf to apreciate what i was doing. then he sed my dear Mis Shute evry child had augt to join the chirch and mother she sed she gnew me better than he did and she dident want him to irge me to join. then he sed what if your boy becomes a unbeleever and a heathen and mother she sed i do not beleeve he will. i have never gnew enny in our family

then the minister asted mother if she wood objec to it if i wanted to join and mother she sed not unless i was being urged agenst my will. then the minister went off. then i sed gosh mother i wish i hadent rote those himms and mother she sed she was beginning to wish so too.

Wednesday, May 12, 186—i had another fite today. this time it was with John Stacy. he sed i was a old palsom singing sneek and he slaped my face and i gave him one and he grabed me and throwed me down and was punching me because he is 2 years older and lots biger when all of a sudden Beany come in with his fists fliing and grabed John Stacy by the hair and yanked him off me. then the big fellers sed it was a fair mach for me and Beany to fite him

(Continued on Page 146)

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Play the
SILVER
KING

WATER AND THE LAND

Continued from Page 19

is a closely reasoned document, and not at all easy to follow. But under the heading A Great Problem of Irrigated Agriculture, Mr. Bailey, the engineer in charge, explains in concise terms the exact nature of the problem. With the already complete use of the easily developed waters, "of necessity new projects are becoming burdensomely large." In other words, because of physical conditions surrounding the development of the state's waters, agricultural projects must increase in size.

"The cause of these large areas being only partly occupied . . . issues directly from the large size of new projects, that, in a year or two, bring under irrigation in one community an area of land greater than can be absorbed by normal growth within as many decades. During these years many tracts making little use of the available water supply are heavily taxed to pay the cost of works unused by them."

Distributed Prosperity

The report then refers to the suggestion that the state limit the size of new projects or prevent their start until lands already irrigated are filled up. But the cause of the ever-expanding size is physical, and not subject to legislative enactment and human regulation.

"Only through the organization of larger areas does further progress become practicable. On the other hand, for state authority to prohibit one community from initiating a feasible project because some other community has unsettled lands is the exercise of power which decides which community shall prosper. New projects in most instances are initiated by communities that feel the necessity of introducing irrigation for the preservation of their prosperity.

"Many plans for rapid colonization have been evolved and much money has been spent during the past several years to stimulate artificially the rate of settlement on unoccupied lands so that they might earn tax payments. The only partly rewarded efforts are indicative, perhaps, that some other solution should be sought.

"At best the artificial stimulation of the rate of settlement or the methods devised to increase production on sparsely settled lands in new projects cannot be more than palliative remedies that fail to strike at the cause.

"Considering the problems as a whole, the lands now under irrigation are so extensive and the enhanced yield of California's soils, when supplied with optimum moisture through irrigation, so far surpasses the production of dry farming the same area that, should, by some extreme effort, all lands now under water produce to their extreme capacity, markets would be deluged beyond hope of profitable sales."

Mr. Bailey suggests that "the coördination of the development and distribution of the state's waters, scientifically designed to overcome the adverse physical features of water supply and geography which are the direct cause of the large size of new projects, appears to offer possibilities of relief greater than any other plan. . . . A solution is desirable that will confer on all communities alike, as nearly as possible, an equal opportunity to enjoy the advance in wealth and prosperity normal to the introduction of irrigated agriculture."

The writer is not competent to pass on the engineering or even the economic feasibility of any particular plan to coördinate the available waters of a great state. But it is clear enough that the fundamental agricultural problem in California, or any other state, humid or arid, is not altogether that of water, important though it be. There is no use in producing more crops than the public will consume.

In another place I have told of the relatively high degree of success of the California farmer, with his intensive, specialized crops and with his competent marketing associations. The consuming public has been educated to absorb a steadily increasing quantity of oranges and raisins and lettuce, to mention only three.

Yet the writer cannot but venture the feeling that perhaps in the arid West the mass of engineering detail connected with large, elaborate and impressive works of irrigation has somewhat tended to obscure the simple truth that crops are useless unless they can be disposed of.

All the Eggs In One Basket

There is no intrinsic merit in raising fruit, or any other crop, unless the farmer and his family find support therefrom. Those who insist upon the continued settlement and reclamation of Western lands say that the object is to build up farm life not only as a business but as a mode of living. But there is no point in extending a mode of living or the number of farm homes unless they can be supported by the farms.

There is no inherent virtue as such in irrigated agriculture as compared with other types. Indeed the intensive crops which irrigation requires may bring an intensive loss, if there be a loss at all. The sole question is whether the public will consume what is grown. In an arid country the very concentration of interest and discussion upon the engineering aspects of water development sometimes results, I fear, in neglect of the question whether the crops will be needed and wanted when grown.

In an arid country there is actual fascination connected with the impounding of water, the building of dams, and all the

Continued on Page 43

JUST five weeks ago at Muirfield, Scotland, for the first time in history the British Amateur Championship was won by an American born golfer. *He played the Silver King.*

So did 14 of the last 32 players
8 of the last 16 players
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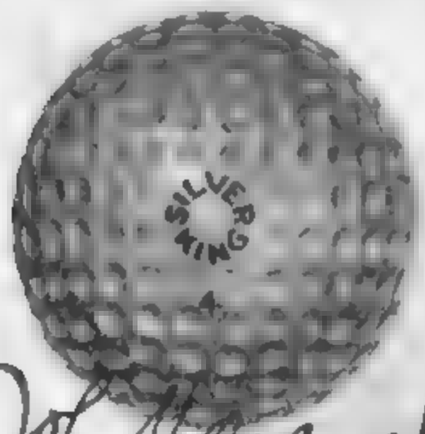

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Any Hour of any day or night is Paramount Time *somewhere!*

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The unique concentration of screen talent within the leading film organization has not only carried the Paramount banner to 70 foreign countries but has attracted *to* Paramount the cream of the dramatic, literary, directorial and acting genius existing elsewhere in the world.

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Paramount speaks all the principal languages of the world. Titles are translated into no less than 37.

But above everything else Paramount speaks the language of the human heart.

Any hour of any day or night is Paramount Time somewhere. Millions of people all over the world prefer those better theatres which regularly show the better pictures.

Paramount Pictures

Produced by FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., Adolph Zukor, Pres., New York City

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town."

(Continued from Page 40)

other countless details involved in irrigation. There is romance in replacing a desert plain inhabited by sheep or cattle and a few blanket stiffs, with populous cities, thousands of farms, highways, packing houses and all the other attachments of civilization.

Engineers debate as to whether the dam should be high or low. The papers are filled with endless accounts of litigation over the ownership of the water. The costs of the work are debated back and forth. The exact location and type of construction of dams and reservoirs are thrashed out not only by experts but by newspapers and citizens in general. Most men have a touch of the engineer in them and like to figure on construction costs.

The sheer excitement of filling the empty plains with eager new settlers and of harnessing the wild mountain streams is quite enough to fill people's minds. It is no wonder at all that insufficient inquiry is directed at times to the prosaic question of whether the new farmer can sell his crops at a price that will support his family and provide a competence for old age.

"One of the enterprises with which I am concerned spent $150,000 for the investigation and study not merely of technical processes, but of the economic situation affecting the establishment of that industry upon the Pacific slope," said Wigginton E. Creed, head of one of the largest steel mills as well as of a large power company in California, in an address to a group of farmers.

"Agriculture needs to get the industrial point of view in the launching of new enterprises. Agriculture, as I have seen it, has not developed the economic point of view of industry. The point of view of agriculture seems to have been that it owns the whole world, and the more acres planted the better.

"We are beginning to see today that an important factor in our agricultural life in California is the protection of the going concern; that we cannot profitably build up new enterprises at the expense of the men with their investments already made and their production under way. I say that you gentlemen in agriculture must be alive to the fact that your established operations must be kept prosperous, and that you should not countenance the launching of new enterprises which glut your markets and injure the going concern.

"The same study that industry and commerce devote to a new project is necessary for you to put upon your new projects. Such a study does not mean the consideration of booster talk or slogans or shibboleths. It requires hard facts; it requires research; it requires the whole spirit of science to find out what the situation is."

It is not easy for agriculture to get the industrial viewpoint in launching a new enterprise. There are only a few hundred steel mills in the country, and thus the steel situation is more readily controlled than any which involves millions of farmers.

Colonel Sellers on the Farm

Nor can fruit trees be shut down conveniently once they have started, like a blast furnace. A pear tree grows right on, once it begins to yield, wholly oblivious to economic considerations. The tree will bear, even if the canners refuse to buy another ton of fruit.

But the trouble lies even deeper than that. As Mr. Creed says, "The point of view of agriculture seems to have been that it owns the whole world, and the more acres planted the better." Its attitude has been too much like that of Colonel Sellers. The reader will recall that this famous character of Mark Twain's figured on a large profit from selling even a small quantity of eye water to each of China's 400,000,000 people.

There is too much talk about the population of the United States being 200,000,000 forty years hence, and of California's being 20,000,000 or 30,000,000 in even less time.

The settler should not take a short-sighted point of view, he is told, but should consider the future, and also what a marvelous growth in wealth and population the country has had in the past, even if agriculture has been overexpanded at times.

But the individual is not interested in being a stepping stone for posterity. He wants to make a living now. He will be dead forty, or thirty, or even in very many cases twenty years from now, no matter how large a population the country or any one state has at that time.

The writer yields to no one in admiration for and love of the great spaces of the Far West. But when the new agricultural settler in states like Arizona or Oregon or California is told what a wonderful opportunity he has in such a fast-growing region, there is often more than a trace of misrepresentation in the argument.

A Long Haul to Market

There is opportunity, to be sure, but if he raises one or more of the fast-expanding and popular specialty crops the blunt truth is that the opportunity is just 3000 miles away. If the sales manager of the Oregon apple growers, or Arizona lettuce growers, or California peach and prune and orange growers were told at the height of the harvest that the entire crop would have to be consumed in Oregon, Arizona, California and the other Far Western states, he would immediately go out and commit suicide. An overwhelming percentage of the specialty crops goes East, and indeed a large part of them goes all the way to New York City.

Nowhere have marketing facilities been developed to a higher degree of perfection than on the Pacific Coast. Practically every crop has its growers' coöperative association, and with extraordinary ability and persistence these associations have built up markets in the most distant parts of the world. No more thrilling business story could be told than the endeavors in detail of a number of these associations to take care of their respective situations.

In the past five years the country has increased its consumption of fruits and vegetables by 400,000 carloads. Authorities say that it is purely problematical whether the country can absorb any such increase in the next five years. Dr. Alonzo Taylor, for one, believes the national diet is subject to still further diversification; meaning by this, substitution of specialties for staples.

But he notes a great revival of horticulture east of the Rockies along modern lines, and says:

"The settlement movement should come to a temporary cessation in order to allow the marketing and selling effort to catch up. . . . I am convinced that the cooperative association must adopt a positive program of repression of new acreage and elimination of marginal acreage.

"I am aware that the doctrine of repression of acreage may be contemptuously referred to by consumers' leagues as a variety of restriction of apprenticeship, designed to exploit the consumer. It will be time to pay serious attention to such retorts when the money returns to the growers have again reached a reasonable level.

"The coöperative associations have difficulty enough in hard times in preaching the doctrine of acreage repression; the consumer may be sure that acreage repression could not be accomplished, even if undertaken, in times of prosperous agriculture."

More and more the California farmer is being urged to diversify his crops and thus offset the possible danger of extreme specialization and overproduction. In few states has the farm extension or adviser movement grown so rapidly. Twenty-five meetings of farmers, with an average attendance of forty-six each, are held daily in different parts of the state.

Through these meetings the farmer is urged not to rush into a crop when prices are high, and is told that no high-priced product has ever remained such over a long period of years. No one can tell the farmer exactly what to plant or not to plant, but he can be told that there is safety and insurance in diversification.

Diversification is not altogether a palatable doctrine, nor is it to be taken up with a mere wave of the hand as a cure-all. It may require an extensive equipment and a knowledge of more branches of agriculture than the average farmer is likely to have. The grower may become more efficient if he has only one crop to think of, and one-crop farming makes for bulk of product at one point sufficiently large to create a profitable basis for marketing.

Then, too, diversification spreads the work over the entire year, and means that the farmer is under more necessity of being on the job all the time; which is not an appealing thought to anyone, whether farmer or not. Moreover, with only one crop, especially where the acreage value is high, as with fruit, there is always the speculative chance of making a big killing. There is no such hope with diversified farming.

The farmer is not so readily interested in economic problems as the outsider would suppose. Perhaps more in the Corn Belt than in California he vainly turns to legislative or political rather than to economic remedies when he is in economic straits. The officers of his coöperative association are intensely interested in future prices and other strictly business problems, but, except in periods of very low prices, it is hard to get the individual farmer to think along economic lines.

Ordinarily he thinks in terms of culture rather than of economics. The farm adviser, after giving a careful lecture on world prices and the need of diversification, will call for questions from the audience, and perhaps the first question he hears is: "When should we spray for moth?"

The truth is that the farmer's heart and soul are in the growing crops. When the crop sells at a low price he blames his marketing organization for being inefficient, although the hard, blunt fact is that he should never have raised that particular crop at all.

When the adviser tells the farmer to diversify he may mean hogs, of which California produces very few, or more likely he means dairy cows, and these are the very synonym of work. He suggests some chickens, perhaps, or a few acres of cotton or alfalfa, instead of having the entire farm in fruit trees.

He is thinking not only of the farmer's immediate welfare but also of the ultimate condition of the soil.

Safety in Variety

"We are making a great effort to maintain a balance between fruit and dairying in the central valley," said Sam H. Greene, manager of the California Dairy Council and a member of the State Board of Agriculture. "California's danger is too much specialization. Whole areas are devoted to a particular type, or even a variety of that type, such as the Tokay grape. If anything happens to Tokays what happens to the area?

"The only new settler who should put all his money into trees or vines is the one who is financially independent. The one-payment-down man should have dairy cows, or perhaps chickens or hogs. He needs a cash crop. He can plant trees later."

But dairying is a hard, prosaic occupation which insures a steady income and no chance of enormous profits. The new settler in California has seen cows before and does not like to milk them. There is nothing different or picturesque about them—nothing novel, exotic and tropical. But they have a way of paying bills all the same.

One must not suppose that this discussion of diversification of crops in California is of mere local or technical interest. It is a far larger and more serious problem than that. The fact is that if California keeps

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REGINALD DENNY in "ROLLING HOME"

REGINALD DENNY has a typical and delightful comedy in *"ROLLING HOME,"* adapted from the story by John Hunter Booth, the plot of which can be briefly summed up in the sentence that he came rolling home in a Rolls Royce with only ten cents in his pocket and turned the dime into a million.

It is a fast-moving picture with DENNY in action every minute, causing turmoil wherever he goes, and out of the many mêlées he lands like a cat on his feet. Beautiful MARION NIXON plays the sweetheart role and does it beautifully.

Next week I will go into detailed description of UNIVERSAL'S Greater Movie List of new pictures. *"Poker Faces,"* a rollicking comedy, starring EDWARD EVERETT HORTON and LAURA LA PLANTE, is the first picture on a list which you can safely use as your guide to better entertainment.

"The Flaming Frontier" will soon be released. Photoplay Magazine describes it as one of the six best pictures of the month. I quote from Photoplay's review so you can see how high it rates the picture:

"Another absorbing tale of the old West which is as spectacular and historically significant as *'The Covered Wagon.'* It carries out the spirit of Pioneer America—a fine appreciation of patriotic flavor, sweeping pathos, historical accuracy. The picture is peopled with red-blooded characters. Be sure the children see it."

"The Midnight Sun," another beautiful spectacle, is also coming your way. Be on the lookout for it. It is more than worth while.

Have you seen *"The Cohens and Kellys"*—the comedy that has caused uproarious laughter wherever it has been shown? If you have seen it, please write me your opinion of it. If you have not seen it, ask your theatre manager to get it.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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on expanding its specialized, one-community type of cropping it will have on its hands a most serious labor problem, if indeed such is not already the case.

On a diversified farm the use of labor is continuous and a few men can do the work. But in the specialized fruit and vegetable crops, especially where perishable, a horde of pickers must be rushed into the orchards and fields for a few weeks every year. In other words, there is a peak load of the most acute nature, and labor cannot be utilized over the entire year unless it moves in nomadic fashion from crop to crop.

The modern specialty crops typical of California require, in many cases, twenty-four times the man days an acre required by wheat and barley. Yet in a period of years in which the state's production of cereals has decreased about 30 per cent these other crops have multiplied many hundred per cent. Modern agriculture in the state has had to build itself up on the foundation of transient, migrant labor, following the cycle of crops from section to section.

Cotton was introduced after the war, especially in sections where too wholesale a dependence upon trees and vines had proved a mistake. But cotton, of all crops, requires unlimited labor, and the rush into it, and increasing fruit production and the spectacular rise of vegetable and melon production, have all accentuated the labor problem.

There seems very little question as to the impossibility of inducing white men to do this work. They regard it as a little, dinky small man's job—this picking of fruit, thinning of beets and asparagus and transplanting of vines and tomatoes.

The minute work of picking and bending—back work, in other words—is regarded as too trying for white men in the climate of the Imperial and San Joaquin valleys. It is held to be work suitable only for Orientals, Mexicans, Porto Ricans, Filipinos and negroes. Says S. Parker Frisselle, who operates a five-thousand-acre fruit and cotton ranch:

"Here is an instance which you can multiply by the thousands: A university chap came down to the ranch to pick grapes, and he had hardened up for two weeks in the hay field, so as to get into condition to go into the vineyards. The first day he earned $1.25, the second day $1.50, and the third day he went to bed."

Bootleg Farm Hands

Then, too, with the coming of power machinery on the farm there has developed a caste system in farm labor. The white man will still work in the wheat field, or anywhere that horses and machinery are the chief factor, but not at picking or transplanting.

To the north of California there is naturally no labor to be had. The Eastern labor markets are two or three days distant, with mountains and deserts between. There is no help from the West, because of the insistence of the Californians themselves that the Orientals be kept out. At the present time, because of the stringent anti-alien land laws, such Japanese as are in the state are moving into the cities. Besides, the Japanese were mostly landowners on their own account rather than migratory fruit tramps. They are not a factor at present as farm laborers.

Except for the negro, Porto Rican and Filipino labor, which has not yet been tried, with the exception of a very few Filipinos, there is no recourse other than Mexico, to the south. At the present time the very existence of the state's agriculture is said to depend upon Mexican labor. Mexico, of course, is not under the quota basis, and until the last few years there was free passage back and forth. But the 1924 law set the visa charge and head tax at a total of eighteen dollars, which many of the ignorant and penniless laborers desiring to enter this country could not or would not pay.

Owing partly to this tax and possibly in some slight degree to efforts of the Mexican Government to prevent emigration, there was a falling off of about 55,000 legal entries in 1925, as compared with the last year under the old law. Exactly how many illegal entries have taken place is not known. Those who cross the long land border are described as bootleggers, and those who swim the Rio Grande are called wetbacks.

In any case, when the immigration authorities made a round-up of illegal entries in the Imperial Valley in February of this year, it was estimated that between 5000 and 10,000 of the Mexicans employed there—perhaps 80 per cent of the total number—were in that class.

In any case, California farmers estimated that their labor shortage in 1925 was 25 per cent, and that it would be greater in 1926. At the present time there appears to be an agreement between the immigration authorities and the farmers' organizations to permit illegal entries to remain, and not deport them, provided the tax is paid in three-dollar monthly installments. This arrangement, or undertaking, has been severely challenged on the floor of the House of Representatives by at least one congressman as being contrary to law.

The Need for Transient Labor

Farm leaders in the state are extremely anxious to secure a flexible supply of Mexican labor to meet the peak load, and under some form of temporary restriction. It is admitted that the rural labor problem is quite as serious as in any factory center.

But it is difficult to say exactly what the needs are. The San Joaquin Valley alone requires 20,000 transient laborers; the state perhaps two or three times as many.

But Texas needs as many as, or more than California; and the beet-sugar states farther north, like Nebraska and Colorado, also insist upon their dire need of additional Mexican labor. A member of the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization says that a review of the suggestions made as to the number of additional Mexicans wanted in different parts of the country will show a total of "tens of thousands, probably one to two hundred thousand."

Various suggestions for the emergency entry of agricultural labor have been made. The waiving of taxes and the bonding of the men to remain in agricultural pursuits are among them. Chairman Johnson of the House Immigration Committee says that if all the bills in Congress providing for loopholes in and relief from the Immigration Law were granted, "it would admit easily five million people."

But what practical or legal mechanism can ever be devised to compel people to remain in a fixed pursuit, once they are admitted to this country? We long ago abolished slavery.

Some employers argue that the Mexicans cannot become a menace here because they are homers, tending to go back to their own country. But there is evidence that they are working north and east, spreading even into states like Illinois and Pennsylvania. They may start as farm laborers, but we have no assurance that the spongelike cities and great industries will not absorb them.

Besides, other industries than agriculture also can make out a case for a shortage of labor. There are actual proposals to admit European girls as servants, although no human force could keep them as such.

Chairman Johnson says that in no one year were more than 8000 blacks ever imported from Africa. "Who would have thought then that a fearful racial problem, leading to a great war, would have come from their introduction! Yet today one out of every twelve persons in the United States is a black."

But it is objected that Mexico's population is too small for this country to be overrun by its peon class. However, a vacuum is a powerful force, and we are creating one as far as Mexican immigration is concerned. Besides, the Mexican multiplies rapidly, for, like other prolific low-class labor, his birth rate in this country, where he and his family have enough to eat, is extremely high. Startling comparative birth statistics as between whites and Mexicans in sections of the Southwest might be cited.

The Mexican has many excellent qualities. He is grateful for kind treatment; he loves his family and is exceedingly good to its members. He is peace loving and fond of music. He is docile and obedient, without much initiative.

At least this description applies to the pauper, peon, illiterate, Indian class that comes to this country. Naturally the higher classes do not work in the lettuce beds or vineyards of the Imperial and San Joaquin valleys.

These ignorant Indians from Mexico are so tractable, childlike and trusting that they are constantly imposed upon by the contractors and subcontractors of their own race.

The Mexicans work in groups, and the contractors too often abscond with the group funds, leaving the laborers stranded upon the nearest community. In two years' time the State Labor Commission collected $800,000 for such laborers.

The school problem is one of the first that suggest themselves. The children of the migratory laborers cannot, from the nature of the case, be given an adequate education. But even among the permanent Mexican population, which is a very large fraction of the total population in a number of cities in the Southwest, it is rare for a Mexican child to go any higher than the required grades. In one town or small city containing 800 or 900 permanent Mexicans, to which 300 or 400 are added at harvest time, there is at present only one Mexican child in the junior high school.

"We recognize in California that with the Mexican comes a social problem," said Mr. Frisselle to the House Committee on Immigration. "We think we can handle that social problem. It is a serious one. It comes into our schools; it comes into our cities, and it comes into our whole civilization."

For the most part the Mexican seldom becomes naturalized. He knows little of sanitation. Thus far they nearly always remain laborers, living huddled together. The migratory classes travel the roads of the state in broken-down cars, taking their families along, often without shelter, bedding, blankets or provisions. According to the executive officer of the State Commission on Immigration and Housing, there is around one city a fringe of shacks occupied by 60,000 people, mostly Mexicans, without sewers or other facilities. Such fringes, he says, are growing up elsewhere.

No Worse Than the Worst

The Mexican laborer is prone to disease; his death rate from tuberculosis is high. He is supposed to be responsible for dreaded epidemics of various kinds. A startlingly high percentage of all funds for charitable and relief work is expended upon the Mexicans, an amount far out of proportion to their numbers. Hospitals, dispensaries, poorhouses—all these are really conducted for the Mexicans.

It is said that the Mexican laborer and his family are no more of a burden upon the social and welfare agencies of California than the lower levels of the European immigrant classes are in Eastern cities. But, as Congressman Box of the House Committee on Immigration remarks, it is not much of an argument to say that you are no worse than the worst.

That the immigration question, which has pestered the Eastern cities, should now extend to the Far West in another form is not encouraging. California has got rid of its Japanese problem, but in connection with its recent agricultural expansion has taken on another racial problem. Growth and development, however heartening, bring in their train their own complexities and enigmas.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Atwood. The third will appear in an early issue.

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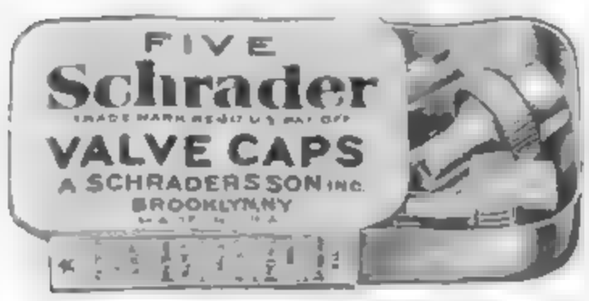

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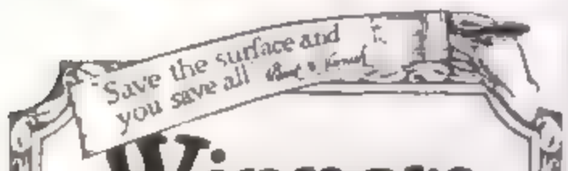

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They could outline the blessings that follow the painter's work—happier, brighter, better homes; stores made more attractive to customers; offices and factories better working places; schools, churches, public buildings, healthier, cleaner, lighter. And *all* this property insured against deterioration.

A wonderful story lies here—hundreds of them. Surely the prize winners found fun as well as profit in the contest.

First Prize—$250
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Mrs. Olive J. Murphy, De Funiak Springs, Fla.
Nellie J. Pierce, Wenatchee, Wash.
Harvey S. Sherman, Centerview, Kan.

Fifth Prizes—$10 each
George Henry Burdick, R. F. D. No. 2, Clinton, N. Y.; [illegible], Kaukauna, Wisc.; F. Craig, [illegible] Neo Daisy Dickerman, Oswego, Kan.; [illegible] Dickerson, Anderson, Ind.; Mrs. Margaret [illegible], Gramercy, Ala.; [illegible] Hostetter, Dayton, Ohio; Mrs. A. H. Hitchcock, Nashport, Ohio; [illegible] Lewis, Moscow, Idaho; Egbert H. Van Delden, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Five Dollar Prizes
Mrs. Ellsworth Avery, N. Y.; Henry O. Baldwin, Okla.; B. M. Becker, Terre Haute, Ind.; Mrs. Mary Anne Bell, William Brady, S. D.; Minnie M. Bean, Okla.; Mrs. Harvey Bostick, N. Y.; Homer E. Burdick, N. Y.; Wanda Christman, N. Y.; [illegible], Ohio; William [illegible], N. D.; Zora Crumbe, Mont.; [illegible], Ark.; Mrs. [illegible], Kans.; [illegible], Kan.; H. E. [illegible], Mont.; Leonard [illegible], R. I.; Leona Fitch, Ind.; A. J. [illegible], Pa.; Mrs. A. G. Gatt, [illegible]; A. [illegible], [illegible]; Hattie [illegible], N. Dak.; [illegible], Kan.; [illegible], Ind.; Evan Evans, Ind.; Evan Evans, Ind.; [illegible], Ind.; Mrs. Ira A. Keech, [illegible]; Frank X. [illegible], N. H.; J. B. Lingle, Jr., David Mason, N. Y.; Hazen M. McKeel, Wash.; [illegible], Pa.; Exeter Museum, Pa.; Mrs. Zella F. Morris, Iowa; Mrs. Herman W. [illegible], Conn.; J. J. Pera, Sask., Can.; Mrs. John C. Poe, Ill.; A. F. Pratt, Fla.; Mrs. M. Proctor, Sask., Can.; George Rawlings, Iowa; Nashe [illegible], Pa.; [illegible], N. Y.; Dorothea Spencer, Pa.; Clara Schenk, Ill.; Mrs. [illegible], Iowa; Lawrence Scholz, Wis.; Ruth Snyder, Pa.; Margaret [illegible], Md.; Warner [illegible], Pa.; Gabriel [illegible], N. Y.; Mrs. Hattie Stowell, Ore.; Wilfred E. Stone, [illegible]; [illegible], Pa.; Amy Thomas, Swansea, N. Y.; Wilfred Tupper, Pa.; Mrs. J. W. Tuttle, Ariz.; Mrs. Ray Tuttle, W. Va.; Ivor Thompson, Nebraska; Carroll McTurner, Ga.; William [illegible], Kan.; Mrs. [illegible], Wash.; Fred M. Wagner, Alberta, Can.; F. Wannamaker, Alberta, Can.; William H. Weeks, Pa.

The Contest was featured on the 1926 Save the Surface Calendar. Did your painter or dealer give you one?

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

for that in my poetic frenzy I did neglect to note the score.

How a modern sport writer would have reported the Seventy-fourth Olympiad—B. C. 472:

RECORDS FALL IN OLYMP CLASSIC

CROWD PAYS 100,000 DRACHMAS TO SEE HOME BOYS WIN

TICKET-SPECULATOR SCANDAL CONTINUES, ASSERT PATRONS

A colorful crowd of over 30,000 people jammed the great stadium yesterday to witness the Seventy-fourth Olympiad. Much complaint was heard on the part of patrons, who asserted that the much-heralded plans of the committee for the distribution of tickets had completely fallen down.

It was alleged that the seats allotted to Sparta are in the hands of speculators, who are selling the coveted oyster shells in half the wine shops of Olympia at an advance of 10 oboli per. This unsavory scandal will be thoroughly aired by the all-Olympia committee. It looks as though some of the Sparta delegation are in for a thorough grilling.

A new official record for the stone-discus throw was hung up when Eniceus heaved the cookie 103⅛ cubits, knocking out every record except the unofficial Pythian mark of 112 cubits, which you can believe in if you can believe all the other records of the Pythian league.

One of the most appreciated events was the pankration, in which Kid Melissus, the Tegean slugger, killed Arrhichion, the Theban wildcat. Catching Arrhichion by a neat throat hold, he threw him by a series of snappy kicks in the stomach. Getting Arrhichion down, he finished him off by jumping on him while unconscious. Time: 3 min. 42 2-5 sec. The spectators gave Melissus a great ovation, though there were some murmurs, on the part of heavy losers, that the event was fixed, since Arrhichion displayed nothing like his usual form. As Melissus was crowned with celery he announced through his manager that he was not afraid of Polydeuces, the Spartan Biter, but would take him on at any time and place, if the purse was right.

But why continue? —*Morris Bishop.*

NOTICE—This department will be glad to consider short jokes and epigrams if strictly original. Address contributions to Editor, Short Turns and Encores.

JUROR NUMBER ONE

(Continued from Page 34)

"Good Lord," whispered John Goodwood to himself, "this is a murder case." That fact had just dawned upon him, though it ought to have been quite clear from the beginning; in fact, from the moment when the judge asked him if he had conscientious scruples against the infliction of the death penalty.

He had answered in the negative, wondering vaguely at the time what difference it made whether he opposed or favored the death penalty, since the law provided for its infliction.

The jurors, guarded by deputy sheriffs, were walking in a group toward a little restaurant near the courthouse. John Goodwood sought out Captain Larkin and hastened to his side.

"This is a murder case," he whispered.

"Of course," was the calm response.

"Don't you think you could get me out of it?"

"What are you afraid of anyway?"

"I don't know. I want to get out of this."

"Son, I believe you are shell shocked."

"No, it isn't shell shock. I didn't mind the war. Not much anyway. I kind of liked it. I had lots of good times."

The former captain now beamed upon his fellow juror. "Put her there, buddy," he exclaimed, again extending that powerful right hand. "So did I." And they shook hands. "You'll be all right," the captain continued. "Just don't worry. If you forget some of the testimony in one of those absent-minded fits of yours, the rest of us will remember it. And if we don't agree on the details, we can send for the stenographer to read the record. I know. I've been a juror before. Lots of juries have done that. You'll be all right."

"I might get sick," mumbled John Goodwood. "They let you off if you get sick, don't they? But I haven't got anything with me to make me sick. I wonder if they'd let me go to a drug store?"

"Of course they would," said Captain Larkin. "But a deputy sheriff would go with you."

"Well, then, will you go for me?" Goodwood queried.

This was greeted with hearty laughter and another resounding slap on the shoulder. "Why, you darn fool," said the former officer, "can't you understand that a deputy sheriff would go with me just the same as he'd go with you? Brace up, kid. You'll be all right." They walked silently side by side to the door of the restaurant, then Captain Larkin asked sharply, "Do you take drugs?"

"No, no!" Goodwood exclaimed, wincing at the implied accusation.

"Well, then, what is the matter?" the captain asked.

Juror Number One answered with that peculiar stare which seemed to say: "Can't you see? Why, it's perfectly obvious. Would you ask a drowning man to explain how he happened to fall into the water? Don't be inhuman."

But whatever it was that seemed so obvious to Goodwood wasn't obvious to Captain Larkin. He was sure of only two things: That he liked this young man and that he was a former soldier. Given half an excuse he would go to considerable lengths to aid him.

But he also had some rights; there should be at least that half of an excuse. Goodwood had furnished none at all. They sat down at the same table and ate heartily. After every platter and dish was bare Goodwood asked for more bread and ate four slices without butter.

"You've got a good appetite," Captain Larkin remarked, smiling.

"Yes," agreed Goodwood, apparently somewhat startled. Then he added, "I always did have a good appetite even when I wasn't feeling well." Finishing the last slice of bread, he added, "I wish I had some tomatoes. I sure do like tomatoes. Any of you fellows like tomatoes?" They replied that they did but could think of other things they preferred. Goodwood's enthusiasm for tomatoes impressed them as pathetic.

On the way back to the courthouse, Captain Larkin and Juror Number One again walked side by side. Said the former, "I told the restaurant man about the tomatoes. We'll have them tomorrow for lunch."

"Much obliged," said Goodwood and suddenly his face was bright. "Tomatoes," he explained in a low tone, "do something funny to me. I like them and they don't bother my stomach, but they make funny big red blotches on my skin. It must be the acid in them. I'll eat a lot tomorrow and then I'll look like I'm breaking out with all kinds of diseases. Stick with me, captain, and see me through. I think I can get out of this. I'm telling you so you won't be bothered when it happens. I'll pretend to be awful sick. You'll stick by me, won't you?"

"I don't know whether I will or not," declared Captain Larkin bluntly. "The fact that we've been through the war doesn't make us superior to the courts of justice for the rest of our lives. We're summoned here as jurors and it seems to me that that service is just as much a part of our duty as carrying a gun. I don't know what's the matter with you, Goodwood. If you can give me a reason I'll see you through if I have to fight the whole damn sheriff's office, but if you don't, I'll spoil your little tomato game for you. We had just as well understand each other; you come clean with me and I'll come clean with you. That's fair, isn't it?"

"Yes."

They were walking up the courthouse steps now. At the doorway the twelve men would necessarily come much closer together. Further discussion was impossible. Silently they filed into the court room and took their seats. The sheriff called for order as the judge mounted the bench. Then the prosecutor rose and gave an outline of his case. Juror Number One gazed at him with eyes out of focus, seeing nothing and hearing very little. The outline consumed nearly one hour. It was followed by a long argument on a point of law, then court adjourned for the day.

III

THE jurors were locked up for the night in their quarters on the fourth floor of the courthouse. John Goodwood removed his shoes and reclined on his cot, staring at the ceiling. At the far end of the big room two bridge games and a checker game engaged ten men. Captain Larkin, dragging a chair behind him, came to Goodwood's cot and sat down.

"Well?" he said, and then waited. Goodwood propped himself on his right elbow, rested his chin in the palm of his hand and groped for words.

"I believe you know something about this case," Larkin finally remarked.

"No," was the prompt reply. "It isn't that. The trouble with me, captain, is that I can't make up my mind about anything any more. I'm clear up in the air. You've got to understand me because no one else will—that is, no one who hasn't been through it—through the war, I mean. I can't talk to anyone else; I'm afraid they'll think I'm lying or shell shocked or crazy or something like that. And I've got to make a living. I'm all right when I'm on the job. But everything else seems foggy. Will you listen to me, captain?"

"Of course I will. That's what I came over here for. We're in this thing together now, whatever it is, and I've got to know what I'm doing. You're framing up to play sick tomorrow and get excused from this jury; you've taken me into your confidence. Either I'm going to help you or expose you. Now shoot."

Captain Larkin lighted a cigarette and tipped his chair back against the wall.

"I've got to begin at the beginning," Goodwood said apologetically.

"Exactly."

"Well, I was strong for the war. I thought we ought to have gone in long before we did." Captain Larkin nodded vigorous assent. "I wanted to join the army even before war was declared, but there

(Continued on Page 68)

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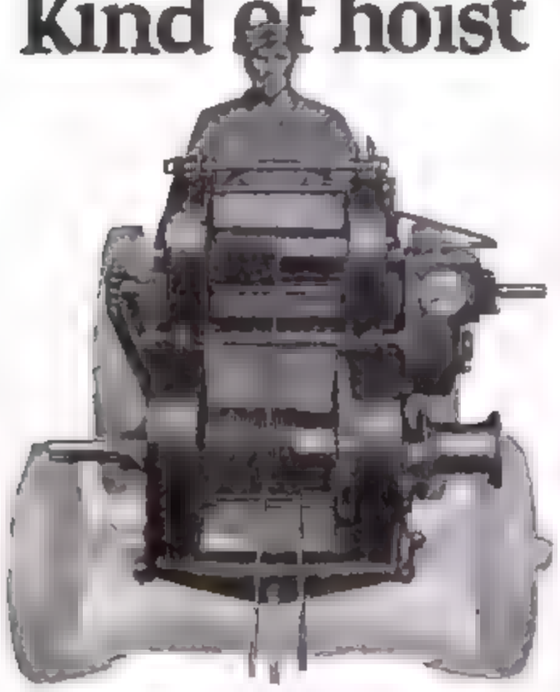

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BUILT BY WILLAMETTE

(Continued from Page 46)

were a lot of little matters around the shop to be straightened out and they weren't all cleared up until about the time the draft law went into effect. Then I went to my boss and told him that I wanted to quit and join right away. He had asked me not to embarrass him by quitting without notice. Things were then in fairly good shape for him, so he said all right. In fact, he made a big fuss over me and called in about four heads of departments to shake hands with me. The cashier wrote me a check for two weeks' pay and then they all made little speeches. Before I could get away the news spread through the plant and about twenty girls came skipping out of the offices into the shops. Well, they kissed me and then the men I worked with picked me up on their shoulders and carried me to a taxicab. The boss went with them. He had big tears in his eyes. 'Your job will be waiting for you,' he said. That was his very last word. Later there was a star for me on the flag in his office.

"I went to a training camp. We had lots of fun there. People were mighty nice to us—dinners, dances, invitations to nice homes. Well, you know how it was. I met one girl—about a dozen of us were crazy about her. Pretty soon she and I were engaged. She was a lively, beautiful girl. I gave her a diamond ring, and about three days later our outfit was on the way to France. We promised to write to each other. I wrote as often as I could, but our outfit saw lots of action. I got one letter from her about two months after we landed in France. That was all.

"I was in the hospital for a little while in France, sick. Then leave in Paris. I met a girl there and fell in love with her. I knew right away that I had made a mistake in that first engagement. The girl back home was charming and beautiful, but this one was the one I wanted for my wife. I wrote a letter explaining all this and asking to break the engagement. No answer. I cabled. Still no answer. The girl in Paris thought we might as well go ahead and get married after that, but it didn't seem right to me. The way I loved her it seemed to me that everything would have to be regular and in order; that we mustn't start wrong. She got mad. I had to tell her that I still thought it would be better to wait until I got an answer from home. Finally she agreed, but she wasn't in good humor about it. So we sulked along, half engaged and half not.

"When our outfit came home there were two things I had to do right away. One was to see that girl I met during training and break the engagement. The other was to get my job back. I went to the town where she lived and called on her. Captain, I could see right away that she was only pretending to recognize me; she didn't really know who I was until I showed her her letter. She was mighty uneasy then, for fear I had come to marry her. When I told her that I wanted to break the engagement she was so glad that she giggled. I waited a while, fumbling with my hat, and she squirmed around on the couch wondering why I didn't go, until finally I had to ask her for my ring. She didn't remember right away that I had given her one. It was awful, but it seemed to me that since I was going to marry another girl—a girl that I really loved—there ought not to be engagement rings scattered around all over the map. Well, she jumped up, relieved again, and ran upstairs to get the ring. In about twenty seconds she came back. Captain, it was the wrong ring. But I had had about all I could stand, so I just took it and thanked her and staggered out. To make a long story short, that girl had been engaged to about eight of us, maybe more, so the rings naturally got a little mixed up.

"I went to a telegraph office. The other girl had come back just a little ahead of me and was in New York. I wired her the good news. Before train time I got an answer from her mother. She had married another man a man she had been engaged to before she went to France. I'd never heard of him. Well, the whole thing left me a little bit groggy; but my money was about gone, so I took a hitch in my belt and made tracks for the shop to get my job back.

"The next morning about ten o'clock I went in. The boss didn't recognize me. I'm not blaming all these people, so don't get me wrong. You see, I had lost my hair and that makes a lot of difference in a fellow's looks. A day or two ago you called me kid—well, everybody used to call me kid, but they don't any more. To you I may look like a kid, but to the people who knew me before I went away I look a million years older. Even my eyes are different. I used to look just about as much like a girl as a boy. Now people don't make out right away whether I'm twenty-five or forty-five. They would, of course, if I was lively, but I don't feel so very lively.

"Let me see, where was I? Oh, yes, I went in to see the boss and I finally made him understand who I was. Then I waited for him to say something about my job, but he didn't. He just handed me a cigar and asked me about the fighting. After a long time I came down to brass tacks and told him what I was doing there and that I didn't have much money left. I was still in uniform. He rang a bell and his secretary came in. Damned if he didn't hand me an application blank! Yes, he said he'd give me the very first opening. I thanked him and took the blank and folded it up and stuffed it in my pocket, and then for the second time in two days I staggered through a doorway feeling pretty groggy.

"In the hallway I had a happy idea, and wandered through the place. Only about eight faces were familiar, and of these only two recognized me. Both of them asked me what I was doing. They seemed to take it for granted that I had a job somewhere else.

"Well, I went to the little rooming house where I had stayed before the war and the woman who ran it made someone else get out of my room. That was the first preference I received as a hero. I stayed in bed for a couple of days and then went out after a job. No luck. For a month there was nothing doing. I was down to coffee and rolls for breakfast and coffee and baked beans for supper. It was pretty tough going, captain, and my uniform was beginning to look shabby.

"One day I met a buddy from my outfit walking down the street. He loaned me three dollars and told me about a firm in my line that was giving the preference to soldiers. His brother worked there as a clerk. I hadn't been to see those people, because I didn't think it was any use. The head of the machine shop is named Rudolph Schimmelpfennig and the three partners in the firm have got names nearly as bad. It's that kind of an outfit all the way through. The wonder is that they didn't all land in an internment camp. I was pretty desperate by that time, so I went to see this Schimmelpfennig person. He glared at me through his eyebrows and gave me a little note scribbled with a pencil as big as a poker. Next thing I knew I was in a big office talking to one of the partners, a Deutscher who'd do all right for the German Crown Prince if he just had a uniform and a wheelbarrow load of medals. That old boy, though, was strictly business.

"'Got your discharge papers?' he barked at me. Of course I had 'em, because my buddy had told me to bring 'em along. I stuck them out and he grabbed them. After a minute he grunted. Then he took off his glasses and put me through the third degree on my experience. I didn't mind that, though, because I know my business all right; but I kept thinking all the time that nothing was going to come of this. Finally he touched a button. More cigars, I thought, and an application blank. But no, by jingoes! He barked out an order for Schimmelpfennig to can a poor fellow named Wendt and put me to work that afternoon.

"It was such a shock that before I knew it I had blurted out some questions. I wanted to know why this fellow with his funny mustaches should be giving the preference to soldiers, even to the extent of firing people without notice. What I really thought was that maybe he had been under suspicion as a pro-German and now saw a chance to get back in good standing. It's funny how mixed up a fellow will get after he's had two or three stiff jolts. Instead of being tickled to death, I was full of suspicion and asking questions. Even if he had been trying to get back into good standing that wouldn't have been illegal. But that wasn't the case at all. He's a queer kind of a bird, with his own notions about life and war and death and everything else—reads a lot, they tell me.

"We had a long talk and he trotted out a lot of new stuff that I had never heard before. I didn't know what to make of it. Fact is, captain, I wrote it down that night wondering if I ought to do something about it. I've got the notes right here in my pocket, so I'm going to read them. He said:

"'Son, there have always been wars and there always will be. That's because people haven't got much sense. Nothing much comes of these wars, but just the same we will always have them. When a war starts, the best and the bravest and the finest young men will wade in and do the fighting. There is no sense to it, but they are none the less the best and the bravest and the finest young men. They do what they think is right and we owe them something for it. I have a boy. He was in a technical school in Germany when the war broke out. Before I knew what he was doing he was in the German Army. That, of course, was long before we even thought it possible that the United States might go into the war. Also he thought it would be over before winter. Boys usually do think so.

"'Well, my son was lucky. He has come through with only a slight wound and I am thankful for that. Some day it will be possible for him to come home, but in the meantime he is very well treated in Germany. He has been given the preference in employment because he was in the army. So it seems to me that as a good American citizen the very least I can do over here is to treat American boys as my boy has been treated over there. It is right that we should do these things. War is a very terrible thing, and whether it does any good or not, those who carry the burden mean well. I give them the preference in my place. Now if you will report to Schimmelpfennig after lunch you will have a job.'

"So, captain, for the third time I staggered out of a door wondering about everything under heaven. The whole bottom has been shot out of every idea I ever had except one—I still know how to install those machines. All I ask of the world is to let me attend to my own business. Other affairs don't interest me and I no longer understand them. I sat up there in that court room like a bump on a log and let them accept me for jury service because I couldn't think fast enough to get a good lie together. The result is that I'm supposed to pass on a murder case. And worst of all, there is something about a woman in it, so pretty soon they'll be yelling their heads off about somebody's sacred honor and all that sort of thing, and I'll go to sleep. I don't care which man killed which; I've killed more than either of them. I don't care what reason he had; you don't need any once you get started. And as for the girl or woman or whichever she is, my only curiosity will be to wonder how many engagement rings she's got. Hell, captain, I want to get out of this and go back to work. I left a wrench in the wrong drawer in the shop and I keep wondering if they'll find it. That's how interested I am in this case. Now I've come clean with you, so you come clean with me. Do I eat tomatoes tomorrow or do you spill the beans?"

"Put her there, buddy," said Captain Larkin, extending his hand. "You eat tomatoes and I'll swear you've got smallpox, measles and yellow fever. What you need is a rest. We haven't heard any testimony yet and they can get another juror before dark. What the hell!"

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THE CHINESE PARROT

(Continued from Page 21)

"I've a letter to you, Mr. Holley," Eden said. He took it from his pocket. "It's from an old friend of yours Harry Fladgate."

"Harry Fladgate," repeated Holley softly. He read the letter through. "A voice from the past," he said. "The past when we were boys together on the old Sun, in New York. Say, that was a newspaper!" He was silent for a moment, staring out at the desert night. "Harry says you're here on business of some sort," he added.

"Why, yes," Eden replied. "I'll tell you about it later. Just at present I want to hire a car to take me out to the Madden ranch."

"You want to see P. J. himself?"

"Yes, just as soon as possible. He's out there, isn't he?"

Holley nodded. "Yes, he's supposed to be. However, I haven't seen him. It's rumored he came by motor the other day from Barstow. This young woman can tell you more about him than I can. By the way, have you two met each other, or are you just taking a stroll together in the moonlight?"

"Well, the fact is"—smiled Eden—"Miss—er—she just let a steak of mine get away from her in the Oasis. I had to credit her with an error in the infield, but she made a splendid try. However, as to names and all that ——"

"So I perceive," said Holley. "Miss Paula Wendell, may I present Mr. Bob Eden? Let us not forget our book of etiquette, even here in the devil's garden."

"Thanks, old man," remarked Eden. "No one has ever done me a greater kindness. Now that we've been introduced, Miss Wendell, and I can speak to you at last, tell me, do you know Mr. Madden?"

"Not exactly," she replied. "It isn't given such humble folk to know the great Madden. But several years ago my company took some pictures at his ranch—he has rather a handsome house there, with a darling patio. The other day we got hold of a script that fairly screamed for the Madden patio I wrote him, asking permission to use his place, and he answered from San Francisco—that he was coming down and would be glad to grant our request. His letter was really most kind."

The girl sat down on the edge of Holley's typewriter table. "I got to El Dorado two nights ago and drove out to Madden's at once. And —— Well, it was rather queer—what happened. Do you want to hear all this?"

"I certainly do," Bob Eden assured her.

"The gate was open and I drove into the yard. The lights of my car flashed suddenly on the barn door, and I saw a bent old man with a black beard and a pack on his back—evidently an old-time prospector such as one meets occasionally, even today, in this desert country. It was his expression that startled me; he stood like a frightened rabbit in the spotlight, then darted away. I knocked at the ranch-house door. There was a long delay, then finally a man came—a pale, excited-looking man. Madden's secretary, Thorn, he said he was. I give you my word—Will's heard this before—he was trembling all over. I told him my business with Madden, and he was very rude. He informed me that I positively could not see the great P. J. 'Come back in a week,' he said, over and over. I argued and pleaded and he shut the door in my face."

"You couldn't see Madden," repeated Bob Eden slowly. "Anything else?"

"Not much I drove back to town A short distance down the road my lights picked up the little old prospector again. But when I got to where I thought he was he'd disappeared utterly. I didn't investigate—I just stepped on the gas. My love for the desert isn't so keen after dark."

Bob Eden took out a cigarette. "I'm awfully obliged," he said. "Mr. Holley, I must get out to Madden's at once. If you'll direct me to a garage ——"

"I'll do nothing of the sort," Holley replied. "An old flivver that answers to the name of Horace Greeley happens to be among my possessions at the moment, and I'm going to drive you out."

"But I couldn't think of taking you away from your work."

"Oh, don't joke like that. You're breaking my heart. My work! Here I am, trying to string one good day's work along over all eternity, and you drift in and start to kid me!"

"I'm sorry," said Eden. "Come to think of it, I did see your placard on the door."

Holley shrugged. "I suppose that was just cheap cynicism. I try to steer clear of it. But sometimes—sometimes ——"

They went together out of the office, and Holley locked the door. The deserted sad little street stretched off to nowhere in each direction. The editor waved his hand at the somnolent picture.

"You'll find us all about out here," he said, "the exiles of the world. Of course the desert is grand, and we love it. But once let a doctor say, 'You can go,' and you couldn't see us for the dust. I don't mind the daytime so much—the hot, friendly day. But the nights—the cold, lonely nights!"

"Oh, it isn't so bad, Will," said the girl.

"Oh, no, it isn't so bad," he admitted. "Not since the radio—and the pictures. Night after night I sit over there in that movie theater, and sometimes, in a news reel or perhaps in a feature, I see Fifth Avenue again; Fifth Avenue at Forty-second, with the motors, and the lions in front of the library, and the women in furs. But I never see Park Row." The three of them walked along in silence through the sand. "If you love me, Paula," added Will Holley softly, "there's a location you'll find. A story about Park Row, with the crowds under the L, and the wagons backed up to the rear door of the post office, and Perry's Drug Store and the gold dome of the World. Give me a film of that and I'll sit in the Strand watching it over and over until these old eyes go blind."

"I'd like to," said the girl. "But those crowds under the Elevated wouldn't care for it. What they want is the desert—the broad open spaces away from the roar of the town."

Holley nodded. "I know. It's a feeling that's spread over America these past few years like some dread epidemic. I must write an editorial about it. The French have a proverb that describes it—'Wherever one is not, that is where the heart is.'"

The girl held out her hand. "Mr. Eden, I'm leaving you here—leaving you for a happy night at the Desert Edge Hotel."

"But I'll see you again," Bob Eden said quickly. "I must."

"You surely will. I'm coming out to Madden's ranch tomorrow. I have that letter of his, and this time I'll see him—you bet I'll see him—if he's there."

"If he's there," repeated Bob Eden thoughtfully. "Good night. But before you go—how do you like your steaks?"

"Rare," she laughed.

"Yes, I guess one was enough. However, I'm very grateful to that one."

"It was a lovely steak," she said. "Good night."

Will Holley led the way to an aged car parked before the hotel. "Jump in," he remarked. "It's only a short run."

"Just a moment. I must get my bag," Eden replied. He entered the hotel and returned in a moment with his suitcase, which he tossed into the tonneau.

"Horace Greeley's ready," Holley said "Come West, young man."

Eden climbed in and the little car clattered down Main Street. "This is mighty kind of you," the boy said.

"It's a lot of fun," Holley answered "You know, I've been thinking. Old P. J. never gives an interview, but you can't tell—I might be able to persuade him. These famous men sometimes let down a little when they get out here. It would be a big feather in my cap. They'd hear of me on Park Row again."

"I'll do all I can to help," Bob Eden promised.

"That's good of you," Holley answered. The faint yellow lights of El Dorado grew even fainter behind them; they ascended a rough road between two small hills—barren, unlovely piles of badly assorted rocks. "Well, I'm going to try it," the editor added. "But I hope I have more luck than the last time."

"Oh, then you've seen Madden before?" Eden asked with interest.

"Just once," Holley replied. "Twelve years ago, when I was a reporter in New York. I'd managed to get into a gambling house on Forty-fourth Street, a few doors east of Delmonico's. It didn't have a very good reputation, that joint, but there was the great P. J. Madden himself, all dolled up in evening clothes, betting his head off. They said that after he'd gambled all day in Wall Street he couldn't let it alone—hung round the roulette wheels in that house every night."

"And you tried to interview him?"

"I did. I was a fool kid, with lots of nerve. He had a big railroad merger in the air at the time, and I decided to ask him about it. So I went up to him during a lull in the betting. I told him I was on a newspaper—and that was as far as I got. 'Get to hell out of here!' he roared. 'You know I never give interviews.'" Holley laughed. "That was my first and only meeting with P. J. Madden. It wasn't a very propitious beginning, but what I started that night on Forty-fourth Street I'm going to try to finish out here tonight."

They reached the top of the grade; the rocky hills dropped behind them, and they were in a mammoth doorway leading to a strange new world. Up amid the platinum stars a thin slice of moon rode high, and far below in that meager light lay the great gray desert, lonely and mysterious.

▼

CAREFULLY Will Holley guided his car down the steep, rock-strewn grade. "Go easy, Horace," he murmured. Presently they were on the floor of the desert, the road but a pair of faint wheel tracks amid the creosote brush and mesquite. Once their headlights caught a jack rabbit sitting firmly on the right of way; the next instant he was gone.

Bob Eden saw a brief stretch of palm trees back of a barbed-wire fence, and down the lane between the trees the glow of a lonely window.

"Alfalfa ranch," Will Holley explained.

"Why, in heaven's name, do people live out here?" Eden asked.

"Some of them because they can't live anywhere else," the editor answered. "And at that—well, you know it isn't a bad place to ranch it. Apples, lemons, pears ——"

"But how about water?"

"It's only a desert because not many people have taken the trouble to bore for water. Just go down a way and you strike it. Some go down a couple of hundred feet—Madden only had to go thirty-odd. But that was Madden luck. He's near the bed of an underground river."

They came to another fence; above it were painted signs, and flags fluttering yellow in the moonlight.

"Don't tell me that's a subdivision," Eden said.

Holley laughed. "Date City," he announced. "Here in California the subdivider, like the poor, is always with us. Date City, where, if you believe all you're told, every dime is a baby dollar. No one lives there yet—but who knows? We're a growing community—see my editorial in last week's issue."

The car plowed on; it staggered a bit now, but Holley's hands were firm on the wheel. Here and there a Joshua tree stretched out hungry black arms as though to seize these travelers by night, and over that gray waste a dismal wind moaned constantly, chill and keen and biting. Bob Eden turned up the collar of his topcoat.

"I can't help thinking of that old song," he said. "You know—about the lad who guaranteed to love somebody 'until the sands of the desert grow cold.'"

"It wasn't much of a promise," agreed Holley. "Either he was a great kidder, or he'd never been on the desert at night. But look here, is this your first experience with this country? What kind of a Californian are you?"

"Golden Gate brand," smiled Eden. "Yes, it's true; I've never been down here before. Something tells me I've missed a lot."

"You sure have. I hope you won't rush off in a hurry. By the way, how long do you expect to be here?"

"I don't know," replied Eden. He was silent for a moment; his friend at home had told him that Holley could be trusted, but he really did not need that assurance. One look into the editor's friendly gray eyes was sufficient. "Holley, I may as well tell you why I've come," he continued. "But I rely on your discretion. This isn't an interview."

"Suit yourself," Holley answered. "I can keep a secret if I have to. But tell me or not, just as you prefer."

"I prefer to tell you," Eden said. He recounted Madden's purchase of the Phillimore pearls, his request for their delivery in New York, and then his sudden unexpected switch to the desert. "That, in itself, was rather disturbing," he added.

"Odd, yes," agreed Holley.

"But that wasn't all," Bob Eden went on. Omitting only Charlie Chan's connection with the affair, he told the whole story—the telephone call from the cigar store in San Francisco, the loving solicitude at the pier and after of the man with the dark glasses, the subsequent discovery that this was Shaky Phil Maydorf, a guest at the Noremack Hotel; and last of all, the fact that Louie Wong had been summoned from the Madden ranch by his relative in Chinatown. As he related all this out there on that lonesome desert it began to take on a new and ominous aspect; the future loomed dark and thrilling. Had that great opening between the hills been, in reality, the gateway to adventure? Certainly it looked the part. "What do you think?" he finished

"Me?" said Holley. "I think I'm not going to get that interview."

"You don't believe Madden is at the ranch?"

"I certainly don't. Look at Paula's experience the other night. Why couldn't she see him? Why didn't he hear her at the door and come to find out what the row was about? Because he wasn't there. My lad, I'm glad you didn't venture out here alone; particularly if you've brought the pearls, as I presume you have."

"Well, in a way, I've got them. About this Louie Wong—you know him, I suppose?"

"Yes. And I saw him at the station the other morning. Look at tomorrow's El Dorado Times and you'll find the big story, under the personals: 'Our respected fellow townsman, Mr. Louie Wong, went to San Francisco on business last Wednesday.'"

"Wednesday, eh? What sort of lad is Louie?"

"Why, he's just a Chinaman. Been in these parts a long time. For the past five years he's stayed at Madden's ranch the year round, as caretaker. I don't know a great deal about him. He's never talked much to anyone round here—except the parrot"

"The parrot? What parrot?"

(Continued on Page 53)

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"His only companion on the ranch. A little gray Australian bird that some sea captain gave Madden several years ago. Madden brought the bird—its name is Tony—here to be company for the old caretaker. A rough party, Tony—used to hang out in a barroom on an Australian boat. Some of his language when he first came was far from pretty. But they're clever, those Australian parrots. You know, from associating with Louie, this one has learned to speak Chinese."

"Amazing," said Bob Eden.

"Oh, not so amazing as it sounds. A bird of that sort will repeat anything it hears. So Tony rattles along in two languages. A regular linguist. The ranchers round here call him the Chinese parrot." They had reached a little group of cottonwoods and pepper trees sheltering a handsome adobe ranch house—an oasis on the bare plain. "Here we are at Madden's," Holley said. "By the way, have you got a gun?"

"Why, no," Bob Eden replied. "I didn't bring any. I thought that Charlie ——"

"What's that?"

"No matter. I'm unarmed."

"So am I. Walk softly, son. By the way, you might open that gate, if you will."

Bob Eden got out, and unlatching the gate swung it open. When Holley had steered Horace Greeley inside the yard, Eden shut the gate behind him. The editor brought his car to a stop twenty feet away and alighted.

The ranch house was a one-story structure, eloquent of the old Spanish days in California before Iowa came. Across the front ran a long low veranda, the roof of which sheltered four windows that were glowing warmly in the chill night. Holley and the boy crossed the tile floor of the porch and came to a big front door, strong and forbidding.

Eden knocked loudly. There was a long wait. Finally the door opened a scant foot and a pale face looked out. "What is it? What do you want?" inquired a querulous voice. From inside the room came the gay lilt of a fox trot.

"I want to see Mr. Madden," Bob Eden said—"Mr. P. J. Madden."

"Who are you?"

"Never mind. I'll tell Madden who I am. Is he here?"

The door went shut a few inches. "He's here, but he isn't seeing anyone."

"He'll see me, Thorn," said Eden sharply. "You're Thorn, I take it. Please tell Madden that a messenger from Post Street, San Francisco, is waiting."

The door swung instantly open, and Martin Thorn was as near to beaming as his meager face permitted.

"Oh, pardon me. Come in at once. We've been expecting you. Come in—ah—er—gentlemen." His face clouded as he saw Holley. "Excuse me just a moment."

The secretary disappeared through a door at the rear and left the two callers standing in the great living room of the ranch house. To step from the desert into a room like this was a revelation. Its walls were of paneled oak, rare etchings hung upon them; there were softly shaded lamps standing by tables on which lay the latest magazines—even a recent edition of a New York Sunday newspaper. At one end, in a huge fireplace, a pile of logs was blazing, and in a distant corner a radio ground out dance music from some far orchestra.

"Say, this is home, sweet home," Bob Eden remarked. He nodded to the wall at the opposite end of the room from the fireplace. "And speaking of being unarmed ——"

"That's Madden's collection of guns," Holley explained. "Wong showed it to me once. They're loaded. If you have to back away go in that direction." He looked dubiously about. "You know, that sleek lad didn't say he was going for Madden."

"I know he didn't," Eden replied. He studied the room thoughtfully. One great question worried him: Where was Charlie Chan?

They stood there, waiting. A tall clock at the rear of the room struck the hour of nine, slowly, deliberately. The fire sputtered; the metallic tinkle of jazz flowed on.

Suddenly the door through which Thorn had gone opened behind them, and they swung quickly about. In the doorway, standing like a tower of granite in the gray clothes he always affected, was the man Bob Eden had last seen on the stairs descending from his father's office: Madden, the great financier—P. J. himself.

Bob Eden's first reaction was one of intense relief, as of a burden dropping from his shoulders with a "most delectable thud." But almost immediately after came a feeling of disappointment. He was young, and he craved excitement. Here was the big desert mystery crashing about his ears, Madden alive and well, and all their fears and premonitions proving groundless. Just a tame handing over of the pearls when Charlie came—and then back to the old rut again. He saw Will Holley smiling at him.

"Good evening, gentlemen," Madden was saying. "I'm very glad to see you. Martin," he added to his secretary, who had followed him in, "turn off that confounded racket. An orchestra, gentlemen—an orchestra in the ballroom of a hotel in Denver. Who says the day of miracles is past?" Thorn silenced the jazz; it died with a gurgle of protest. "Now," inquired Madden, "which of you comes from Post Street?"

The boy stepped forward. "I am Bob Eden, Mr. Madden. Alexander Eden is my father. This is my friend, a neighbor of yours, Mr. Will Holley, of the El Dorado Times. He very kindly drove me out here."

"Ah, yes." Madden's manner was genial. He shook hands. "Draw up to the fire, both of you. Thorn—cigars, please." With his own celebrated hands he placed chairs before the fireplace.

"I'll sit down just a moment," Holley said. "I'm not stopping. I realize that Mr. Eden has some business with you, and I'll not intrude. But before I go, Mr. Madden ——"

"Yes?" said Madden sharply, biting the end from a cigar.

"I—I don't suppose you remember me," Holley continued.

Madden's big hand poised with the lighted match. "I never forget a face. I've seen yours before. Was it in El Dorado?"

Holley shook his head. "No, it was twelve years ago—on Forty-fourth Street, New York. At"—Madden was watching him closely—"at a gambling house just east of Delmonico's—one winter's night ——"

"Wait a minute," cut in the millionaire. "Some people say I'm getting old, but listen to this. You came to me as a newspaper reporter, asking an interview. And I told you to get to hell out of there."

"Splendid!" laughed Holley.

"Oh, the old memory isn't so bad, eh? I remember perfectly. I used to spend many evenings in that place, until I discovered the game was fixed. Yes, I dropped a lot of spare change there. Why didn't you tell me it was a crooked joint?"

Holley shrugged. "Well, your manner didn't encourage confidences. But what I'm getting at, Mr. Madden—I'm still in the newspaper game, and an interview from you ——"

"I never give 'em," snapped the millionaire.

"I'm sorry," said Holley. "An old friend of mine runs a news bureau in New York, and it would be a big triumph for me if I could wire him something from you—on the financial outlook, for example—the first interview from P. J. Madden."

"Impossible," answered Madden.

"I'm sorry to hear you say that, Mr. Madden," Bob Eden remarked. "Holley here has been very kind to me, and I was hoping with all my heart you would overlook your rule this once."

Madden leaned back and blew a ring of smoke toward the paneled ceiling. "Well," he said, and his voice was somehow gentler, "you've taken a lot of trouble for me, Mr. Eden, and I'd like to oblige you." He turned to Holley. "Look here—nothing much, you know; just a few words about business prospects for the coming year."

"That would be extremely kind of you, Mr. Madden."

"Oh, it's all right. I'm away out here, and I feel a bit more friendly toward the newspapers than I do at home. I'll dictate something to Thorn. Suppose you run out here tomorrow about noon."

"I certainly will," said Holley, rising. "You don't know what this means to me, sir. I must hurry back to town." He shook hands with the millionaire, then with Bob Eden. His eyes as he looked at the latter said, "Well, everything's all right, after all. I'm glad." He paused at the door. "Good-by—until tomorrow," he added. Thorn let him out.

The door had barely closed behind the editor when Madden leaned forward eagerly. His manner had changed; suddenly, like an electric shock, the boy felt the force of this famous personality.

"Now, Mr. Eden," he began briskly, "you've got the pearls, of course?"

Eden felt extremely silly. All their fears seemed so futile here in this bright homelike room. "Well, as a matter of fact ——" he stammered.

A glass door at the rear of the room opened and someone entered. Eden did not look round; he waited. Presently the newcomer stepped between him and the fire. He saw a plump little Chinese servant, with worn trousers and velvet slippers, and a loose jacket of Canton crêpe. In his arms he carried a couple of logs. "Maybe you wantee catch 'um moah fiah, hey, boss?" he said in a dull voice. His face was quite expressionless. He threw the logs into the fireplace and, as he turned, gave Bob Eden a quick look. His eyes were momentarily sharp and bright, like black buttons in the yellow light—the eyes of Charlie Chan.

The little servant went noiselessly out. "The pearls," insisted Madden quickly. "What about the pearls?"

Martin Thorn came closer.

"I haven't got them," said Bob Eden slowly.

"What? You didn't bring them?"

"I did not."

The huge red face of Madden purpled suddenly, and he tossed his great head—the old gesture of annoyance of which the newspapers often spoke.

"In heaven's name, what's the matter with you fellows, anyhow?" he cried. "Those pearls are mine. I've bought them, haven't I? I've asked for them here—I want them."

"Call your servant." The words were on the tip of Bob Eden's tongue. But something in that look Charlie Chan had given him led him to hesitate. No, he must first have a word with the little detective.

"Your final instructions to my father were that the pearls must be delivered in New York," he reminded Madden.

"Well, what if they were? I can change my mind, can't I?"

"Nevertheless, my father felt that the whole affair called for caution. One or two things happened ——"

"What things?"

Eden paused. Why go over all that? It would sound silly, perhaps—in any case, was it wise to make a confidant of this cold, hard man who was glaring at him with such evident disgust? "It is enough to say, Mr. Madden, that my father refused to send that necklace down here into what might be a well-laid trap."

"Your father's a fool!" cried Madden.

Bob Eden rose, his face flushed. "Very well, if you want to call the deal off ——"

"No, no! I'm sorry. I spoke too quickly. I apologize. Sit down." The boy resumed his chair. "But I'm very much annoyed. So your father sent you here to reconnoiter?"

"He did. He felt something might have happened to you."

"Nothing ever happens to me unless I want it to," returned Madden, and the remark had the ring of truth. "Well, you're

(Continued on Page 55

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here now. You see everything's all right. What do you propose to do?"

"I shall call my father on the telephone in the morning and tell him to send the string at once. If I may I'd like to stay here until it comes."

Again Madden tossed his head. "Delay—delay—I don't like it. I must hurry back East. I'd planned to leave here for Pasadena early in the morning, put the pearls in a vault there, and then take a train to New York."

"Ah," said Eden, "then you never intended to give that interview to Holley?"

Madden's eyes narrowed. "What if I didn't? He's of no importance, is he?" Brusquely he stood up. "Well, if you haven't got the pearls, you haven't got them. You can stay here of course. But you're going to call your father in the morning—early. I warn you I won't stand for any more delay."

"I agree to that," replied Eden. "And now, if you don't mind—I've had a hard day ——"

Madden went to the door and called. Charlie Chan came in.

"Ah Kim," said Madden, "this gentleman has the bedroom at the end of the left wing—over here." He pointed. "Take his suitcase."

"A'light, boss," replied the newly christened Ah Kim. He picked up Eden's bag.

"Good night," said Madden. "If you want anything this boy will look after you. He's new here, but I guess he knows the ropes. You can reach your room from the patio. I trust you'll sleep well."

"I know I shall," said Eden. "Thank you so much. Good night."

He crossed the patio behind the shuffling figure of the Chinese. Above, white and cool, hung the desert stars. The wind blew keener than ever; as he entered the room assigned him he was glad to see that a fire had been laid. He stooped to light it.

"Humbly begging pardon," said Chan. "That are my work."

Eden glanced toward the closed door. "What became of you? I lost you at Barstow."

"Thinking deep about the matter," said Chan softly, "I decide not to await train. On auto truck belonging to one of my countrymen, among many other vegetables, I ride out of Barstow. Much better I arrive on ranch in warm daylight. Not so shady look to it. I am Ah Kim, the cook. How fortunate I mastered that art in far-away youth"

"You're darned good," laughed Eden.

Chan shrugged. "All my life," he complained, "I study to speak fine English words. Now I must strangle all such in my throat lest suspicion rouse up. Not a happy situation for me."

"Well, it won't last long," replied Eden. "Everything's all right evidently."

Again Chan shrugged, and did not answer.

"It is all right, isn't it?" Eden asked with sudden interest.

"Humbly offering my own poor opinion," said Chan, "it are not so right as I would be pleased to have it."

"Why, what have you found out?"

"I have found nothing whatever."

"Well, then ——"

"Pardon me," Chan broke in. "Maybe you know—Chinese are very psychic people. Cannot say in ringing words what is wrong here. But deep down in heart ——"

"Oh, forget that," cut in Eden. "We can't go by instinct now. We came to deliver a string of pearls to Madden, if he proved to be here, and get his receipt. He's here, and our course is simple. For my part, I'm not taking any chances. I'm going to give him those pearls now."

Chan looked distressed. "No, no, please! Speaking humbly for myself ——"

"Now see here, Charlie—if I may call you that ——"

"Greatly honored, to be sure."

"—— let's not be foolish just because we're far from home on a desert. Chinese may be psychic people, as you say. But I see myself trying to explain that to Victor Jordan and to dad. All we were to find out was whether Madden was here or not. He is. Please go at once and tell him I want to see him in his bedroom in twenty minutes. When I go in you wait outside his door, and when I call you—come. We'll hand over our burden then and there."

"An appalling mistake," objected Chan.

"Why? Can you give me one definite reason?"

"Not in words, which are difficult. But ——"

"Then I'm very sorry, but I'll have to use my own judgment. I'll take the full responsibility. Now, really, I think you'd better go."

Reluctantly Charlie went. Bob Eden lighted a cigarette and sat down before the fire. Silence had closed down like a curtain of fog over the house, over the desert, over the world; an uncanny silence that nothing, seemingly, would ever break.

Eden thought deeply. What had Charlie Chan been talking about anyhow? Rot and nonsense. They loved to dramatize things, these Chinese; loved to dramatize themselves. Here was Chan playing a novel rôle, and his complaint against it was not sincere. He wanted to go on playing it, to spy around and imagine vain things. Well, that wasn't the American way. It wasn't Bob Eden's way.

The boy looked at his watch. Ten minutes since Charlie had left him; in ten minutes more he would go to Madden's room and get those pearls off his hands forever. He rose and walked about. From his window opposite the patio he looked out across the dim gray desert to the black bulk of distant hills. Ye gods, what a country! Not for him, he thought. Rather street lamps shining on the pavements, the clamor of cable cars, crowds—crowds of people, confusion and noise. Something terrible about this silence. This lonely silence ——

A horrible cry shattered the night. Bob Eden stood frozen. Again the cry, and then a queer, choked voice: "Help! Help! Murder!" The cry. "Help! Put down that gun! Help! Help!"

Bob Eden ran out into the patio. As he did so he saw Thorn and Charlie Chan coming from the other side. Madden—where was Madden? But again his suspicion proved incorrect. Madden emerged from the living room and joined them.

Again came the cry. And now Bob Eden saw, on a perch ten feet away, the source of the weird outburst. A little gray Australian parrot was hanging there uncertainly, screeching its head off.

"That damn bird!" cried Madden angrily. "I'm sorry, Mr. Eden. I forgot to tell you about him. It's only Tony, and he's had a wild past, as you may imagine."

The parrot stopped screaming and blinked solemnly at the little group before him. "One at a time, gentlemen, please," he squawked.

Madden laughed. "That goes back to his barroom days," he said. "Picked it up from some bartender, I suppose."

"One at a time, gentlemen, please."

"It's all right, Tony," Madden continued. "We're not lined up for drinks. And you keep quiet. . . . I hope you weren't unduly alarmed, Mr Eden. There seems to have been a killing or two in those barrooms where Tony used to hang out. Martin" — he turned to his secretary — "take him to the barn and lock him up"

Thorn came forward. Bob Eden thought that the secretary's face was even paler than usual in the moonlight. He held out his hands to the parrot. Did Eden imagine it, or were the hands really trembling?

"Here, Tony," said Thorn. "Nice Tony. You come with me." Gingerly he unfastened the chain from Tony's leg.

"You wanted to see me, didn't you?" Madden said. He led the way to his bedroom and closed the door behind them. "What is it? Have you got those pearls after all?"

The door opened and the Chinese shuffled into the room.

"What the devil do you want?" cried Madden.

"You a'light, boss?"

"Of course I'm all right. Get out of here."

"Tomallah," said Charlie Chan in his rôle of Ah Kim, and a glance that was full of meaning passed between him and Bob Eden. "Tomallah nice day, you bet. See you tomallah, gentlemen."

He departed, leaving the door open. Eden saw him moving across the patio on silent feet. He was not waiting outside Madden's door.

"What was it you wanted?" Madden persisted.

Bob Eden thought quickly. "I wanted to see you alone for just a moment. This Thorn—you can trust him, can't you?"

Madden snorted. "You give me a pain," he said. "Anyone would think you were bringing me the Bank of England. Of course Thorn's all right. He's been with me for fifteen years."

"I just wanted to be sure," Eden answered. "I'll get hold of dad early in the morning. Good night."

He returned to the patio. The secretary was hurrying in from his unwelcome errand. "Good night, Mr. Thorn," Eden said.

"Oh —er—good night, Mr. Eden," he answered and passed furtively from sight.

Back in his room, Eden began to undress. He was both puzzled and disturbed. Was this adventure to be as tame as it looked? Still in his ears rang the unearthly scream of the parrot. After all, had it been in a barroom that Tony picked up that hideous cry for help?

VI

FORGETTING the promise he had made to rise and telephone his father early in the morning, Bob Eden lingered on in the pleasant company of his couch. The magnificent desert sunrise, famous wherever books are sold, came and went without the seal of his approval, and a haze of heat spread over the barren world. It was nine o'clock when he awoke from a most satisfactory sleep and sat up in bed.

Staring about the room, he gradually located himself on the map of California. One by one the events of the night before came back to him. First of all, the scene at the Oasis—that agile steak eluding him with diabolic cunning—the girl whose charming presence made the dreary café an oasis indeed. The ride over the desert with Will Holley, the bright and cheery living room of the ranch house, the fox trot from a Denver orchestra. Madden, leaning close and breathing hard, demanding the Phillimore pearls. Chan in his velvet slippers, whispering of psychic fears and dark premonitions. And then the shrill cry of the parrot out of the desert night.

Now, however, the tense, troubled feeling with which he had gone to bed was melting away in the yellow sunshine of the morning. The boy began to suspect that he had made rather a fool of himself in listening to the little detective from the islands. Chan was an Oriental, also a policeman. Such a combination was bound to look at almost any situation with a jaundiced eye. After all, he, Bob Eden, was here as the representative of Meek & Eden, and he must act as he saw fit. Was Chan in charge of this expedition, or was he?

The door opened and on the threshold stood Ah Kim, in the person of Charlie Chan.

"You come 'long, boss," said his confederate loudly. "You ac' lazy bimeby you no catch 'um bleckfast."

Having said which, Charlie gently closed the door and came into the room, grimacing as one who felt a keen distaste.

"Silly talk like that hard business for me," he complained. "Chinese without accustomed dignity is like man without clothes, naked and ashamed. You enjoy long, restful sleep, I think."

Eden yawned. "Compared to me last night, Rip Van Winkle had insomnia."

"That's good. Humbly suggest you tear yourself out that bed now. The great

(Continued on Page 57)

It's the only face you've got

The only face, too, that you'll ever have. The question is: Do you like it well enough to treat it *right*—give it, every morning, the comfort of a Complete Mennen Shave.

Take it from me, you'll feel a whale of a lot fitter and peppier if you do. It's one of those things which you can't begin to appreciate until you've actually tried it out.

I tell you what you do. Go around to the drug store tonight. A tube of Mennen Shaving Cream will set you back only 50 cents for the big size—a size that spells true economy.

Then tomorrow morning, lather up and go to it. Honest, *men*—it makes all the difference in the world. You'll get the biggest, quickest lather you ever built. And the Dermutation process will take every ounce of fight out of your whiskers.

Swish! Your razor goes through as clean as a fire engine through traffic. Your face is left smooth as a new dollar bill.

After that, Mennen Skin Balm. It costs only half a buck for a big tube that will last you months. A little squeeze rubbed over the face and *boy*—it's the freshest, pleasantest sensation you ever had. A zippy, tingling coolness—allaying all skin irritation—toning up the tissues. Takes away all the shiny look. And it's all absorbed in half a minute.

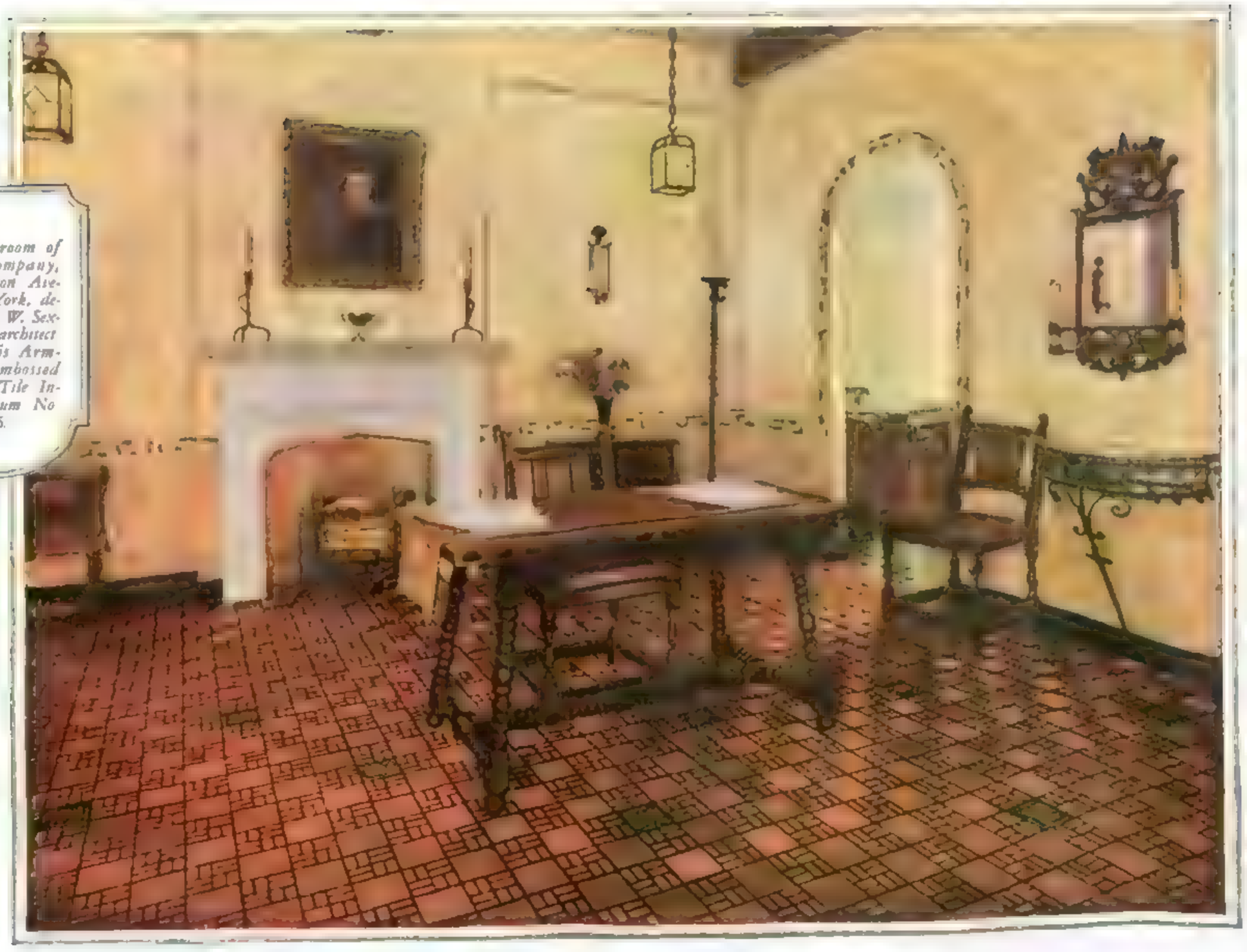
For the final touch—Mennen Talcum for Men. A quarter a tin and a tin goes a long way. Dust a little over your face—it doesn't show. But it does dry out all the moisture the towel doesn't reach. It's antiseptic. Spreads a soft gossamer film that protects against the elements or collar irritation.

You go down to breakfast feeling as if you had a personal valet working for you.

And that's *that*. Come on now, fellows. Get next to yourself. Your face—the only one you've got—will welcome 365 Mennen shaves a year. Why not reach out and get the best there is?

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM



Reception room of Craftex Company, 285 Madison Avenue, New York, designed by R. W. Sexton, interior architect The floor is Armstrong's Embossed Handcraft Tile Inlaid Linoleum No 6006.

"Walk right in"

these floors invite good business

"WHAT kind of place have they?" is a question you often hear asked about a business.

The public—your customers—like to walk in and look around, whether you sell merchandise across the counter or a service over a desk. Comments are made. Opinions are passed. And the *appearance* of your office or store invariably affects your sales opportunities.

When the Craftex Company, makers of a decorative textured wall finish, planned their new New York sales office they thought a great deal about *appearance*. They were not content merely with the display of their product on the walls. They wanted a floor that would help the public see what they had to sell. They found it in the new Embossed Handcraft Tile Inlaid Linoleum floor that you see in the illustration of their office. This is the newest development in modern linoleum design, and is obtainable only in Armstrong's Linoleum.

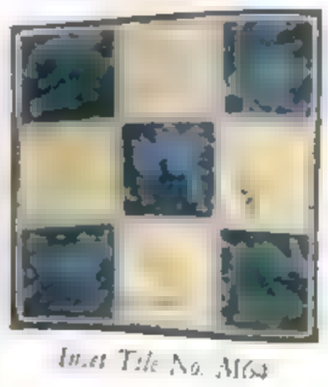
Could any other floor offer as much?

This floor contributes color, pleasing color, in keeping with fine office appointments. Its design, a hand-set tile effect raised above the mortar lines, blends admirably with fine wall finishes.

And to the end of the busiest day, this Armstrong Floor keeps its smart, spick-and-span appearance. In fact, with a nightly dry-mopping, and a waxing and polishing once or twice a month, the linoleum floor actually gets better-looking. Cleaning costs are lower than for other floors.

But this floor has other virtues, too. It is a quiet floor, easy and springy to walk on. It never needs refinishing. It can be quickly and permanently cemented in place at a cost surprisingly low, and it lasts for a lifetime. Can any other floor give all these advantages?

Brown Jaspé No. 17



Inset Tile No. M63

Jaspé Tile Inlaid Pattern No. 78

At stores near you

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A book you should have

"Enduring Floors of Good Taste" tells how to end floor-refinishing costs. It tells how to reduce cleaning bills. It shows color reproductions of linoleum patterns appropriate for business use, and photographs of modern installations of Armstrong's Linoleum in which pride and good taste have achieved sales-attracting results. Write for this free book. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 821 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

Armstrong's Linoleum

for every floor in the house

PLAIN INLAID JASPÉ PRINTED

(Continued from Page 55)

Madden indulges in nervous fit on living-room rug."

Eden laughed. "Suffering, is he? Well, we'll have to stop that." He tossed aside the covers.

Chan was busy at the curtains. "Favor me by taking a look from windows," he remarked. "On every side desert stretches off like floor of eternity. Plenty acres of unlimitable sand."

Bob Eden glanced out. "Yes, it's the desert, and there's plenty of it, that's a fact. But look here, we ought to talk fast while we have the chance. Last night you made a sudden change in our plans."

"Presuming greatly—yes."

"Why?"

Chan stared at him. "Why not? You yourself hear parrot scream out of the dark. 'Murder! Help! Help! Put down gun!'"

Eden nodded. "I know. But that probably meant nothing."

Charlie Chan shrugged. "You understand, parrot does not invent talk. Merely repeats what others have remarked."

"Of course," Eden agreed. "And Tony was no doubt repeating something he'd heard in Australia, or on a boat. I happen to know that all Madden said of the bird's past was the truth. And I may as well tell you, Charlie, that, looking at things in the bright light of the morning, I feel we acted rather foolishly last night. I'm going to give those pearls to Madden before breakfast."

Chan was silent for a moment. "If I might presume again, I would speak a few hearty words in praise of patience. Youth, pardon me, is too hot around the head. Take my advice, please, and wait."

"Wait? Wait for what?"

"Wait until I have snatched more conversation out of Tony. Tony very smart bird—he speaks Chinese. I am not so smart, but so do I."

"And what do you think Tony would tell you?"

"Tony might reveal just what is wrong on this ranch," suggested Chan.

"I don't believe anything's wrong," objected Eden.

Chan shook his head. "Not very happy position for me," he said, "that I must argue with bright boy like you are."

"But listen, Charlie," Eden protested. "I promised to call my father this morning. And Madden isn't an easy man to handle."

"Hoo malimali," responded Chan.

"No doubt you're right," Eden said. "But I don't understand Chinese."

"You have made natural error," Chan answered. "Pardon me while I correct you. That are not Chinese. It are Hawaiian. Well known in islands—hoo malimali—make Madden feel good by a little harmless deception. As my cousin, Willie Chan, captain of All-Chinese baseball team, translate with his vulgarity, kid him along."

"Easier said than done," replied Eden.

"But you are clever boy. You could perfect it. Just a few hours, while I have talk with the smart Tony."

Eden considered. Paula Wendell was coming out this morning. Too bad to rush off without seeing her again. "Tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll wait until two o'clock. But when the clock strikes two, if nothing has happened in the interval, we hand over those pearls. Is that understood?"

"Maybe," nodded Chan.

"You mean maybe it's understood?"

"Not precisely. I mean maybe we hand over pearls." Eden looked into the stubborn eyes of the Chinese and felt rather helpless. "However," Chan added, "accept my glowing thanks. You are pretty good. Now proceed toward the miserable breakfast I have prepared."

"Tell Madden I'll be there very soon."

Chan grimaced. "With your kind permission, I will alter that message slightly, losing the word 'very.' In memory of old times, there remains little I would not do for Miss Sally. My life, perhaps—but by the bones of my honorable ancestors, I will not say 'velly,'" He went out.

On his perch in the patio, opposite Eden's window, Tony was busy with his own breakfast. The boy saw Chan approach the bird and pause. "Hoo la ma," cried the detective.

Tony looked up and cocked his head on one side. "Hoo la ma," he replied, in a shrill, harsh voice.

Chan went nearer and began to talk rapidly in Chinese. Now and then he paused, and the bird replied amazingly with some phrase out of Chan's speech. It was, Bob Eden reflected, as good as a show.

Suddenly from a door on the other side of the patio the man Thorn emerged. His pale face was clouded with anger.

"Here!" he cried loudly. "What the devil are you doing?"

"Solly, boss," said the Chinese. "Tony nice litta fellah. Maybe I take 'um to cookhouse."

"You keep away from him," Thorn ordered. "Get me? Keep away from him."

Chan shuffled off. For a long moment Thorn stood staring after him, anger and apprehension mingled in his look. As Bob Eden turned away he was deep in thought. Was there something in Chan's attitude after all?

He hurried into the bath, which lay between his room and the vacant bedroom beyond. When he finally joined Madden he thought he perceived the afterglow of that nervous fit still on the millionaire's face.

"I'm sorry to be late," he apologized. "But this desert air ——"

"I know," said Madden. "It's all right; we haven't lost any time. I've already put in that call for your father."

"Good idea," replied the boy, without any enthusiasm. "Called his office, I suppose."

"Naturally."

Suddenly Eden remembered. This was Saturday morning, and unless it was raining in San Francisco, Alexander Eden was by now well on his way to the golf links at Burlingame. There he would remain until late tonight, at least—perhaps over Sunday. Oh, for a bright day in the north!

Thorn came in, sedate and solemn in his blue serge suit, and looked with hungry eyes toward the table standing before the fire. They sat down to the breakfast prepared by the new servant, Ah Kim. A good breakfast it was, for Charlie Chan had not forgotten his early training in the Phillimore household. As it progressed Madden thawed out a bit.

"I hope you weren't alarmed last night by Tony's screeching," he said presently.

"Well, for a minute," admitted Eden. "Of course, as soon as I found out the source of the racket I felt better."

Madden nodded. "Tony's a colorless little beast, but he's had a scarlet past," he remarked.

"Like some of the rest of us," Eden suggested.

Madden looked at him keenly. "The bird was given me by a sea captain in the Australian trade. I brought him here to be company for my caretaker, Louie Wong."

"I thought your boy's name was Ah Kim," said Eden innocently.

"Oh, this one. This isn't Wong. Louie was called suddenly to San Francisco the other day. This Ah Kim just happened to drift in most opportunely yesterday. He's merely a stop-gap until Louie comes back."

"You're lucky," Eden remarked. "Such good cooks as Ah Kim are rare."

"Oh, he'll do," Madden admitted. "When I come West to stay I bring a staff with me. This is a rather unexpected visit."

"Your real headquarters out here are in Pasadena, I believe?" Eden inquired.

"Yes, I've got a house there, on Orange Grove Avenue. I just keep this place for an occasional week-end when my asthma threatens. And it's good to get away from the mob now and then." The millionaire pushed back from the table and looked at his watch. "Ought to hear from San Francisco any minute now," he added hopefully.

Eden glanced toward the telephone in a far corner. "Did you put the call in for my father, or just for the office?" he asked.

"Just for the office," Madden replied. "I figured that if he was out we could leave a message."

Thorn came forward. "Chief, how about that interview for Holley?" he inquired.

"Oh, the devil!" Madden said. "Why did I let myself in for that?"

"I could bring the typewriter in here," began the secretary.

"No, we'll go to your room. Mr. Eden, if the telephone rings, please answer it."

The two went out. Ah Kim arrived on noiseless feet to clear away the breakfast. Eden lighted a cigarette and dropped into a chair before the fire, which the blazing sun outside made rather superfluous.

Twenty minutes later the telephone rang. Eden leaped to it, but before he had reached the table where it stood Madden was at his side. He had hoped to be alone for this ordeal, and sighed wearily. At the other end of the wire he was relieved to hear the cool, melodious voice of his father's well-chosen secretary.

"Hello," he said. "This is Bob Eden, at Madden's ranch down on the desert. And how are you this bright and shining morning?"

"What makes you think it's a bright and shining morning up here?" asked the girl.

Eden's heart sank. "Don't tell me it isn't. I'd be broken-hearted."

"Why?"

"Why? Because, though you're beautiful at any time, I like to think of you with the sunlight on your blond hair."

Madden laid a heavy hand on his shoulder. "What the blazes do you think you're doing—making a date with a chorus girl? Get down to business."

"Excuse it, please," said Eden. "Miss Chase, is my father there?"

"No. This is Saturday, you know. Golf."

"Oh, yes, of course. Then it is a nice day. Well, tell him to call me here if he comes in—El Dorado 76."

"Where is he?" demanded Madden eagerly.

"Out playing golf," the boy answered.

"Where? What links?"

Bob sighed. "I suppose he's at Burlingame," he said over the wire.

Then—oh, excellent young woman, thought the boy—the secretary answered, "Not today. He went with some friends to another links. He didn't say which."

"Thank you so much," Eden said. "Just leave the message on his desk, please." He hung up. "Too bad," he remarked cheerfully. "Gone off to play golf somewhere, and nobody knows where."

Madden swore. "The old simpleton! Why doesn't he attend to his business?"

"Look here, Mr. Madden ——" Eden began.

"Golf, golf, golf!" stormed Madden. "It's ruined more good men than whisky. I tell you, if I'd fooled round on golf links I wouldn't be where I am today. If your father had any sense ——"

"I've heard about enough," said Eden, rising.

Madden's manner changed suddenly. "I'm sorry," he said. "But this is annoying, you must admit. I wanted that necklace to start today."

"The day's young," Eden reminded him. "It may get off yet."

"I hope so," Madden frowned. "I'm not accustomed to this sort of dillydallying, I can tell you that."

His great head was tossing angrily as he went out. Bob Eden looked after him thoughtfully. Madden, master of many millions, was putting what seemed an undue emphasis on a little pearl necklace. The boy wondered. His father was getting on in years, he was far from the New York markets. Had he made some glaring mistake in setting a value on that necklace? Was it, perhaps, worth a great deal more than he had asked, and was Madden fuming to get hold of it before the jeweler learned his error and perhaps called off the deal? Of course, Alexander Eden had given his word; but even so, Madden might fear a slip-up.

(Continued on Page 59)

You'll want a fifth on the Fourth if they're *Real Cake Cones*

THEN have the fifth, because McLaren Real Cake Cones are pure and wholesome as home-made sponge cake.

They're crisp, sugary and delicious. Made of the best wheat flour, fine shortening, vanilla flavoring and pure cane sugar. Mixed and baked in spotless bakeries by automatic machinery that does away with the touch of hands.

Eat them yourself. Let the children have them. They're a safe treat. For nothing is more wholesome and delicious than ice cream in a McLaren Real Cake Cone. Patronize the dealers who serve them. They realize their obligation to give you pure food products.

To all who sell cones: McLaren Real Cake Cones will increase your business. Ask your ice cream manufacturer or jobber, or write for samples to McLaren Consolidated Cone Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

Look for the name McLAREN *on every cone*

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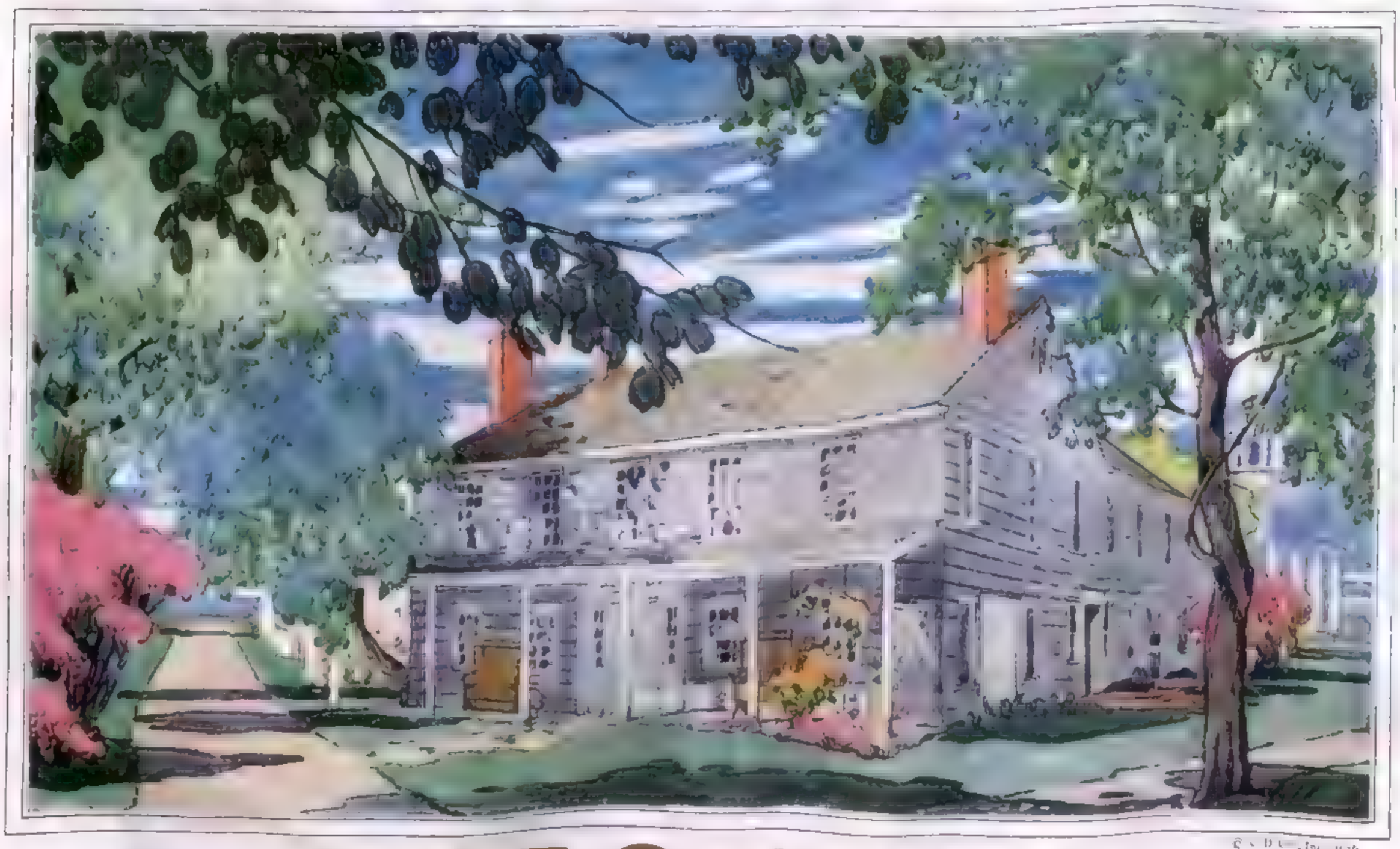

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(Continued from Page 57)

The boy strolled idly out into the patio. The chill night wind had vanished and he saw the desert of song and story, baking under a relentless sun. In the sandy little yard of the ranch house, life was humming along. Plump chickens and haughty turkeys strutted back of wire inclosures; he paused for a moment to stare with interest at a bed of strawberries, red and tempting. Up above, on the bare branches of the cottonwoods, he saw unmistakable buds, mute promise of a grateful shade not far away.

Odd how things lived and grew here in this desolate country! He took a turn about the grounds. In one corner was a great reservoir half filled with water—a pleasant sight that must be on an August afternoon. Coming back to the patio, he stopped to speak to Tony, who was sitting rather dejectedly on his perch.

"Hoo la ma," he said.

Tony perked up. "Sung kai yat bo," he remarked.

"Yes, and a great pity too," replied Eden facetiously.

"Gee fung low hop," added Tony, somewhat feebly.

"Perhaps, but I heard different," said Eden, and moved on. He wondered what Chan was doing. Evidently the detective thought it best to obey Thorn's command that he keep away from the bird. This was not surprising, for the windows of the secretary's room looked out on Tony's perch.

Back in the living room, Eden took up a book. At a few minutes before twelve he heard the asthmatic cough of Horace Greeley in the yard, and rising, he admitted Will Holley. The editor was smiling and alert.

"Hello," Eden said. "Madden's in there with Thorn, getting out the interview. Sit down." He came close. "And please remember that I haven't brought those pearls. My business with Madden is still unfinished."

Holley looked at him with sudden interest. "I get you. But I thought last night that everything was lovely. Do you mean ——"

"Tell you later," interrupted Eden. "I may be in town this afternoon." He spoke in a louder tone. "I'm glad you came along. I was finding the desert a bit flat when you flivvered in."

Holley smiled. "Cheer up. I've got something for you. A veritable storehouse of wit and wisdom." He handed over a paper. "This week's issue of the El Dorado Times, damp from the presses. Read about Louie Wong's big trip to San Francisco. All the news to fit the print."

Eden took the proffered paper—eight small pages of mingled news and advertisements. He sank into a chair.

"Well," he said, "it seems that the Ladies' Aid Supper last Tuesday night was notably successful. Not only that but the ladies responsible for the affair labored assiduously and deserve much credit."

"Yes, but the real excitement's inside," remarked Holley, "on Page Three. There you'll learn that coyotes are getting pretty bad in the valley. A number of people are putting out traps."

"Under those circumstances," Eden said, "how fortunate that Henry Gratton is caring for Mr. Dickey's chickens during his absence in Los Angeles."

Holley rose and stared for a moment down at his tiny newspaper. "And once I worked with Mitchell on the New York Sun," he misquoted sadly. "Don't let Harry Fladgate see that, will you? When Harry knew me I was a newspaper man." He moved off across the room. "By the way, has Madden shown you his collection of firearms?"

Bob Eden rose and followed. "Why, no, he hasn't."

"It's rather interesting. But dusty—say, I guess Louie was afraid to touch them. Nearly every one of these guns has a history. See, there's a typewritten card above each one. 'Presented to P. J. Madden by Til Taylor.' Taylor was one of the best sheriffs Oregon ever had. And here, look at this one—it's a beauty. Given to Madden by Bill Tilghman. That gun, my boy, saw action on Front Street in the old Dodge City days."

"What's the one with all the notches?" Eden asked.

"Used to belong to Billy the Kid," said Holley. "Ask them about Billy over in New Mexico. And here's one Bat Masterson used to tote. But the star of the collection"—Holley's eyes ran over the wall—"the beauty of the lot"—he turned to Eden—"it isn't there," he said.

"There's a gun missing?" inquired Eden slowly.

"Seems to be. One of the first of its kind made—a .45—it was presented to Madden by Bill Hart, who's staged a lot of pictures round here." He pointed to an open space on the wall. "There's where it used to be," he added, and was moving away.

Eden caught his coat sleeve. "Wait a minute," he said in a low, tense voice. "Let me get this. A gun missing. And the card's gone too. You can see where the tacks held it in place."

"Well, what's all the excitement?" began Holley, surprised.

Eden ran his finger over the wall. "There's no dust where that card should be. What does that mean? That Bill Hart's gun has been removed within the past few days."

"My boy," said Holley, "what are you talking about?"

"Hush!" warned Eden. The door opened, and Madden, followed by Thorn, entered the room. For a moment the millionaire stood regarding them intently.

"Good morning, Mr. Holley," he said. "I've got your interview here. You're wiring it to New York, you say?"

"Yes. I've queried my friend there about it this morning. I know he'll want it."

"Well, it's nothing startling. I hope you'll mention in the course of it where you got it. That will help to soothe the feelings of the boys I've turned down so often in New York. And you won't change what I've said?"

"Not a comma," smiled Holley. "I must hurry back to town now. Thank you again, Mr. Madden."

"That's all right," said Madden. "Glad to help you out."

Eden followed Holley to the yard. Out of earshot of the house, the editor stopped.

"You seemed a little het up about that gun. What's doing?"

"Oh, nothing, I suppose," said Eden. "On the other hand ——"

"What?"

"Well, Holley, it strikes me that something queer may have happened lately on this ranch."

Holley stared. "It doesn't sound possible. However, don't keep me in suspense."

"I've got to. It's a long story, and Madden mustn't see us getting too chummy. I'll come in this afternoon, as I promised."

Holley climbed into his car. "All right," he said. "I can wait, I guess. See you later then."

Eden was sorry to watch Horace Greeley stagger down the dusty road. Somehow the newspaper man brought a warm human atmosphere to the ranch, an atmosphere that was needed there. But a moment later he was sorry no longer, for a little speck of brown in the distance became a smart roadster, and at its wheel he saw the girl of the Oasis, Paula Wendell. He held open the gate, and with a cheery wave the girl drove past him into the yard.

"Hello," he said as she alighted. "I was beginning to fear you weren't coming."

"I overslept," she explained. "Always do in this desert country. Have you noticed the air? People who are in a position to know tell me it's like wine."

"Had a merry breakfast, I suppose?"

"I certainly did—at the Oasis."

"You poor child! That coffee!"

"Oh, I didn't mind. Will Holley says that Madden's here."

"Madden? That's right, you do want to see Madden, don't you? Well, come along inside."

Thorn was alone in the living room. He regarded the girl with a fishy eye. Not many men could have managed that, but Thorn was different.

"Thorn," said Eden, "here's a young woman who wants to see Mr. Madden."

"I have a letter from him," the girl explained, "offering me the use of the ranch to take some pictures. You may remember, I was here Wednesday night."

"I remember," said Thorn sourly. "And I regret very much that Mr. Madden cannot see you. He also asks me to say that unfortunately he must withdraw the permission he gave you in his letter."

"I'll accept that word from no one but Mr. Madden himself," returned the girl, and a steely light flamed suddenly in her eyes.

"I repeat—he will not see you," persisted Thorn.

The girl sat down. "Tell Mr. Madden his ranch is charming," she said. "Tell him I am seated in a chair in his living room and that I shall certainly continue to sit here until he comes and speaks to me."

Thorn hesitated a moment, glaring angrily. Then he went out.

"I say, you're all right," Eden laughed.

"I aim to be," the girl answered. "And I've been on my own too long to take any nonsense from a mere secretary."

Madden blustered in. "What is all this?"

"Mr. Madden," the girl said, rising and smiling with amazing sweetness, "I was sure you'd see me. I have here a letter you wrote me from San Francisco. You recall it, of course."

Madden took the letter and glanced at it. "Yes, yes, of course. I'm very sorry, Miss Wendell, but since I wrote that, certain matters have come up—I have a business deal on"—he glanced at Eden—"in short, it would be most inconvenient for me to have the ranch overrun with picture people at this time. I can't tell you how I regret it."

The girl's smile vanished. "Very well," she said. "But it means a black mark against me with the company. The people I work for don't accept excuses—only results. I have told them everything was arranged."

"Well, you were a little premature, weren't you?"

"I don't see why. I had the word of P. J. Madden. I believed—foolishly, perhaps—the old rumor that the word of Madden was never broken."

The millionaire looked decidedly uncomfortable. "Well, I—er—of course I never break my word. When did you want to bring your people here?"

"It's all arranged for Monday," said the girl.

"Out of the question," replied Madden. "But if you could postpone it a few days—say, until Thursday ——" Once more he looked at Eden. "Our business should be settled by Thursday," he added.

"Unquestionably," agreed Eden, glad to help.

"Very well," said Madden. He looked at the girl and his eyes were kindly. He was no Thorn. "Make it Thursday and the place is yours. I may not be here then myself, but I'll leave word to that effect."

"Mr. Madden, you're a dear," she told him. "I knew I could rely on you."

With a disgusted look at his employer's back, Thorn went out.

"You bet you can," said Madden, smiling pleasantly. He was melting fast. "And the record of P. J. Madden is intact. His word is as good as his bond—isn't that so?"

"If anyone doubts it let him ask me," replied the girl.

"It's nearly luncheon time," Madden said. "You'll stay, won't you?"

"Well, I—really, Mr. Madden ——"

"Of course she'll stay," Bob Eden broke in. "She's eating at a place in El Dorado called the Oasis, and if she doesn't stay, then she's just gone and lost her mind."

The girl laughed. "You're all so good to me," she said.

"Why not?" inquired Madden. "Then it's settled. We need someone like you

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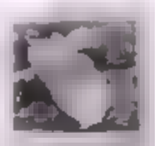

FREE BOOKLET

CHARLES S. MERTON & CO
210 FIFTH AVE NEW YORK

around to brighten things up. Ah Kim," he added as the Chinese entered, "another place for luncheon. In about ten minutes, Miss Wendell."

He went out. The girl looked at Bob Eden. "Well, that's that. I knew it would be all right if only he would see me."

"Naturally," said Eden. "Everything in this world would be all right if every man in it could only see you."

"Sounds like a compliment," she smiled.

"Meant to be," replied the boy. "But what makes it sound so cumbersome? I must brush up on my social chatter."

"Oh, then it was only chatter?"

"Please, don't look too closely at what I say. I've a lot on my mind. I'm trying to be a business man, and it's some strain."

"Then you're not a real business man?"

"Not a real anything; just sort of drifting. You know, you made me think last night."

"I'm proud of that."

"Now don't spoof me. I got to thinking—here you are, earning your living—luxurious pot roasts at the Oasis and all that—while I'm just father's little boy. I shouldn't be surprised if you inspired me to turn over a new leaf."

"Then I shan't have lived in vain." She nodded toward the far side of the room. "What in the world is the meaning of that arsenal?"

"Oh, that's gentle old Madden's collection of firearms. A hobby of his. Come on over and I'll teach you to call each one by name."

Presently Madden and Thorn returned, and Ah Kim served a perfect luncheon. At the table Thorn said nothing; but his employer, under the spell of the girl's bright eyes, talked volubly and well. As they finished coffee Bob Eden suddenly awoke to the fact that the big clock near the patio windows marked the hour as five minutes of two. At two o'clock! There was that arrangement with Chan regarding two o'clock. What were they to do? The impassive face of the Oriental as he served luncheon had told the boy nothing.

Madden was in the midst of a long story about his early struggle toward wealth, when the Chinese came suddenly into the room. He stood there, and though he did not speak, his manner halted the millionaire as effectively as a pistol shot.

"Well, well, what is it?" Madden demanded.

"Death," said Ah Kim solemnly in his high-pitched voice. "Death unevitable end. No wolly. No solly."

"What in Sam Hill are you talking about?" Madden inquired. Thorn's pale-green eyes were popping.

"Pouh litta Tony," went on Ah Kim.

"What about Tony?"

"Poah litta Tony enjoy happly noo yeah in Hades land," finished Ah Kim.

Madden was instantly on his feet and led the way to the patio. On the stone floor beneath his perch lay the lifeless body of the Chinese parrot.

The millionaire stooped and picked up the bird. "Why, poor old Tony," he said. "He's gone west. He's dead."

Eden's eyes were on Thorn. For the first time since he had met that gentleman he thought he detected the ghost of a smile on the secretary's pale face.

"Well, Tony was old," continued Madden; "a very old boy. And as Ah Kim says, death is inevitable." He stopped and looked keenly at the expressionless face of the Chinese. "I've been expecting this," he added. "Tony hasn't seemed very well of late. Here, Ah Kim"—he handed over all that was mortal of Tony—"you take and bury him somewhere."

"I take 'um," said Ah Kim, and carried the bird in.

In the big living room, the clock struck twice, loud and clear. Ah Kim, in the person of Charlie Chan, was moving slowly away, the bird in his arms. He was muttering glibly in Chinese. Suddenly he looked back over his shoulder.

"Hoo malimali," he said clearly.

Bob Eden remembered his Hawaiian.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LI'L' GOOFYDUST

(Continued from Page 28

Simmy's pallid eyes bored him pityingly. "Min'ral strike, a' course. Gold!"

"Ye-ah?"—dubiously. Simmy dewed his beard with more of the delectable mixture and shot the whole works.

"Me, I just come in from the Shoshones 'smornin' with a piece o' float what'll run two-three thousand to the ton. Minute it gits out I taken my claim folks'll just pour into Ruby."

"Your claim ——" Rarity began.

"Just as good as taken it," Simmy burbled on. "All I gotta do is go over Badwater Gulch until I strike the ledge that float came offn; which I'd 'a' done a'ready if Sally hadn't sprang a leak."

Those mysterious wrinkles about Rarity's eyes twitched alarmingly. "Well, maybe if we've finished eating, you might show me round the town so I can get a line on a favorable location in case I should want to settle here to be in on the ground floor before your—your big strike becomes known."

Simmy Sydes was almost prancing with bottled pride as he guided the man from Los Angeles around the sun-drenched plaza.

"This here's the post office—got a lotta important mail waitin' fer me there which I'll git some day when I got time. An' here's the chamber o' commerce, though some sucker busts in the window an' steals all the min'ral specimens, thinkin' they're val'able, which is a horse on him. Over yander ——"

"You say you've got plenty of sunshine in Ruby?" Rarity swabbed his thick neck with a gay handkerchief. "No cloudy weather or fogs?"

"What'd I tell you 'bout our climate?" Simmy challenged.

"Because, you see, I need sunshine in my business," was Rarity's cryptic afterthought.

All joyous occasions—even joyous occasions in Ruby, Nevada—must have their regrettable end. Sunset saw a stunted figure in neutral blue standing alone by the dry fountain basin, watching a dust cloud striding off along the road back to the world and Los Angeles.

"Priceless, I'm telling you—that little bird up there in Ruby! He's just made for a character part in this Flame-of-the-Desert thing; and he wouldn't have to grow moss for the part either. His whiskers are in a class by themselves ——"

Mr. Francis X. Rarity, managing director of Superba, Inc., whose trade motto was Bigger and Better Westerns, looped one huge leg over the arm of his swivel chair and speared at Mr. Milton Grossman, president, with the burning end of his cigar. Mr. Grossman, who did not view with enthusiasm the expensive jump of his chief working unit from Culver City to a ghost town somewhere in the Nevada desert, was prone to cavil:

"Ye-ah, these home-grown rubes—I know 'em. Put 'em before the camera and they acts all over the place—want to hog all the fillum."

"Not my li'l' Goofydust won't, Milton," assured Rarity, who could handle a double negative with the skill of a juggler balancing a kitchen stove on his chin. "He'll never know he's acting. Wait a minute; I'll get Stanton in and while I'm giving him the dope you'll get the idea." He picked up the phone: "Tell Stanton I want to see him."

A minute later a pale young man with horn-rimmed pince-nez on a quarter-inch ribbon entered the office with the skipping step of a man trying to walk safe in an arsenal full of contact bombs—F. Withington Stanton, the beaten dog who, at the moment, held down the job of scenarist for Superba, Inc.

"Har-yuh, Stanton? Sit down! Smoke!" The young literary man obeyed with relief; one never gets fired sitting down.

"Stanton, 'bout that Flame-of-the-Desert continuity now, we're going to put into it a grand little nut who thinks he owns a ghost town in the desert and's got some hole in the ground which is going to pan out rich and bring a rush back to his dead town—see?"

Stanton nodded his head. He didn't. Superba's manager charged on:

"You know, pathetic little figure against desert sunset—all alone in boundless desert. Fade-out. Then iris him in to show him in his beloved ghost town patting the side of the Ruby Red Hotel—'Dear ole dump. You an' me have weathered many storms together, ole pal.' Well, maybe not ole pal; that's for a horse. But you get what I mean.

"Then this old desert rat sees somebody coming toward his town from over the hills," Rarity went on gustily. "First visitor Ruby's had in five years—'I knowed they'd come back to Ruby when the robins they'd come back to Ruby when the robins nest aga n'; and he totters over to the flagpole to hoist ——. But the visitor proves to be that trick-comedy escaped convict we've already got in the script and ——"

"But you said your old desert rat wouldn't know he was acting," President Grossman broke in querulously. "If he goes through all this business without knowing it's acting he'll be a sleepwalker—or chloroformed. I won't have any of these amachoor ——"

"You leave that to me, Milton"—confidently from Rarity. "You see, this li'l' guy could sublet a lot of space above the eyes and still have enough room for his brain. I'm going to make him think I'm a real-estate promoter from Los Ang'les and I've brought a string of prospects—they'll be our company—up from the big town along with a camera to take scenes of the town for a big advertising campaign.

"You know what a wiz with the box Fisher is. He can take all sorts of footage with my li'l' Goofydust in 'em and he not know the dif. Anyway ——"

The door of Mr. Rarity's office swung in sharply. Miss Dimples Devine, the Golden Girl of a double-score Superba romances of the wide-open places, swished in with a petulant flapping of her fringed leather chaps—she was fresh from perils on the sinister Rio Grande, where men are Mex.

"Say, Milton, what's this I hear?" Miss Dimples pointedly ignored the presence of Mr. Rarity as she planted her booted feet wide apart before President Grossman. "I've et sand in the Navajo Reservation and I've cut chiggers out of my legs down to Palm Springs; but when it comes to going on location in Death Valley ——"

"Calm yourself, Miss Muffet—calm," Rarity soothed with a grin. "We're not going to Death Valley, but just the other side."

"Won't climb in the furnace, but under it!" she snapped.

"Furnace? Why, a couple of tuts, Dimples! Climate"—his eyes crinkled anew at recollection of something he'd heard in Ruby—"climate—just nice climaty climate is what the company'll have on this location. Running water. Hotel to sleep in. Perfect quiet. And yep, I've picked the nicest little playmate for you to run round with. You can make believe he's mayor of the town like I did. I think you'll take to each other like two pieces of fly paper."

Now Miss Dimples Devine was a willing worker. There were no frills on her. She did not have her photograph taken in a cute little apron and snapped in the act of baking biscuits, the same being for publication in the fan magazines. She could bake prime biscuits in a diving suit if the script called for that, or in her real mother's kitchenette. She was, in brief, the most reg'lar feller on the lot. Now, standing on that well-earned reputation, she desired to be shown why a hard-working star should be dragged across the hot sands like she was a camel to some terrible dump a hundred miles from nowhere.

"Dimps, old girl"—in Rarity's most comradely manner—"because when I went scouting over there I found a place made to order for 90 per cent of our outdoor shots. Unique! Nothing like it on this hemisphere.

"Take it from a Brother Wampus, on hardships. I'll send the cars with the trucks across Death Valley, and the company will step off a Pullman at Bitter Lake into our special hand-embroidered gas flivvers and so right up to my pet village. A clambake at Venice Beach would be more wearing on frail physiques."

Miss Devine gave evidence of yielding to the persuasive eloquence of her chief. She turned to go, when an afterthought checked her: "This little playmate you hinted at, Rary. No love-sick fan who'd want to hold a girl's hand or ——"

"Well, I'd say right off the pan he wouldn't qualify strong as hand holder." This from Rarity, with a serious face. "But he might—I'm just saying he might, mind you—be broken in on that line."

Six weeks later the trick could not have been turned; engines would have boiled dry, men's reason come nigh being unhinged by hellish heat. But Francis X. Rarity knew the stuff that was in his roughnecks of the truck outfit, his property men and electricians; and so he was ready to back his last dollar on their jamming through Death Valley in mid-May. Fair enough to take the lily fingers of the cast by roundabout rail to a rendezvous on the Nevada side of the great sink, but freight-eating impedimenta must go through on its own power.

So northeast from Los Angeles rolled a strange cavalcade—the foundation steel of that industry which lives by transferring shadows upon rolls of celluloid. The great generator truck for the Klieg lights—night shots and interiors; another truck for the portable dark room; tool wagon, camera unit, kitchen and bed-down van, props-and-costume outfit. Before moved the screen of utility cars—shabby passenger autos to jump actors from one location to another. A tank wagon for transporting precious water brought up the rear.

Northeast from the movie metropolis until the last paved highway faded into dirt road, and still northeast until dirt road in turn dimmed to two wheel ruts through sand. Then a grunting and a roaring over the torturing Panamint Grade, a braked descent into glare and dancing heat waves of Death Valley. Flounderings in dry lakes crusted with borax, snarlings of engines up the precipitous sides of dry washes, perilous careening of top-heavy cargoes, breakdowns of overstressed steel ——

Then at the zero hour of men's endurance a long slow lift out of this lifeless man trap which gasoline has conquered for man and a winning into the lesser asperities of the Nevada Desert. Not since the Sand-Walking Company left half their number dead in the terrible sink in '50 had so big a caravan won through the valley.

And in that very fact lay the seed of circumstances quite beyond the prescience of the astute Mr. Rarity.

Go east and north from where the railroads in Southern California anchor the

(Continued on Page 65)

You will see this emblem only on jewelry stores of character

How the *jeweled toy of princes* became an accurate timekeeper

TWENTY watches had Queen Elizabeth, heavily bejeweled, having all manner of fantastic shapes, and bought at almost fabulous prices.

But not one kept time. They ran much too fast immediately after winding and continually slowed down as the mainspring gradually uncoiled.

Highly as their royal owners prized them for their artistry, happy to pay whatever their makers might ask, the early guild watches were regarded as little more than amusing mechanical toys.

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Soon after, the hairspring was added, followed closely by the introduction of jewel bearings and the modern form of escapement.

And in 1770 Lepire, for a time director of Voltaire's watchmaking enterprise at Ferney, Switzerland, produced essentially the type of movement used in the best watches when the Gruen Watch Makers Guild was founded, more than fifty years ago.

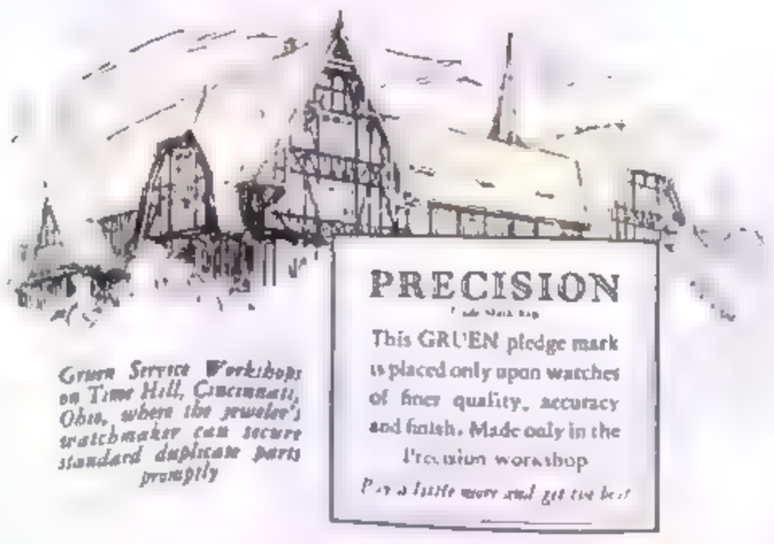
It was the craftsmen of this modern Gruen Guild who perfected the stem winder, who first reduced the watch to the "16" size, and brought out, in the Gruen VeriThin, the first accurate thin watch.

The Gruen VeriThin set a new standard of slenderness with accuracy in men's watches, and has been widely imitated ever since.

Only two years ago the Guild achieved the Gruen Ultra-VeriThin, still another step in the production of accurate timepieces of graceful thinness.

In the Gruen Cartouche the Guild has added strength and durability to the woman's tiny watch. Recently this same principle was applied to a new Gruen strap watch for men.

Pictured here is one of the latest creations by these same Gruen Guildsmen who have played so important a part in producing the accurate timekeeper we know today The better jewelers can show it to you, together with many other exquisite examples of modern guild artistry. Their stores are marked by the Gruen service emblem shown above.



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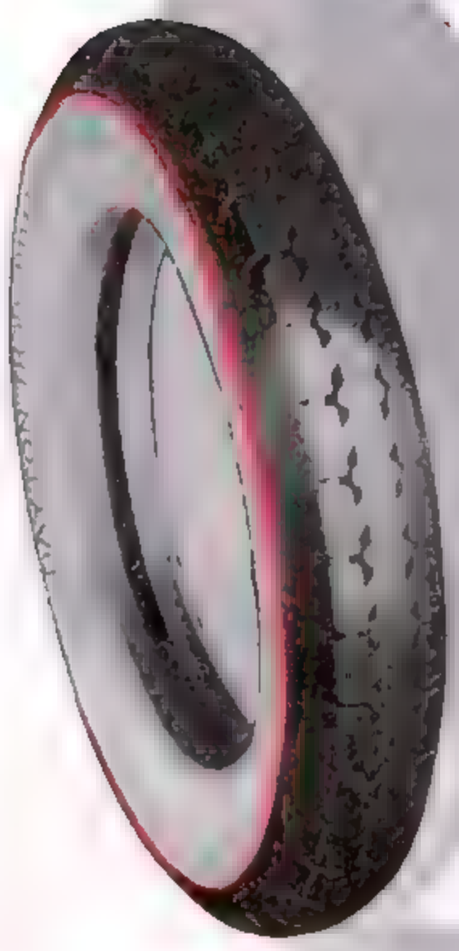
Three years ago



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It combines in one tire, long mileage, safety, easy steering, and the easy riding qualities of low air pressure construction.

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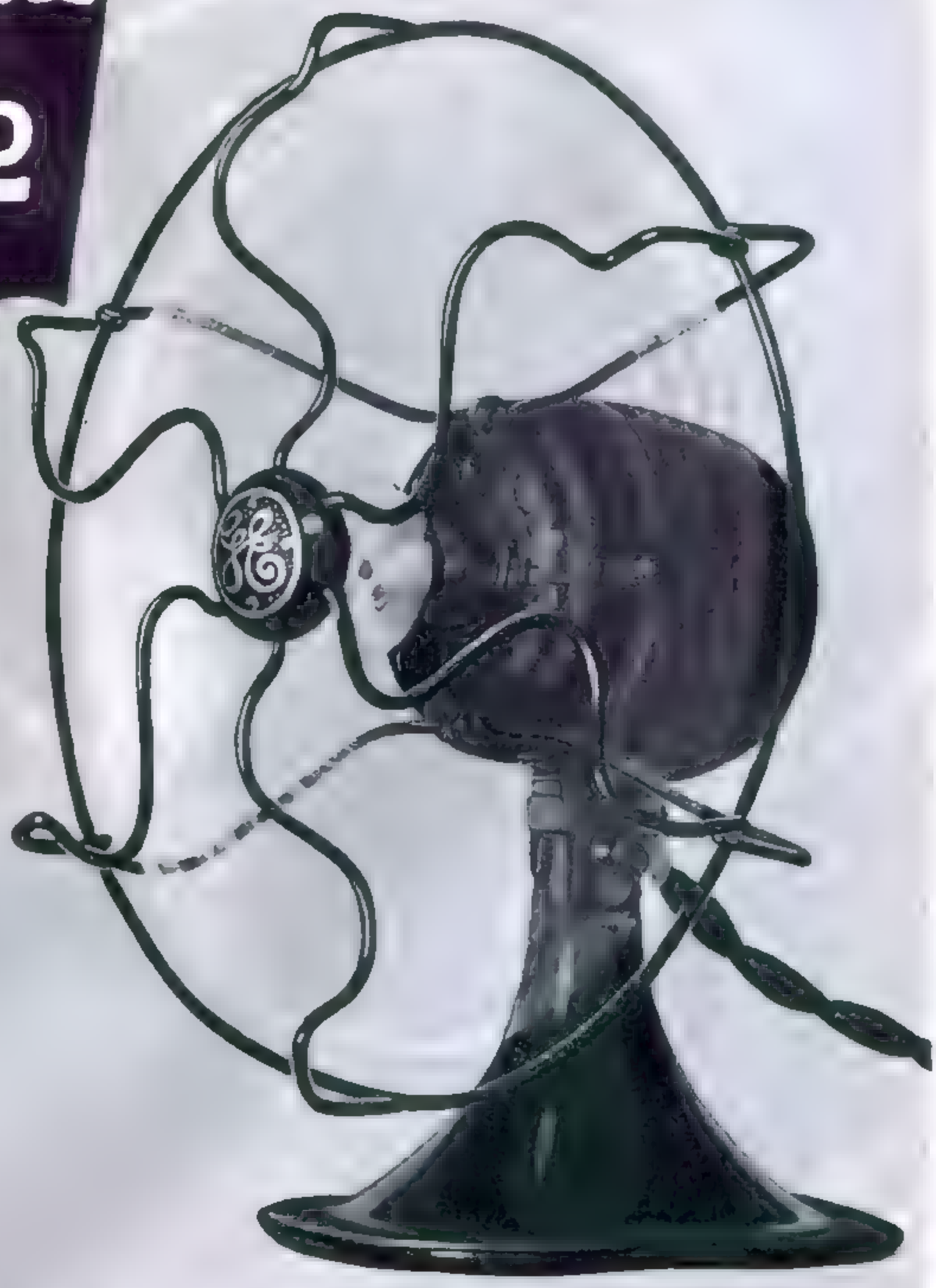

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G-E Fans

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 60)

drab verities of the everyday, and in the white-hot desert, horizons bound for you a magic land o' dreams. It is tinted, this siren country, with the roseate glint of hidden gems, with the pale aura of secret gold waiting for the lucky hand. Its habitants—an occasional lusty woman no less than the men—live on a hair trigger of imminent treasure-trove. There rumor flies. There a guess becomes a fact at second repetition from mouth to mouth.

So before ever Golconda—two houses and a garage on the California fringe of the valley—was reached and passed by Mr. Rarity's caravan, all the back trail of desert hamlets buzzed excitement.

"Did-ja see that minin' machinery all covered up by a tarp on that third truck?"

"Did I see it? Whaddayuh know 'bout a 'lectric motor I seen there where a flap of the canvas had worked loose? That means a pump!"

"Pump? Then that says a new strike in the ole Lost Burro which wuz flooded in '98."

"Gee-mighty!"

"New strike!" The single rural telephone wire linking up little coyote towns in the sage sang the magic words. They were shouted from the seats of desert cars meeting in a dry wash. Prospectors' little jacks semaphored the news with pricked ears.

Then the rush.

Out into the leprous valley pushed the van of a mad pilgrimage—stripped cars with gas, oil and water cans lashed in batteries along running boards; an occasional wagon piled high with grub and water barrels; little mouse-colored jacks trotting ahead of owners, slogging afoot.

Deep channels left in the sand by Rarity's trucks were a sure guide to the treasure seekers; no losing such a plain trail, whichever way it might twist. And then, on the other side of the valley, across the state line, where a road comes up from Bitter Lake, the railroad point, confirmation of the big strike came from other boomers on the lope after the rainbow's end.

Four-five days ago a special Pullman on the Salt Lake Limited from Los was dropped off at Bitter Lake. Thirty-forty men and two women off that car fooled round the town for a while, sayin' nothing, lookin' mighty mysterious. Then down the road from Death Valley comes skyhootin' a flock of cars. Everybody piles in, and off they go back up the road to the north. So, of course, that's enough to get Bitter Lake all fired up.

The road to Ruby's the one those mystery cars from Bitter Lake had taken. And sure enough, here at the forks of the Death Valley road the deep truck furrows turned off onto the Ruby road.

So at the meeting of the two streams of gold madness, men from California heard of the arrival by Pullman of kid-glove boomers from Los Angeles; Nevada lunatics were told of a great train of mining machinery crossing the valley. It all dovetailed. Gosh a'mighty, what a whale of a strike some bozo must 'a' made up round Ruby! Then jumped to Los and unloaded 'thout anybody in the country knowin' about it.

The sun poured burning brass down on the camel-backed hills that march with the road to Ruby. A black procession of frantic ants dotted that road, pushing through sand, fighting the traps of dry washes.

Perhaps the aloof genius of the desert veiled her face with a sleeve to indulge a lusty guffaw.

"Rat-tail, hear me talkin'. There ain't no merciful Prov'dence." Simmy Sydes, stretched under the scant shade of a salt bush, looked over to where his companion was licking the last shreds of noonday bacon from his chops. Rattail's solitary topaz eye flickered up for an instant to meet Simmy's gaze. No sympathy in it; not even casual confirmation of Simmy's bold dissent from accepted dogma. Rat-tail swabbed a paw behind one ear, thoroughly absorbed in self.

"Here I been on my hands 'n' knees all over both sides of this hell's back yard, an' not so much as a smitch o' outcrop nowheres. Now we're down to our last gallon o' water—just enough to run Sally back to Ruby—an' we gotta pull out fer Ruby 'safternoon."

Simmy mumbled over his pipestem fretfully, letting his eye wander up the blistering sides of Badwater Gulch, scene of ten days' heartbreak. There the familiar clumps of mean sage, gaunt arms of the Joshua trees which had served him for guideposts in his crisscrossing of the burned terrain, long spine of the lava dike like the vertebræ of some buried monster crawling down one valley wall. Somewhere in this mile-long funnel of shale and black bowlders ran a gold vein; of that Simmy was morally certain. Yes, and where that vein touched the surface the weathering of ages had softened it, until some cloud-burst—perhaps centuries gone—had broken off and washed downhill that precious piece of float Simmy had found not long ago.

A mathematical certainty gold-bearing rock lay somewhere in this dour pocket of the hills. Float doesn't drop out of the sky. And yet

"If I had me a blow torch to burn some o' the oxidization offn these rocks I might strike the real thing anywhere. Cain't chip samples offn every gol-durned hunk o' granite in this end of Nevada."

With a sigh Simmy assembled his sprawling shape and rose to break camp. Frying pan and gridiron were lifted from the rock ledge making one side of a fire hole and dumped into the grub box. The bed roll fitted neatly between that box and Sally's cushionless seat. Then, with precious water poured into the radiator and Sally's fuel tank replenished; with Rat-tail on the stuffed gunny sack beside him and the engine chattering, Simmy Sydes left behind him—as in how many other places and on what innumerable occasions before?—a hope that died hard.

Simmy's little desert car was not one to demand roads. There was none between Badwater Gulch and Ruby. Sally could go anywhere a jack rabbit could, and mighty nigh as fast—Simmy's boast. So on partially deflated tires to insure traction in sand, and with her engine snarling ferociously, Miss Sally minced over forty miles of untracked desert, Ruby-bound.

The snickering genius of the gray wastes, whose girlish heart is gladdened by practical jokes—some of them fatal—played upon blundering man, ordained that this should be the day when the pop-eyed trailers of Mr. Rarity's mystery caravan should begin sifting into Ruby some forty-eight hours after the trucks and the cars bearing the actors had arrived. Nor did the witless stampeders know that, once Mr. Rarity had caught the humor of the situation with the arrival of the vanguard, he had sent a cameraman to the top of a low hill on the town's outskirts to get some long-distance shots of the remainder of the procession straggling up the road. Corking footage!

But this road, with its hobbling beasts and wallowing cars, was not Simmy's way back to town. His little car came to the rise of a mesa on the opposite side of Ruby and was just taking the nose dive down when Simmy jammed on the brake.

"Gosh all ——"

Words died on his lips as his eyes took in the picture below and half a mile away. Ruby alive! Ruby come back from the dead!

There in the middle of the plaza a big tent, trucks parked before the post office, cars in close rank around two sides of the fountain! People—yes, real people—walking in the street! And on the road up from Bitter Lake more people, more cars!

"Ya-a-ay, Rat-tail, I told you some day our town makes the big comeback! Le's go!"

Sally skittered at high speed through a clutter of mushroom camps behind Ruby's block of deserted houses. Coming to the plaza, Simmy whisked his battered hat from his head and with a succession of thin whoops twice circled the fountain, to the imminent danger of groups of staring folk there. He braked down Sally before the Ruby Red Hotel and sat, still adaze before the unwonted scene, while Rat-tail—never a sociable soul—made a streak for his personal hide-out in the sheds behind.

"Well, mayor, I've been looking for you!"

Simmy turned at the hail and saw his jovial friend of the banquet and magicly flowing water pipe, now three weeks in the past, come striding toward him. Mr. Rarity's cherubic face was all rosy smiles. A young woman wearing a fringed leather smock and sombrero—such a git-up Simmy never did see!—accompanied him. Simmy held out an uncertain hand.

"Mr. Mayor, meet my—um—assistant, Miss Dimples Devine." A shy bob of Simmy's head answered the young woman's vivid smile. "She's an up-and-comer, mayor. You two'll get along famously."

"But—but how come all these ——"

Simmy's excitement choked him. Rarity professed not to hear:

"I've been telling Miss Devine here like's not you were off prospecting somewhere and would be back soon. Been waiting for you two days. Now we can go ahead. C'mon in the hotel and we'll pour something to the success of good old Ruby."

The lobby and dining room of Simmy's preëmpted home represented some high-pressure activity; piled they were with mysterious boxes and crates, a stack of cots, two strange-looking instruments standing on tripod legs like those of a surveyor's transit. Two men were hustling blanket rolls up the stairs. Once again Simmy's lips formed a question, but Mr. Rarity held up a restraining palm.

"Not until we pour something to the success of good old Ruby!"

That something was poured out of the magic water pipe, which Simmy recognized. When the three had quaffed, the wizard of Ruby's resurrection twinkled merrily at the hermit of Ruby:

"Well, how's it strike you, mayor—the way your town's looked up?"

"Somebody musta made a whale of a min'ral strike round here som'ers." Simmy voiced the only possible hypothesis he could conjure.

"Real-estate strike, you mean," Rarity corrected, "and I'm the man who's making it."

"Yes, Mr. Mayor, he's the greatest promiser in Los Angeles," put in Miss Devine, with a wicked twitch of eyebrows in Rarity's direction.

"Prospects!" Rarity boomed. "A whole trainload of 'em brought from Los Ang'les at my expense. Show 'em the site for a perfect-health town—sunshine, sparkling water, dry air. Los Ang'les' most perfect suburb! And you're in on it, mayor. You're helping me get up an illustrated lecture on the peerless advantage of Ruby which I'll take back to the big town and run twice a day in the biggest theater we've got there.

"Pictures of you, the one man who was wise enough to stick by Ruby. You coming out of the post office. You getting out of your trusty li'l' car to go into the bank. It'll all swing around you, pioneer mayor of Ruby, the Desert Gem."

Simmy's head was in a whirl. Real estate, health town, lecture—not words in his language. And while Rarity surreptitiously kept Simmy's little gold-and-silver cup beaded, he talked like a sparking dynamo. Finally:

"And now Miss Devine'll show you round our plant—too late to take those lecture pictures this afternoon—while I go out and work some high-pressure salesmanship among our prospects."

Simmy moved toward the door. Rarity's lips came down under Dimples' sombrero with a hated hiss:

"Stick with him! Don't let a soul talk to him—'specially any of those wild-eyed stampeders!"

While Simmy was quite willingly being shown the cook tent in the plaza—mighty nice gal, this Miss Devine, even with her crazy git-up—Rarity was completing work already begun with the stampeders before Simmy's arrival, and his way with them was masterful.

They'd kidded themselves into thinking a gold rush was on. Well, that wasn't anybody's fault but their own. But since they'd come this far, only to find a movie company on location, Rarity stood ready to do the handsome. Anybody who wished to stay could be an extra, feed at the company's table and get four dollars for every day's work. More than half the hundred-odd gold dreamers accepted the lure.

That night while every house in Ruby winked lights and the red of camp fires glowed from the sage scrub roundabout, Mr. Rarity did some more high-pressure work. With the futile Mr. Stanton, scenarist, yes-sirring him at appropriate intervals, the managing director of Superba, Inc., wrought changes in the script of Flame of the Desert which left nothing of a best-selling novel's original import but the name.

A whole lot of queer things occurred the following day—queer, that is, from the viewpoint of Simmy Sydes. First off, Miss Dimples Devine insisted Simmy should show her the post office and all the uncalled-for letters in the boxes. Sorta silly, she was; but then, with a nice gal like her ——.

As they walked along the street to the post office, she holding tight to Simmy's arm and laughin' and talkin' to beat the band, a guy with his hat on wrong side before stood on a truck across the street turnin' a crank on some sort o' dufunny machine but not looking at them a-tall.

Then just's they came out of the post office into the sunlight Miss Devine pulled him up short.

"Oh, papa," says this Miss Devine—nice gal, but just the least mite fresh—"look at the letter I got out of the post office!"

So what's he have to do but stop and look over her shoulder while she rips open an envelope she musta kept in her pocket all the time. And when she catches him lookin' over her shoulder, what's she do but reach up and give him a li'l' slap on the whiskers, playful-like. And that nutty guy on the truck 'cross the street a-grindin' away on his dufunny machine all the time, with his eyes lookin' over at the hills back of town.

Somebody says "Cut!" and here comes Mr. Rarity, happy.

"Got your little car out from the shed, mayor. Hop in and we'll drive out to the mesa and get a snap of you looking down on your beloved Ruby—for the lecture, you know."

Well, when Simmy tried to start Sally she just wouldn't go. Cranked her and cranked her, and Sally stubborn as a mule. Simmy got his mad up, hauled off and kicked Sally on her front axle.

"Fine!" yelled Mr. Rarity, who was standing off to one side, grinning to beat the band. "Kick her from behind too."

The upshot of it was, when Simmy'd got himself into a fine lather, what with fussin' and fiddlin' round, he found somebody'd got fresh and disconnected a wire.

"That'll knock 'em for a goal," he heard the big fellow whisper to Miss Devine.

Well, Mr. Rarity and the girl and the nut who'd been grinding that dufunny machine by the post office got into their car and led the way out to the mesa beyond town.

"Now," said Mr. Rarity, "we've got what we call a telescopic camera with us which'll show all the country round here so's the folks who attend my lecture in Los Ang'les can get a real comprehensive view of what we've got to offer. Don't mind the grinding sound, Mr. Mayor; that's getting the near and far focus, like you might say. You just walk out there to the edge of the mesa and we'll snap you looking down on your beloved Ruby."

The nut set up his telescopic camera and sighted through a little gun-sight business for a long while. Then: "We're ready for

(Continued on Page 69)

We're all this way—

EVERYONE is lazy about some things — from the most humble clock-watcher up to the high-pressure business executive.

In the life of every human being there is something he likes to put off doing—something he would shirk or postpone unless duty shouted at him: "But you must do it!"

We're all that way and success can probably be figured in direct ratio to the number of things we do—and do well—that we really don't want to do.

The big important things must be done, of course, if we are to get anywhere. But it is the *small* important things that we so often neglect.

Take tooth brushing for example—this most important job is often neglected by many of us.

Realizing the truth of this, we set out deliberately to formulate a dentifrice that would furnish the *easiest, quickest way* to clean teeth. In short, a tooth paste for lazy people—and in tooth brushing, at least, the word *lazy* applies to practically *all* of us.

Listerine Tooth Paste is really very *easy to use.* It works fast. With just a minimum of brushing your teeth feel clean—and actually *are* clean.

You have the job done almost before you know it.

This is on account of the way Listerine Tooth Paste is made. It contains a remarkable new cleansing ingredient—entirely harmless to enamel*—plus the antiseptic essential oils that have made Listerine famous.

And how fine your mouth feels after this kind of a brushing! Then, besides, you *know* your teeth are really clean—and therefore safe from decay—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

P. S.—By the way, Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25 cents for the large tube.

**This specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.*

At the same time it is harder than the tartar *which accumulates and starts pyorrhea and tooth decay.*

LISTERINE

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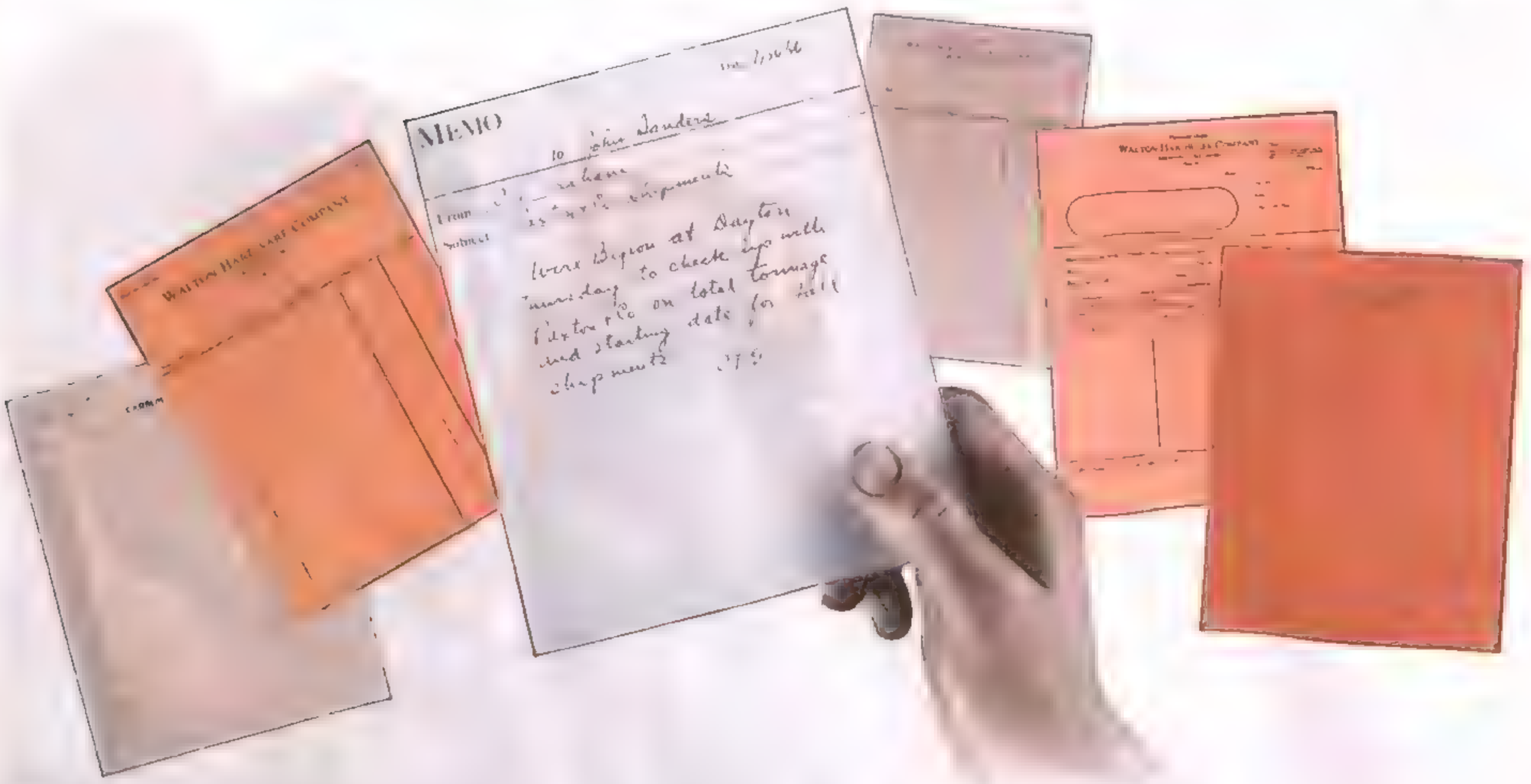
"—for lazy people"

TOOTH · PASTE

- - - easy to use



The world's best blunder-stopper
. . . *a printed form*

FEW men speak clearly. Most men give orders quickly. You know exactly what you said—but does the other man? Even if he does, many other things are in his mind, and he can't be expected to remember everything. You know the rest.

On the other hand, when you *write down* instructions on a printed form you not only save time but you have a clear, concise record of what is to be done, by whom and when. It is a constant reminder until the job is done and a permanent record after it is done. And when your forms are printed on distinctively colored paper, identification is instantaneous.

Printed forms prevent blunders and confusion. They save an incredible amount of your time and the other fellow's. Such things as memo blanks, conference report sheets, invoices, billheads, route blanks, and the scores of other printed forms are absolute necessities of efficient business.

In the opinion of thousands of progressive men, the efficient paper for printed forms and business letterheads is Hammermill Bond. It has exactly the characteristics needed for business use.

You can get it in twelve standard colors and white. Its surface is right for printing, typewriting and pen and ink. It is a firm paper, strong enough to stand constant handling. It is uniform—your next order will be like your last order. It is reasonable in price.

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Continued from Page 65,

the snap, mayor. Just walk out to the edge there and take a natural position -maybe one hand over the eyes—and we'll have the shot."

Simmy did this. But just as he was shading his eyes—the clicking of that telescopic camera behind him all the while—what'd Miss Devine do but run up behind him and throw her arms round his neck real fondlike!

"Cut! I mean, get out of the picture, Dimps. Don't you see - "

"You'll have to excuse me, Mr. Mayor," Miss Devine said a little breathlessly. "I'm so sensitive to Nature that when I see such a grand view it just sorta works on me "

Simmy had a couple more pictures taken—for the lecture—in the snapping of which the impulsive Miss Devine did not interfere. Then came the climax to this day of queer occurrences. They were standing in front of the Red Front Store. Simmy was just wondering whether the queer ticking noise he heard could be Mr. Rarity's watch, when suddenly the big fellow and Miss Devine took to their heels. Across the street from the direction of the fountain a man was approaching with a slow and tigerish step.

Tall he was, and garbed in a long Prince Albert coat. His face, shaded under the wide brim of a black sombrero, looked very queer and yellowish. He carried a revolver swinging in his right hand. He paused at five paces from where Simmy stood, slowly raised his arm and fired point-blank at him.

Simmy heard no whistling of a deadly missile—perhaps because he did not wait long enough. With ducked head and sinewy arms bowed, he catamounted at his assailant, leaped at his throat and bore him down.

The man gurgled, "Lay off, you poor fish! Don't you know we're just acting?"

Then, belatedly, that great light so many people write about sent a dazzle under Simmy Sydes' skull. "Just acting!" He looked over his shoulder to the Red Front store. Behind one of the broken windows was that nut with the telescopic camera, still grinding it. He looked over to where Mr. Rarity and the fresh Miss Devine had halted in their flight; the face of the man, at least, was wreathed in smiles.

Simmy raised himself from the prone body, dusted off the knees of his denim overalls with slow dignity and started across the street to where little Sally stood—that same little Sally who'd been manhandled to make an actors' holiday. He cranked her and drove her around to her shed back of the hotel where Simmy's food cache was.

Miss Devine followed him after an interval. She stood and watched the little figure in neutral blue savagely jamming into Sally's grub box bags of dried apples, coffee, pancake flour. She waited until he came back from a faucet with four dripping canteens draped on his arm.

"Mr. Mayor"—hesitatingly—"you're not going to quit us?" No answer. Simmy jerked open the spigot of a gasoline drum. "I—I like you, Mr. Mayor. I think you're a square little guy; and it was too bad to fool you. Only Rarity says if you'd known you were acting ——"

"So you're all just makin' game o' Ruby like you done to me?" Simmy snapped over his shoulder.

The girl tiptoed up to him and slipped a compassionate arm over his shoulder. "It's a good little town, old-timer. Anyway it'll get a lot of advertising and ——"

A strangled yell from Simmy. He was standing rooted by Sally's grub box, his gridiron in his hand. The girl saw wedged between two of the lattice rods a particle of white rock which gave off stipples of yellow light.

"Gold!" Simmy whistled with a shiver that set his beard to twitching. "The ledge where my fire hole was—right where the heat crumbled it an' a piece stuck." He made a sharp chirp with his tongue. "You Rat-tail!" The cat emerged from his hideout and leaped to the gunny sack beside his pal. Sally roared as she backed out of the shed.

"There goes my li'l' Goofydust," mourned Mr. Rarity from the plaza.

I invite you, sometime when you come out West, to get off the Salt Lake line at the Bitter Lake Junction and take the train on the new branch line to Ruby. Quite a town! Quite a town! With its two big concentrating plants to handle the high-grade ore from the Simmy Sydes group of mines over in Badwater Gulch—the Dimples Shaft and the Rarity Tunnel, so-called—ore from the Simmy Sydes group and the ten or a dozen other paying properties. I suggest you put up at the rebuilt Ruby Red Hotel, with its air-cooled rooms, its stock ticker in a brokerage office off the foyer and its bellhops in ruby-red livery. But don't ask questions about the stuffed cat with one eye over the fireplace; that is a sacred fetish.

Give a look at the post office; Mayor Sydes gets a lot of important mail there now. Go cast your eye over the statue of The Discoverer before the spouting fountain in the plaza and then go to the mayor's office and talk with that statue in the life.

He's a good little guy, is Mayor Sydes; and if you catch him right he'll tell you a story of how he brought Ruby back to life; how his big strike out in Badwater Gulch broke up a moving-picture outfit—actors, extra men and finally the managing director himself streaking across the desert in cars, in trucks and aboard little jacks to stake out claims all around what was called Gridiron Ledge.

Like's not, if Mayor Simmy takes a fancy to you he'll say, "Come on out to my house fer grub. Want you to meet Dimples, the wife. Good girl, but sorta fresh at times."

Mr. British Movie Director Puts Over an American Picture. "Now for the Big Scene—You Go Up to the Fisherman's Hut, Spoof the Old Bounder Into Opening the Door, Then Drag the Daughter to the Cliff and Toss the Old Dear in the Belly Cover—Awfully Silly, What?—and Remember This is No Ten Nights in a Pub by a Lot of Yankees, but Make It a Jolly Old English Row"

What a nuisance—this habit of hitching up the trousers and tucking in the shirt. It has always seemed a necessary evil when exercising, and too often in every day activity.

You have been troubled in some way with your waistline shifting about—shirt creeping up, trousers sagging. It has been an annoyance. And has made a habit of the old process of hitching up and tucking in. But that's only a makeshift.

SNUGTEX is the remedy. It is the new trousers curtain (the strip of fabric that goes around the top of the trousers, inside). It grips and clings, comfortably. It keeps shirts smooth and trousers snug—as they should be. It makes you feel better and look better.

SNUGTEX insures neatness and comfort for all men in all walks of life. Ask for it in your next suit, and have your tailor or clothier put it in the clothes you are wearing. If he doesn't have SNUGTEX send us his name and address, and we will see that you are supplied. Made by EVER-LASTIK, Inc., [EVER-LASTIK] 1107 Broadway, New York.

SNUGTEX
Keeps Shirts Smooth and Trousers Snug

This penetrating lather softens the beard at the base

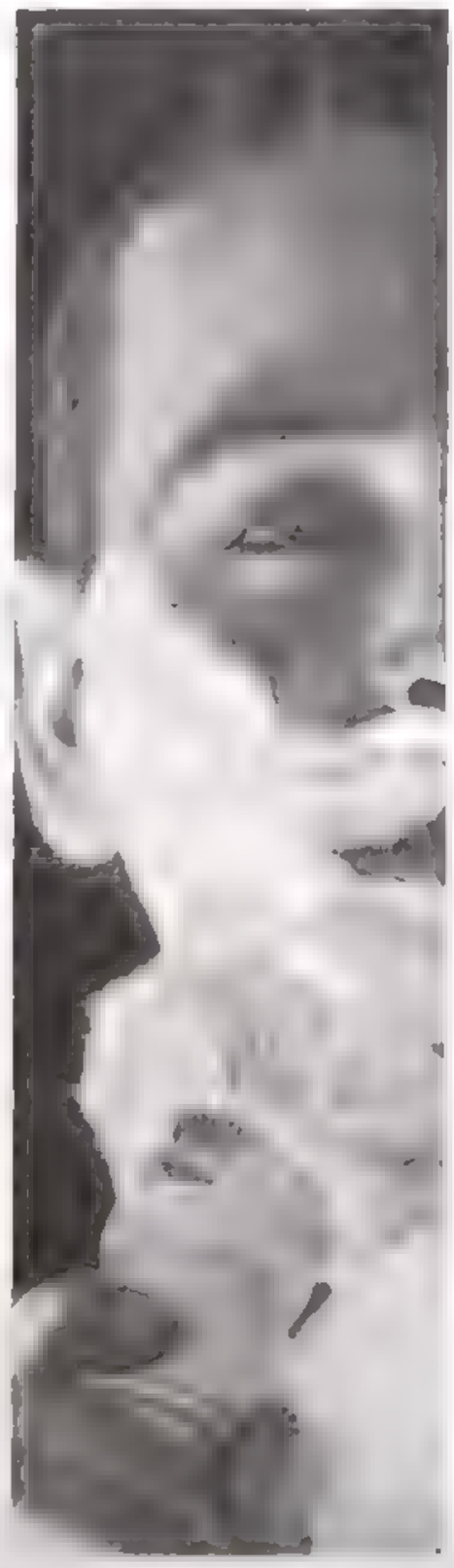
—and that's where the razor does its work

ORDINARY LATHER

Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard

COLGATE LATHER

Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.



PROPERLY softened at the base, any beard cuts easily. The problem has been to get an abundant supply of moisture deep down to the bottom of every hair—to soften the beard right where the razor does its work. For water, not shaving cream, is the real softener of your beard.

To meet this need for a scientific beard softener, Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream was developed.

It is really shaving cream in concentrated form—super water-absorbent—different in action and result from anything you have ever known before.

In this lather, the bubbles are smaller, as the microscope shows; they hold more water and much less air; they give more points of moisture contact with the beard.

So that this moisture may soak right into the beard, Colgate's first emulsifies and removes the oil film that covers every hair in the beard.

Then quickly thousands of clinging, moisture-laden bubbles penetrate deep down to the base of the beard—bring and hold an abundant supply of water in direct contact with the bottom of every hair.

Thus the entire beard becomes wringing wet—moist and pliable—softened down to the base, where the razor does its work.

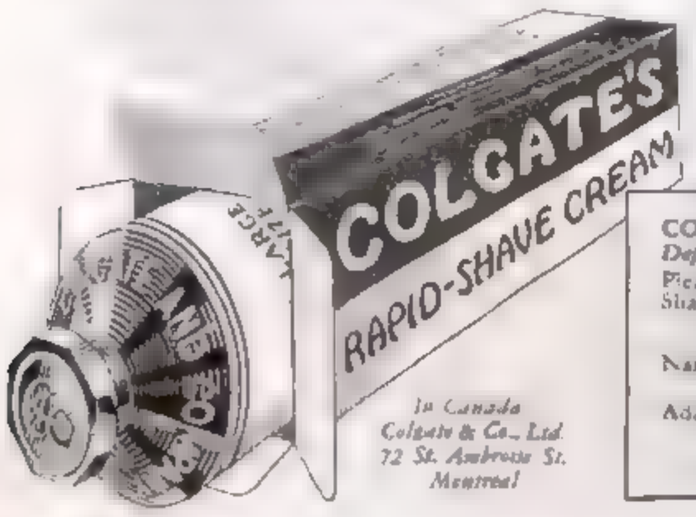
In this way the beard becomes properly softened right where the cutting takes place. "Razor pull" is entirely banished.

In addition, Colgate lather lubricates the path of the razor—lets it glide across your face without catching or dragging. And it leaves your skin clean, cool and comfortable throughout the day.

Here is a shaving experience such as you have never enjoyed before.

Test it 10 days

Clip and mail the coupon printed below—just to learn what Colgate's offers. Compare it with any other shaving method you have ever used and note the remarkable improvement it brings. Once you try Colgate's, you'll never be satisfied with any other method.



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Dept. 149-G, 581 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaves. I enclose 4

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SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

BASQUERIE

(Continued from Page 5)

glancing up from her novel. "Swimming again? Such a blessing to have skin that doesn't burn! I should have worried about you horribly, except that Duval fortunately discovered you through his field glass, out on the rocks with a strange young man. Quite a beauty, too, he said. Who was it, darling?"

"Really, I don't know," replied Emily indifferently; but her face flushed.

"Eh? You don't know?" Suzanne put down her book, interested more in the blush than in the stranger; she had not often seen Emily blush. "Yet Duval reported that you seemed to be on very friendly terms with him. What chances girls do take nowadays! Before I was married, I wouldn't have dreamed of going swimming with a man I did not know, especially in a one-piece bathing suit without stockings!" She added a bit of maternal counsel: "Always remember to sit on the far side of the rocks, darling. This place simply bristles with field glasses."

Emily, of course, had no intention of going to the point of pines as soon as it was dark. That episode was over. She was not so much ashamed of it as alarmed by it. Was her little brain storm a symptom? Could it be possible that she was getting susceptible as age crept up on her, like Suzanne? Inclined to what she called sloppiness? A Basque fisherman! Why, it was worse than a hotel director!

She invited herself to spend the night with an English spinster she knew, living over in St.-Jean-de-Luz, who had fallen in love, as plain old women often did, with Emily's cool young beauty. Miss Dibbs should be an antidote for Esteban.

But she was not. Miss Dibbs was specializing, in her mild artist fashion, on things Basque, collecting *cruches*, *ferratas*, *makhilas* and gay Basque linens. She talked constantly of her hobby. Emily, all night long, could not lose the thought of Esteban—Esteban taking her in his arms, Esteban waiting for her under the dark pines. She tossed about feverishly in Miss Dibbs' spinsterly verbena-scented sheets and listened to a *bisaufûte* played by some native lover down among the mimosas. Cool young beauty, indeed!

Her hostess was delighted with Emily's new interest in what she called "Basquerie"; took her to see the ancient church with its little ancient ship suspended from the roof in memory of some sea disaster; its triple galleries, where the men sat in tiers so as not to distract the attention of their women, who knelt below on the black praying rugs—seafaring folk having special need of the prayers of their women. She drove Emily to a graveyard to see certain inscriptions she had found on the discoid crosses there; sun symbols, moon and stars, jagged streaks to represent lightning.

"You see, they've not been Christians long, poor dears. Only a matter of a few centuries," she explained.

But they could not, after all, inspect the gravestones, because some men were playing pelota there.

"Isn't it quaint of them to use their church wall as a *frontón* to bounce the eternal ball against?" smiled Miss Dibbs indulgently.

Emily's attention was caught by another player, a splendidly built young man in white flannels confined by the usual broad red sash, whose muscles rippled under the skin like those of a young tiger, and who caught and returned the ball from the scoop-shaped wicker *chistera* on his arm with the speed and precision of a machine. Did all Basques, she wondered, look alike, or was it that she could not get Esteban out of her mind? As if drawn by her gaze, he turned toward her.

"Why," exclaimed Miss Dibbs, who had her British interest in all manly sports, "if it isn't the champion, the man who has been winning all the pelota tournaments this summer! Yes, yes, it's Urruty himself!"

It was also Esteban; and after a long unsmiling gaze at Emily, he turned quietly back to his game.

That made it a little better, she told herself ironically; he was an athlete then, as well as a sailor, carpenter, what not. It was almost like one's school days—having a crush on a baseball hero, who delivered the groceries in odd moments. Her lip curled in self-scorn.

After it was dark that night she went out alone onto the point of pines. Not that she expected to find Esteban: doubtless he had learned his lesson. The moon had not yet risen; it was dark under the trees, and quite deserted. Emily wondered where the natives did their courting out of season. She was, nevertheless, not surprised to hear his voice from the near darkness: "I have been waiting, mademoiselle."

"Waiting? When I failed you before?" she rallied him.

"I knew that you would fail the first time. Love is terrifying when it comes like this."

"You speak," she said lightly, "as if you have had a good deal of experience, my friend."

"I am a man," was the simple reply. "But to a young girl it is even more terrifying, naturally. I was well content. All night I played to you, there under the mimosa. You heard my *bisaufûte?*"

"Unfortunately, no!" Emily laughed a little. "I was not at home, Esteban. I had run away."

"Nevertheless, you heard me," he said mysteriously, and smiled. "Ah, mademoiselle, do you not know that if you do not come to me, I must come to you, always?"

It was a curious thing to have happened to Emily Weldon, of all people; Emily, who prided herself on a steady head; who knew to a hairbreadth the limit of the danger line; who had an instinct for the moment a look must be turned into a laugh, the moment champagne ceases to exhilarate and begins to relax. She had never been of those who are more kissed against than kissing, as the phrase goes; an untrammeled young modernist, she would have been ashamed not to bear her full share of anything that happened to be going. But her kisses had been experimental rather than symptomatic; she employed them as scientists employ their test tubes, very accurately.

Now her hand seemed to have lost its cunning. She, the manipulator of emotions, was being manipulated by them; she abandoned herself to this impossible affair with a native pelota player as if her father had never given her the benefit of dying counsels. True, there was no ball about at the moment to keep an eye upon.

She was with Esteban at all hours of the day and night; swam with him at dawn, spent hours out on the rocks with him—on the far side—watched the moon rise and set with him down on the beach of the lower town, where there were only native eyes to see. What, she thought sometimes angrily, was her stepmother thinking about to ask no questions? But Suzanne was probably grateful enough for liberty of her own; the girl had not the heart just then to be too severe with her in the matter of Monsieur Duval. Emily had, as usual, nobody to take care of her but herself.

And Esteban. The simple fellow's passion for her amounted to adoration; never in her experience had she been wooed with such intensity of fervor—the fiery Basque, indeed! Yet no discreet man of the world could have shown more restraint, more delicacy in his wooing. It baffled and rather annoyed her. Since she had chosen thus to fling her slipper over the hedge, who was he to decline to pick it up?

"Esteban"—she was lying in his arms out on the rocks, with only the wide Atlantic before them—"why is it you are always so—so careful of me, as if I were something

(Continued on Page 72)

Adding the wings of
LOWER PRICE
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Savings from $100 to $400 on the larger six-cylinder Chrysler Imperial "80".

	OLD PRICES	NEW PRICES	SAVINGS
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Lower prices on Chrysler Imperial "80"—one more logical and highly important step in the working-out of Walter P. Chrysler's four-car plan of Quality Standardization.

Lower prices on Chrysler Imperial "80"—following the lower price on Chrysler "70" and the astonishing price accompanying the introduction of the new, lighter Chrysler six-cylinder "60"—first fine fruits of the Chrysler plan of creating greater value by group-manufacture under one name and under one roof for the four great quality fields.

Lower prices on Chrysler Imperial "80"—opening the gates to the wider market which has been impatiently waiting to take advantage of the car as fine as money can build—the car of 80 miles an hour and more—the car of utmost luxury—*and now, unchanged in any detail, the car of incomparable value in the high-class field.*

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

(Continued from Page 70)

fragile? I'm not! Why do you never kiss me—enough?"

"It would not be possible to kiss you enough," he said under his breath, in a tone that thrilled her. "But do you not know," he added more calmly, "that with Basques, as with Americans, women are sacred?"

"You flatter my countrymen," she murmured. "Even if they'd rather not be sacred, Esteban? If they'd rather just be loved?"

"With us, it is the same thing." He repeated a legend current among his people: The Romans, in pagan days, had twitted the Basques with having only one god to worship. "It is true we have but one god," they admitted, "but we have many goddesses."

"Who are they?" asked the Romans.

"Our wives," replied the Basques.

For the first time Emily realized—realized with a pang that was part anger and part pain—that this absurd, adorable creature expected to marry her. Marry "the beautiful Miss Weldon," as the fashion sheets called her: she who had almost been the Princess Abdul, who might yet become, with luck, the Lady Emily Congers.

She urged her stepmother that night to come away from Biarritz; but Suzanne, usually of so yielding a nature, was quite firm. "You see," she explained, "it really is a matter of economy, darling. The *moustiques* aren't too bad yet, and we're practically guests of the house. Now don't get on your high horse about it! Why shouldn't we be? We've been good patrons, the hotel is practically empty, and they like to have people of our sort about; it gives tone. Besides," she added innocently, "it isn't as if we were any personal expense to Monsieur Duval, you know."

Suzanne really was a remarkable manager; what she accomplished in the way of concessions, commissions from tradespeople and the like, was quite miraculous; also mysterious. Emily gave her little mental shrug. After all, this was Suzanne's affair; she could hardly be expected to look a gift horse in the mouth.

In the end it was Esteban who decided to leave Biarritz; announced his intention quite suddenly, as they sat together in their favorite trysting place. "Tomorrow, my heart, I must go home," he said.

"Home! But I thought you lived here?"

"In the town? Ah, no, I shall never live in a town. My home is not far away, in the hills. My grandmother wants me now."

"Your grandmother!" She laughed and drew his lips down to hers. "Does your grandmother want you, do you think, as much as I do?"

"It is for the haying," he explained. "And after that comes the irrigation of the fields. Then there are some young mares to be taken at this season to the *haras*. Yes, I am needed. Also"—he exploded his bomb quietly—"my grandmother wishes to see you."

"Me?" She sat upright in his arms.

"Yes. I have written to her and to my father that I have found you at last. They are glad. It is time I should have sons. I am, since my brother's death, the heir of our *etcheonda*."

"You mean," gasped Emily, "that you are expecting to take me with you as your wife?"

"Oh, no. First they must see you; I must have my grandmother's consent. She is the head of our house." He spoke as if it were the house of princes.

The girl crowed with laughter. "This is delicious! You want to take me home with you on approval?"

"Yes," he said simply, and kissed her.

She sobered; an idea had come to her. Why not go with him, add a few days more to the idyl, away from prying eyes, away from the world—her world, with its artificial restraints? She had given him so much; if she could give him more, a little time of happiness to remember always it might lessen the hurt, afterward. It was not of herself she thought now, only of him: it had come to that. Marriage between them was, of course, not possible; but there was one sacrifice she could make on the altar of this her only love—herself; if necessary, her good name. She felt for the first time her woman's need of giving, and she had nothing else to give.

She thought rapidly. She could pretend she was going over to stay with her friend Miss Dibbs. She would see his home, his people—they had become of peculiar interest to her. She would be very sweet to them, and to Esteban. Then, having made him quite happy, she would go quietly away to her own life, as he was now going back to his. Happiness, observation had taught her, was not a thing that lasts in any case. Theirs would be shorter than most, perhaps, but at least they would have had something. She put her hand in his.

"How do we get there, Esteban? By train? By diligence?" she asked.

No, no, such ways were good enough for Basquaises. "When an American lady travels," he cried, "she travels in style!" His eyes sparkled with triumph; he was happy as a child over her consent. His plans, he confessed, were already laid. They would travel by automobile.

"But," demurred Emily with unwonted consideration—she was not accustomed to poor lovers—"I'm afraid you will find it very expensive to take an automobile, dear."

He smiled tenderly. What a good little housewife it would be! But for once they could afford to be expensive, he said. "We are not too poor, we Urruty." She had been tactless; she should have remembered his good peasant pride.

"And your grandmother—she will not be shocked by my making this journey with you, alone?"

"Shocked?" He stared a little, then smiled again. "It is not a long journey by automobile—barely a day. And my grandmother is not so easily shocked; she is not *mondaine*."

Emily felt rather foolish. Naturally, in this class there would be few conventions.

That night she asked some casual questions of Monsieur Duval, whose business it was to know as much as possible about everybody. Could he tell her something of a family named Urruty, in that neighborhood? What sort of people were they? How did they live?

The director gave her a shrewd little glance, which she noticed. Doubtless he had seen her with Esteban; but what of that?

"Urruty? It is a Basque name, not uncommon hereabouts. Living in the Basses-Pyrénées, you say? In that case they would be farmers, herdsmen. All Basques are farmers, mademoiselle; unless they are fishermen, sailors, smugglers, or shopkeepers, perhaps, or laborers ——"

"That is to say that they are working people," she interrupted impatiently—she never troubled herself to be too polite to this gentleman, which was a mistake. "There is no sort of aristocracy among them?"

He shrugged ironically. "In the American sense, no. All Basques are noble. They were ennobled as a nation some centuries ago, for services against the Saracens in the Battle of Las Navas de Tolosa. But," he murmured, slightly smiling, "it is not an effete nobility. As mademoiselle suggests, it is not too proud to sweat."

II

AS THEIR panting car wound up and up the Route des Pyrénées, leaving behind the blue curve of the Atlantic, edged with its dazzling red-roofed houses, Emily began to feel the dreamy exhilaration which comes so often in high places. It was as if the day, all gold and green and fragrant with sea and snow, had just been washed for them and hung out to dry in the sun.

"Like the clothes of the Infant Jesus," Esteban assented to her fancy, "which the Virgin Mary washes always on Saturday. That is why there is always sun on Saturday—or so say our Catholic neighbors, the Catalans."

"Basques are not Catholic then?" she asked.

"Not always. Some of us have been Huguenot. Basques are adaptable; or I should not dare be taking to my home a wife who is of what faith, mademoiselle?"

Emily shrugged. "Beauty worship, I think. In cities I go to the handsomest cathedral. I too am adaptable, you see."

He turned a serious, questioning look upon her. "Do you mean that, if I were to ask, you would be willing to become Catholic?"

"Perhaps," she said, "if you were to ask —— Anything, Esteban!"

He was deeply moved; his hand closed over hers. "Ah, mademoiselle, you make me proud—and humble."

"Too humble," she exclaimed impatiently. "Why do you still call me mademoiselle? Surely you are no longer afraid of me?"

He did not answer for a moment. Then he said very low, "Of you, no. It is for our happiness I have fear. It is too much."

The girl thrilled. This man, she realized, would be hard to get away from.

Their progress was impeded sometimes by odd vehicles; a two-wheeled cart like an ancient Roman chariot, drawn by white oxen with pads of fleece on their heads and fringe across their eyes; heavy-laden *carros* with five or six mules driven tandem; a top-heavy three-storied diligence, women seated below, behind curtains of red-checked calico, men on the banquette above, without curtains, and a curious assortment of luggage on top. The horses shied from their noisy engine to the very edge of a precipice. There was a moment of great danger; but the women did not scream, the men were silent. Only the driver muttered "Hari, Pompon! Grisette!" to his leaping horses, and went stolidly on.

Sometimes they passed men on foot, moving along easily mile after mile in their light canvas *espadrilles*, wearing hooded capes, carrying over the shoulder a two-ended bag, or *bursac*, sometimes with a big blue cotton umbrella, and always the *makhila*, a sort of alpenstock with a knife screwed inside for defense against the fierce dogs and the fiercer wild pigs of the Pyrenees.

Now and again their laboring engine had to be refreshed with water; an easy matter, since every few yards a cataract came tumbling down the mountain and added itself to the stream that flowed beside the road. Emily was reminded that she was crossing one of the world's great watersheds.

Esteban's naïve pride in his rented car's performance amused the girl, accustomed, in lack of other evidence, to select her admirers according to the make of automobile they drove. "It is no longer young," he commented, "but vigorous, like my father, who, with but one arm, has managed to marry himself a fine young wife and can still plow his field in a day."

Emily frivolously suggested that their engine sounded as if it too could plow its field in a day.

"Yes, it is a fine car," he assented in all seriousness. "Mademoiselle, I suppose, has not often driven in such a car as this?"

"Indeed, no," she confessed with truth, careful not to smile at his simplicity. But stealing a glance at him, she saw that he himself was smiling quietly. They laughed together. Perhaps he was not so simple as she thought.

Presently they came to higher, lonelier places, where they passed no vehicles at all, only now and then great pink-white cattle that lumbered across the road under the clever, anxious direction of shaggy dogs of the same color. There was everywhere a faint, blowing sound of bells and of rushing water. Far below, the little fields made a patchwork quilt of the valley, with here and there a village flatly embroidered, or a church steeple. A tiny wisp of fleece detached itself from the nearest peak and drifted toward them. The sun disappeared; a curious opaque light was around them, as if they had penetrated the heart of a moonstone. Looking down, Emily saw that the valley was no longer visible. They were above a cloud.

She shivered a little. "No, I am not cold," she told Esteban. "But I feel as if that cloud had come between me and any world I know—blotted it out completely. It is my turn," she said a little wanly, "to feel rather frightened."

He stopped the car and got out for her a hooded cape such as the peasants they passed had worn. It was so heavy she could hardly lift it.

"My grandmother had it made on the place out of the wool of our own black sheep, and sent it to me in your New York for fear I should be cold there."

New York—the name seemed strange to her. She had a momentary vision of Esteban stalking along Fifth Avenue with his shepherd's cape and *bursac* and *makhila*, attracting from the crowds as they passed no more attention than they gave the great blond Swede who used to exercise along Fifth Avenue on winter days in white flannels [illegible], his blouse open at the [illegible] memory of those hurrying, indifferent crowds frightened her far more than the realization that she was alone, high above civilization, lost in the mountain peaks with a man who loved her. It would take more than a shepherd's cape to keep one warm in New York.

"Will mademoiselle have a bouquet?" Esteban suggested, smiling.

She saw that though they had passed the timber line, the bleak slope was covered with millions of little flowers—bluebells, buttercups, gentian, exquisite rare ferns.

"They say it is the blood of Roland that brings so many flowers here," he told her.

"What—our Roland? 'Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came ——'"

"Our Roland, too," he reminded her. "It was here at Roncesvalles that he blew the great horn and died. Our children know him well—my little stepbrother had once a tin sword and a hobbyhorse, called Durandel and Veillantif, after the sword and horse of Roland; and even now his sheep dog is named Olivier for Roland's friend. We do not forget easily, we Basques! They call our country 'the land where time delays.'"

She repeated it after him rather wistfully—"The land where time delays."

"And it was here also," he added, "that my brother died."

"You mean during the war?"

"No, he was caught smuggling. Our grandmother was so angry with him that she would not look upon his dead face."

Emily asked sympathetically, "Because she felt the—disgrace of it?"

His eyebrows lifted. "There was no disgrace. With us, smuggling is a matter of principle—there should be no tax on necessities between Basques of Spain and Basques of France. It is not a just tax; therefore we ignore it. We would never, of course, bribe a guard, nor attack him; and my brother, who was of a very sensitive honor, felt that he should not even defend himself from a guard, since the man was but doing his duty. So it was that he happened to be killed. But our grandmother was very angry. She felt that he should first have remembered his duty to the *etcheonda*, as oldest son of an oldest son; he who had been trained for the land, as I was not."

"But why is your father not the heir himself then?"

"His second marriage has displeased my grandmother," said Esteban. "He took a wife from Béarn, where the women are fat and lazy—lowland folk. She is not fitted to succeed my grandmother. The head of a house, with us, appoints the heir," he explained, "and his wife becomes in time the head of the house. You," he added softly, "will, if I outlive my grandmother, become in time the head of our house." His eyes shone at the thought.

A qualm of compunction touched Emily; also a growing dread of the old Spartan matriarch who took her family inheritance so seriously.

(Continued on Page 77)

What do you mean—"INDEPENDENCE"?

We celebrate "Independence Day" by paying extra tribute to the most crushing tyrant that has ever scourged this country of ours.

Fire—cruel, ruthless, malignant—exacts a greater toll than any despot ever did, and we free Americans, whose stalwart ancestors shed their blood for freedom, pay greater taxes to Fire than any nation on earth.

Celebrate Independence Day this year by striking a blow at Fire. Begin now to discourage every move that increases the risk of fire.

Your local Hartford Agent is well equipped to help you. His friendly aid and sound advice will secure you real protection. He will write you a policy in the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, an organization that has demonstrated its strength and unquestioned integrity by more than a century of fair dealing.

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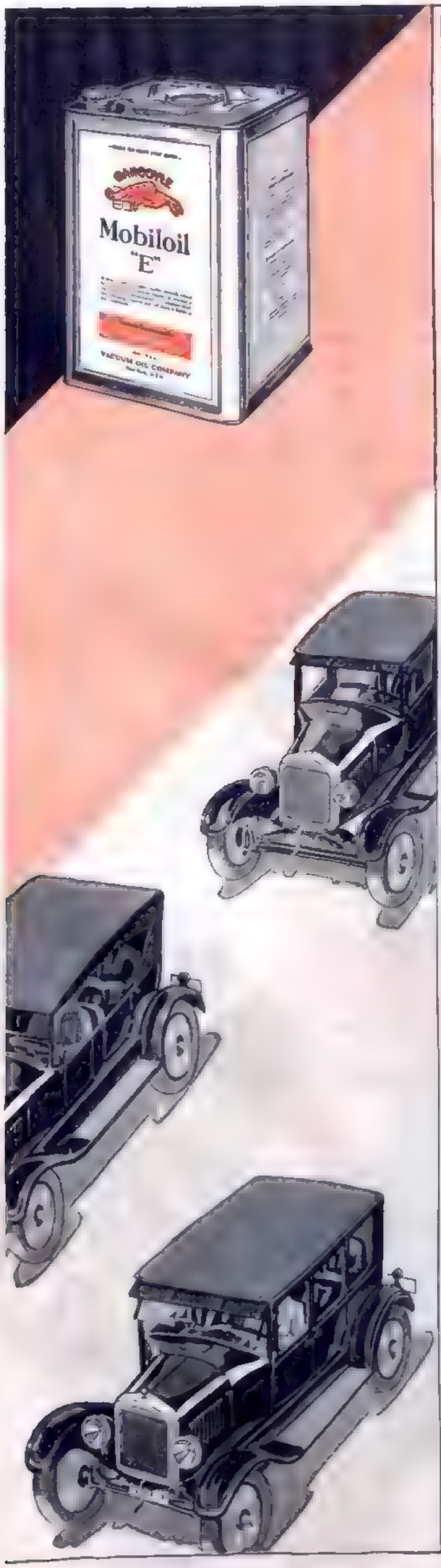
The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life.



New sati for Ford

Mobiloil "E" further impr driving action than yo

FOR years, Mobiloil "E" has been noted for the superior results it has given in the Ford engine. The benefits secured have centered largely around the remarkable freedom from carbon troubles. Probably more engine troubles come from carbon than from any one other cause. Such troubles include noise, overheating, faulty valve action and loss of power.

In addition to its protection against carbon, other outstanding characteristics of Mobiloil "E" are:

It atomizes freely and distributes to every frictional surface.
Through its unusually high quality, it gives complete lubricating protectio

But not satisfied even with the superiority of Mobiloil "E" as it has been produced, the Mobiloil engineers and chemists have been constantly experimenting and improving this oil.

Long study and many experiments have resulted in retaining all of the unusual qualities of Mobiloil "E" while adding characteristics that will enable it to keep the transmission bands soft and pliable and prevent any tendency toward jerky action through gripping of the bands.

This improved Mobiloil "E" has been in production about four months and dealers everywhere now have it on sale.

What causes transmission band trouble?

Irregular action in the Ford transmission bands comes largely from:

1. Incorrect adjusting of the bands.
2. Worn out linings.
3. Lubricating oil of wrong character.
4. Lubricating oil in poor condition (diluted or dirty).

Where the bands are kept in good condition and in proper adjustment, the use of Mobiloil "E" will eliminate this difficulty. But when the bands are neglected or the wrong oil used, the surfaces of the bands which bear upon the drums may become glazed over and hardened. It is the contact of those dry, unlubricated friction surfaces that causes so-called "chatter."

The improved Mobiloil "E" will keep the transmission bands soft and pliable, and the

Less carbon – less

Vacuum Oil Company Headquarters: 61 BROADWA

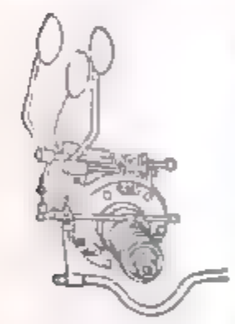
sfaction Owners

oved to provide smoother i have ever experienced

eliminate "chatter" without interfering with the correct lubrication of the Ford engine.

Other points in Ford lubrication

To get the best results from your Ford engine, oil must be chosen with great care. The lubricating system employed in the Ford power plant is of somewhat unusual design. The oil reservoir is so located that the flywheel revolves in oil, acting as a pump by means of which the oil is fed to a tube which delivers it by gravity to the timing gear case at the front of the engine. From here it flows through troughs under the connecting rods back to the oil reservoir. The connecting rods splash the oil in the troughs, forming a mist or spray which lubricates all the bearing surfaces in the engine. A light-bodied oil is required to assure a well-atomized mist of oil.



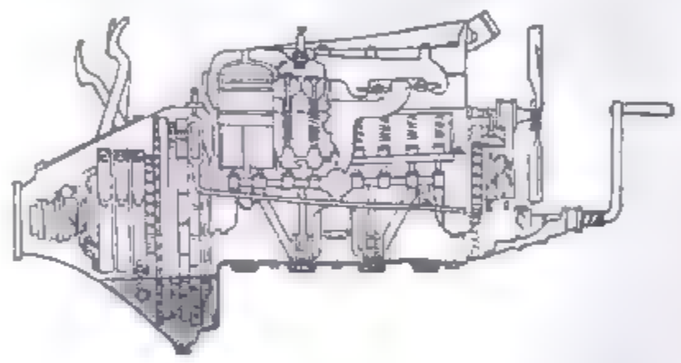
The flywheel also splashes the oil onto the clutch and transmission. Here again the need is for a light-bodied oil to lubricate the close-fitting bearings in the transmission. An incorrect or heavier oil would cause an actual drag of the clutch and prevent proper engagement when the foot is released from the clutch pedal.

The lubricating oil is subjected to extreme temperatures and pressures while in use.

Mobiloil "E" meets the requirements of this system with scientific exactness. It is light in body, atomizes readily, reaches all friction points and has the quality and character to stand up under the extreme heat and pressure.

How often should you change oil?

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" could be used indefinitely in the Ford engine if it were not for the contamination of fuel, road dust, metal particles, and other foreign substances, which find their way into the oil reservoir. To protect the engine against the harmful effects of such contamination it is necessary to drain off all used oil at proper intervals and refill the crankcase with fresh oil. As there is a wide variation in the manner in which cars are operated and maintained, it is difficult to designate a definite draining period in each individual case.



Our recommendations for the Ford car are to drain at the end of the first 500 miles in the case of a new car and thereafter every 750 miles in summer and every 500 miles in winter. Even greater mileage may safely be secured from Mobiloil "E" when careful attention is given to the following precautionary measures:

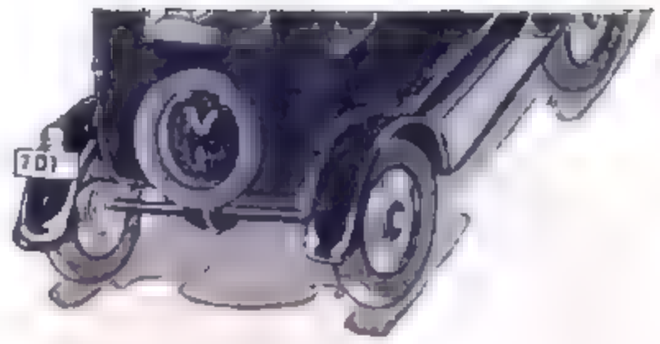
1. Avoid excessive use of the choke.
2. Adjust the carburetor properly to avoid rich mixtures.
3. Keep the ignition in good order and do not operate the engine when spark plugs are misfiring.
4. Use a radiator cover in winter and keep the operating temperatures high.
5. Avoid excessive idling.

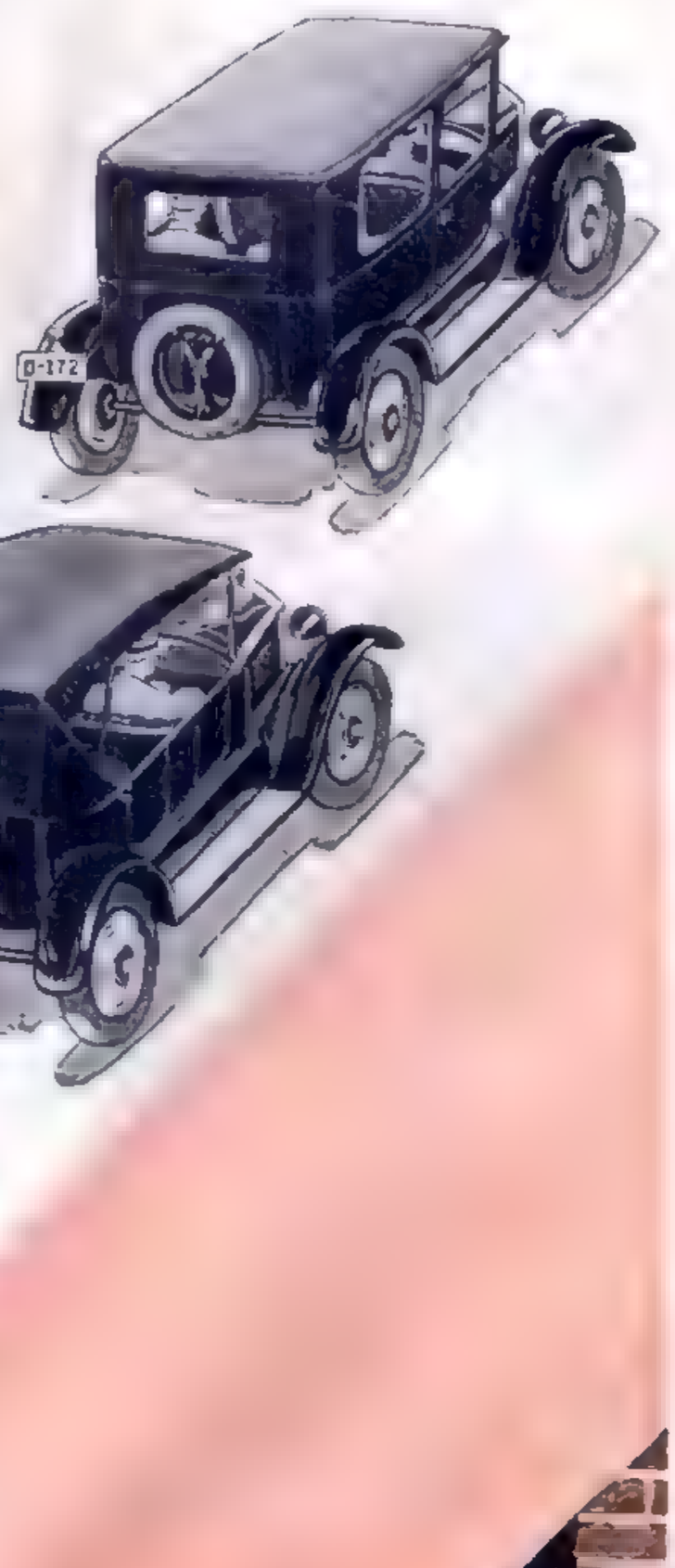
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the Vacuum Oil Company's special oil for Ford engines. It is scientifically correct for both summer and winter use. Your dealer carries it or can easily get it for you.

Mobiloil "E" is sold in 5-gallon cans, cased and in convenient tipper boxes, and in 10-gallon and still larger steel drums.

For touring convenience, for camping and for emergency needs, you can also get it in 1-quart cans, 2 or 3 of which may be tucked easily under the seat of your Ford.

oise – no jerky action





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Waste, Roped and Hog-Tied

The perpetual round-up of Waste has taken Industry in many directions. But the base of the problem is largely in the very innards of individual machines of all kinds. Now, with Timken Tapered Roller Bearings, every user and maker of machinery can ride down many of the costliest forms of Waste.

Wherever a Timken Bearing is used the old, soft, rubbing bearings are displaced by steel-to-steel *rolling* motion. Gone is excess friction and the need for constant lubrication. Power consumption may be 30% less, which is possible only because Timken Bearings function equally well under both radial and thrust loads.

Timkens also provide the higher load capacity of Timken-made steel and Timken Tapered design, with positively aligned rolls. This multiplies rigidity, endurance and the output. Higher load capacity favors initial design too, through simplified mountings, reduced weight, and a whole train of refinements. Hence first cost does not mount to offset Timken operating economies.

Industry is so vitally concerned that many of the most highly reputed makes of equipment are being engineered around Timken Bearings. They are going into electric motors, engines, power transmission systems, machine tools, materials handling devices, rolling stock and most other types of machinery.

Schooled by 150,000,000 successful bearing applications, Timken offers broad counsel to makers and users of machinery. Ask to have a Timken Industrial Engineer call on you.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

(Continued from Page 72)

"How do you know that I shall please your grandmother any better than the lazy Béarnaise?" she murmured.

"It is not possible," he said with quiet conviction, "that you could fail to please her."

She kissed him for that. He put her away suddenly, however, as if he were listening. "There—do you hear?"

It was a faint little airy music coming down from above them, together with a tinkle of sheep bells; a thin elfin sound, infinitely lonely, breathing of sun and wind and peace. It seemed the very voice of the Pyrenees.

"A bird?" she whispered.

He shook his head. "It is my little brother, who plays the *chirilion* to amuse his sheep and to keep himself from fear of spirits." He smiled. "Our high pastures are near La Rhune"—he indicated the tallest of the black peaks—"which is the abode of the devil, and Ignacio is timid for his years. My father's wife spoils him; she did not even wish that he should take his year with the sheep."

He explained their custom of sending a boy, when he was twelve, to guard the flocks in the high pastures for a year, quite alone, in order to make of him a man.

"A man at twelve years!" exclaimed Emily pityingly.

"A man at birth, if he is Basque," was the calm reply. "But he must learn to know it."

After all, it was no worse than the English custom of sending even younger lads away to the brutality of the public schools.

"I don't blame your father's wife," said Emily. "Did you too have your year alone with the sheep, poor little Esteban?"

"Naturally. It was a very good year. That was when I came to enjoy books. I have brought some books to Ignacio."

He cupped his hands about his mouth and shouted, "Nacio! Nacio!" The echoes came back to them, rebounding from cliff to cliff, faintly and more faint—Nacio-o-o, Nacio-o-o. He put two fingers into his mouth and whistled, sharp and shrill.

Presently they saw movement far above, near the snow line. Sheep appeared; then a dog, bounding eagerly; then a boy's thin little figure descending toward them in great leaps, using his *makhila* as a vaulting pole, hurling himself recklessly down the rock-strewn slope.

"Hi, Olivier—*sois sage, mon cher!*" laughed Esteban, putting down the great dog that leaped upon him, whining with joy, while the grinning, eager lad, seeing Emily, stopped short, shy as one of his own sheep, ready to run away.

Esteban caught him in both arms and they kissed on either cheek. It touched Emily to see such obviously male creatures so unashamed of their affection. Then he led the boy to her, murmuring something in Basque.

"*B'jou'*, madame," Nacio muttered, in an agony of bashfulness. Esteban, laughing, whispered again. "I mean—ma'm'-selle!" groaned the boy; and then Emily, to put him out of his misery, bent and kissed him herself.

"I—give you welcome—*belle-sœur!*" he gasped unprompted, and turned and fled. Esteban had to run after him to give him the books and a box of sweets he had brought.

They left him halfway up the mountain, near his sheep, staring after them wistfully, the dog beside him staring, too, waving a bushy tail in farewell.

"Nacio will not have to play his *chirilion* tonight," said his brother. "He will be too happy."

"With that great box of chocolates?"

"With the memory of his kiss," said Esteban. "We Basques know how to remember. Ah, Emily—Emily!" He did not call her mademoiselle again.

They lunched deliciously, on the terrace of a crude little inn down the next valley, on trout caught before their eyes, wild mountain strawberries and soured cream; with the golden wine of Jurançon, in which they had bathed the little Henry of Navarre at birth to make him strong. He, too, seemed a familiar hero of the day. Afterward, to make more palatable the thick Spanish coffee, Esteban ordered her a little glass of that liqueur compounded of flowers and fire which Basques call Yzarra. The *patronne* of the inn, a thickset peasant woman, shared this with them, speaking to Esteban by name, staring anxiously and inimically at Emily.

"She doesn't seem to like me," murmured Emily in English.

"She is not accustomed to Americans of your sort," he explained. "Only to the kind who rush past in motor lorries, staring and laughing and pointing with the finger as if one were not there. My people love their privacy. That is why strangers are never able to learn the Eskuara."

She began to dread the meeting with Esteban's family. It would have been pleasant to linger at this humble, clean little place, to go no farther. Why should they hurry? After all, it was not to see his grandmother that she had come with Esteban.

She caught at his hand, as he was rising to get the car. "Must we?" she whispered. "Can't we stay here a while?"

"There is still a long way to go over these winding roads, and the night comes early here in the valleys."

"What of that? What," she murmured, "if it should overtake us here?" Languor was gaining upon her, a dreamy content. Nothing mattered but to be with him, away from yesterdays and tomorrows. It was so, she thought, that a happy bride must feel a bride who had married for love.

But he rallied her in great amusement. "Who is the shy one now? You do not wish to see my home, then? You would like to turn and run away, like Nacio?"

She pulled him down to murmur against his lips, "I want nothing but you—you! To have you hold me in your arms, keep me ——"

He laughed tenderly. "I should not have given you the Yzarra," he observed. "It is a man's drink, too fiery for little unaccustomed heads of girls."

She pushed him away and jumped to her feet, very angry. Was he too simple to understand—or did he prefer not to understand? Had he the impertinence to try to teach her, Emily Weldon, a lesson?

She did not speak to him again for some time, but apparently he failed to notice her silence. As they neared his home his spirits soared higher and higher; he began to sing, half under his breath, those melancholy little songs with which primitive peoples express joy. Sometimes the words were unintelligible, but when they were in French, Emily was constrained to listen. One was about a bird which pined in the cage until it was released, and then pined for the cage again. Another was about a valley, such as the deep and narrow *pass* they were traversing, down which stream and road hurried together toward the distant plains and the cities:

"The valley of Andoce, oh, the long valley,
Three times it has broken my heart ——"

sang Esteban; and added soberly, "That is a song for my grandmother. Three times it has broken her heart, indeed, this valley—once when all her sons and grandsons together marched down it to the war, from which only three returned; once when they brought her the body of my brother which she was too angry to look at—but she has never laughed since; and once when they carried down to the churchyard my own little mother, whom she loved better than any child of her own, because she was small and delicate and rare, like you. But now," he said—"now joy is coming to her up 'the long valley'!"

Again compunction smote the girl. They were going too fast for her, these few hours together. She forgot to be angry with him, made him stop the car now and again so that they might listen awhile to the cowbells and sheep bells, to the Angelus from a steeple far below. How simple life was for these people, how pure and clean! A song of her own land ran through her head, in fragments:

"Watching the white mist stealing
O'er valley and mead and town,
Like children with violets playing ——"

Had she ever been a child playing with violets? She began to cry a little—why, she did not know. It could hardly be an exciting pastime, playing with violets.

Esteban kissed the tears away as they fell, asking no questions. Perhaps he attributed them to the Yzarra.

The shadows were purpling when they came in sight of Esteban's home, from below—a large timbered farmhouse of orange-toned plaster, stained with great age, a queer little turret at one corner, the inevitable high balcony facing the east—a remnant of the old sun worship. Above the arched doorway she made out a sort of defaced escutcheon.

"Why, Esteban, is it a coat of arms?"

He explained that every family which had provided an alcalde was entitled to such an escutcheon over the doorway; but that the alcalde might be the village blacksmith, the tailor, any man whom his neighbors elected at the yearly junta as suitable to fill the position.

"We have had several alcaldes from our house—my father is alcalde now." He added carelessly, "It is a nuisance for a busy man, but one does not refuse."

There was a woman's figure visible in the arch of the doorway.

"That will be Stancia, my brother's widow," remarked Esteban. "She always watches for me. I should tell you that there has been thought among the elders of our marrying. She is good with the ménage, a great help to my grandmother. It would be a pity for her to marry away from our family. But that, I believe, she will never do."

"Why not?" demanded Emily with a sudden stab of jealousy. "Because she is in love with you?"

"I think so," he replied simply. "And she has tempted me—it is always tempting to be loved. But it seems more suitable that she remain true to my brother's memory."

The sentiment, thought Emily, was creditable, but a little hard on Stancia. Was the suttee idea a remnant of their Eastern origin?

"Esteban," she asked suddenly, "have many women—tempted you?"

He shrugged. "Oh, yes; there are many strong, handsome girls here in our valleys. The Spanish are very beautiful, as you know; and in France—what a look they have out of the eye! Up alone with the sheep or out on the ocean, a man has time to think of women. But you take them in your arms, and what is there but the dream? You kiss them on the painted red lips, and even the dream is gone. One like another."

"But me, my dear? What did you find in me?" This was a new Esteban here against his own background—rather a startling one.

He turned and looked at her tenderly. "A need," he said; "a need of help—little white butterfly buffeting the wind with its wings."

His insight chagrined her—she who had thought herself condescending to his simplicity. She caught at his arm. "It's true, Esteban. I do need help. I'm so tired of—buffeting the wind. Oh, hold me! Try to hold me if you can."

His hand closed over hers. "I shall hold you," he promised.

As they neared the house, he in turn asked a question—his first, yet it showed her that he knew far more of her affairs than she of his.

"That lady whom you sometimes call mamma was the wife of your father?"

"Of course!" Emily flushed a little. He had put it oddly.

"And before that she was married to another man—who still lives?"

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Contentment in every draw—cards or tobacco

Pipe-smoking card-player finds his tobacco keeps him happy, winning or losing

A new slant on pipe-smoking contentment is brought to light by Mr. W. H. Doughty, a furniture dealer of Greenville, Tenn.

A discovery made during a card game has evidently made him a life member of the Edgeworth Club.

Read what he writes:

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.
My dear Sirs.

For twenty years I have been engaged in retailing furniture. On rainy days my partner and I call up some of our friends and invite them down to a little poker game.

In this melange of our selection there happened to be a fellow by the name of Austine—a tobacco dealer. This fellow Austine was a most consistent loser—but losing never seemed to affect his morale.

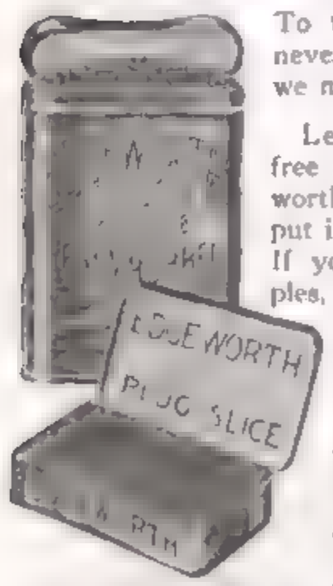
His conduct became a study with me. My winning and losing moods were reflected in my actions. When winning I was the good fellow. When losing I was the grouch. All this time I noticed Mr. Austine, the tobacco dealer, sitting back unperturbed, pulling away on his pipe—contented—at peace with the world—winning or losing.

Finally I put the matter up to Mr. Austine for a solution. He said, "Major (my poker title by brevet), there is no mystery to that—my contentment is due to the tobacco I smoke. When I need a friend in poker or business—Edgeworth has never failed me. It carries contentment in every draw—whether the cards run good or bad."

The next time I visited the Mason Corner Tobacco Shop I purchased some of this Edgeworth. It has made a new man out of me. I can look them in the face and smile—smile—smile whether they run good or bad.

If you ever indulge in poker or any other losing business, my advice is—fill up the old pipe on Edgeworth and as the delightful fragrance fills the air you will be at peace with the world.

Sincerely,
W. H. Doughty.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1T S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth station. Wave length 256 meters.

"Yes"—fortunately enough, Emily thought, since that gentleman's alimony formed a large part of their income.

"We shall not speak of this to my grandmother," he suggested quietly. "In all respects, Basques are not adaptable. There is no word in our language," he added with his terrible simplicity, "for adultery."

They had reached the doorway, from which a young woman in a black mantilla stepped out to them. "You are late, Esteban. La madre has been long expecting you," she said in a tone of reproof; but how her eyes smoldered as she looked at him! She turned to Emily with the light dying out, and said politely, "Enter, mademoiselle. You are welcome."

That night, alone in an enormous room with a high square bed in each of the four corners—fortunately there happened to be no other guests to share the Urruty hospitality at the moment—Emily tried to fix the impressions of the day on her memory. There was a curious mixture in her mind of peace with perturbation, strangeness with a blessed familiarity, as if she had come home—she who knew no home; as if this ancient hacienda in the hills, shelter to many generations of a people utterly foreign to her, were her shelter too, her stem house. Perhaps—and the thought thrilled while it startled her—it meant that this home of Esteban's was to be the home of Urrutys yet to come who would be her children, her children's children.

She shook the thought away, tried to wake from it as from a nightmare. What was she dreaming of?—she, Emily Weldon, marrying into a family of peasants! Even Esteban, with his promise to hold her—or was it a threat?—could not make her commit such a folly as that.

The *etcheonda* in which he took such pride had been disappointing on closer inspection. Picturesque, yes; but primitive to an appalling degree. The fine arch of the door led into nothing more than a cobbled runway to the stable yard beyond, where manure was more than evident. There were horses stabled in the house itself, beneath the room where she lay. Opposite the stalls, they had entered a sort of hall or entrance chamber of great size, but without furniture. Farm implements and harness seemed to be stored there. Inside the door she had noticed a long row of high-peaked wooden sabots, like those worn by Stancia, who added her own to the rest.

"Here our people thresh grain and hold the harvest feasts," Esteban told her. "A fine floor for the dance, eh, Stancia?" He put an affectionate arm about his sister-in-law, from which the young widow visibly shrank. "You should see this Stancia in the farandole! She used to be the prettiest dancer in the valleys. Ah, but you shall see her—at our wedding." He seemed unconscious of cruelty, in his boyish happiness to have brought the woman he loved into the home he loved.

From this bleak hall a flight of worn stone stairs led to chambers above, where Emily glimpsed something of the treasures that are often hidden in these old hill homes of a seafaring, pirate people. Tall *armoires*, rich with dim gold and red and blue; great carved chests, chairs of stamped Spanish leather, faded arras and soft-toned thread-bare velvets against the plastered wall; intermingled with highly colored lithographs of saints and martyrs.

But Stancia, giving her barely time to make herself neat, hurried her down to the supper table.

"La madre is waiting," she said, as if it were sufficient explanation of any haste.

The room into which Emily was led appeared to be a kitchen, a stone-flagged chamber of great size, with two large chimneys, in one of which she noted the anachronism of a modern iron cookstove. Vessels of brass and copper gleamed fitfully, festoons of dried peppers and garlic hung from the beams, a long narrow table was covered at one end with a red damask cloth, and about it people sat eating.

But to Emily everything in the room was dwarfed in interest by the woman at the head of the table—not a large figure, but one of great dignity; white hair brushed straight up from a dark wrinkled face more Oriental than Spanish in type, with the flat features, high cheek bones and serene immobility of an ancient Buddha. Only the eyes were not old. They flashed with interest, vitality, surprising youth. Without rising, she motioned Emily courteously to a seat at her right hand, beside Esteban, who stood awaiting her.

Opposite, his father also stood waiting, a soldierly looking man with an empty sleeve pinned across his blouse, who bowed stiffly but with a shy quick smile for her, like Esteban's. This was Pedro Urruty, who bore apparently no ill will to the mother who had deposed him in favor of his son as heir. Beside him sat the fat young wife from Béarn; and there were several children, all girls. At the far end of the table, beyond the damask cloth, were other men and women, who made no attempt to rise or to greet her, merely stared and swallowed and stared again. These were evidently farm laborers. There was no service of any sort. People helped themselves at will out of dishes on the table. Now and then the daughter-in-law, Stancia, apparently the cook, replenished these with food hot from the stove.

It was a strangely patriarchal scene, impressive in its very simplicity. Emily felt as if she had stepped into the pages of the Old Testament. They spoke little to one another, and to her not at all; yet she felt no embarrassment, since they seemed to feel none. The business of the moment was obviously to eat. At the end of the meal, Stancia handed the matriarch a large vessel of pewter shaped like the pottery water *cruches* to be found anywhere in the South of France, with a handle and a spout.

"It is the *pourru*. They drink the *régalade* in our honor!" whispered Esteban to Emily, evidently much pleased. It passed from hand to hand down the table. Each drinker lifted the vessel above his head and inclined it so that the liquid streamed into his mouth, without touching the spout with the lips. Emily gathered that this was a point of etiquette rather than of sanitation, and was able by the time the *pourru* came to her hands to drink in the same manner, without spilling a drop. For the first time the old woman smiled.

"This girl is quick. We shall make of her a good little Basquaise!" she remarked to Esteban; but she spoke in French, and Emily was evidently expected to hear.

Then Pedro Urruty made a sign, and suddenly every man at the table sprang to his feet with a high wild shout, as startling as a Confederate rebel yell or a Highland clan call.

"It is the *irrasina*, our battle cry," explained Esteban, his eyes shining. "These men have fought with us." He put his hand up in a brief military salute of acknowledgment.

Emily was oddly moved by the little ceremony. So might a young lord of feudal days have been greeted by his vassals. She did not mind the frank category of questioning that followed; it seemed quite in keeping.

What, inquired the old woman briefly, was the amount of her dot? Mr. Weldon, who knew his Europe, had fortunately been able to lay aside a modest sum for this purpose, which the amiable generosity of Suzanne had left so far unimpaired. Emily mentioned it.

"It should buy you those meadows from the Etcheverray," remarked the old woman casually to her grandson. And mademoiselle was orphaned? In that case, who was empowered to arrange her marriage?

Emily explained that in America young women sometimes performed this service for themselves. The matriarch glanced at Esteban for corroboration. He nodded. "*C'est l'habitude, ma mère.*"

The Americans, remarked Madame Urruty, were still *un peu sauvage* then? However, one had heard they were a virtuous people. And mademoiselle's religious faith?

She seemed very little disturbed when Emily admitted that she had none in particular.

"Eh, well, these things arrange themselves," she commented indifferently. "That is an affair of the priests. A loving and obedient young wife—there should be little difficulty." She shrugged. Perhaps Esteban had already hinted that his fiancée might prove adaptable.

Then, somewhat to Emily's dismay, the old woman had come to her and kissed her, ceremoniously but very kindly, on each cheek. Pedro Urruty did likewise, followed by everyone at the table except the farm servants, who continued to stare and masticate. And so Emily, the beautiful Miss Weldon of the fashion sheets, found herself accepted as the affianced bride of a Basque hill farmer, shut off behind the Pyrenees from the far-away, vague, unreal world she had left only that morning.

She lay there listening, quivering to the thought that she was at last under the same roof with her lover. Through open windows, a breath of the near-by snow fields stirred the heavy woolen curtains of the bed, mingled with a delicious fragrance from the beehives in the courtyard. Esteban had shown them to her, gay little houses painted in colors like flowers, his grandmother's pride.

"There are no such bees as the bees of our valley," he said. "La madre's hydromel is famous throughout the Basses-Pyrénées. You do not know hydromel? It is the honey wine; in England they call it mead."

She was aware, lying there, of many unaccustomed sounds; always the faint, far tinkle of herd bells, the whisper of rushing water; below her, in their stalls, the munching and moving of drowsy beasts. Presently voices from the next room became audible in the stillness—high voices of little girls, with now and then a deeper note. Apparently the family of Pedro Urruty were talking her over from their bed, chiefly in French for the benefit of the Béarnaise mother, though there were phrases of Spanish and Basque also—the household seemed to be trilingual.

"But how white, maman, how white her skin! And such little, little feet, like a princess. Silk stockings on them ——"

"And silk lingerie also; I have seen it when she crossed the knees."

"But certainly, that was easy," mocked an older voice. "Crossing the knees! Fine behavior for your princess, hein? Such a useful wife she will make in the house! Not only the feet are ridiculous but the whole person. What breasts, what hips! *Il n'y a rien du tout.* Esteban would have done better to take Stancia, who is mad for him. Did you notice, my Pedro, how she could not keep from touching him at the table, the poor girl? What sort of children will this one bear him, I ask you—pygmies?"

"Would you have her bear him—pigs?" It was the masculine murmur of Esteban's father to the rescue. "True, there is less of her than of yourself, my angel, which is to be regretted; but, after all, it is livestock we select for the weight, rather than wives."

Emily smiled into her pillow. Evidently she had a strong ally in the elder Urruty. But, of course, the woman was right. What was she doing in such a place? There must be only another day of it.

She sighed and fell asleep at last; to be startled half awake by a hand trying her door, softly opening it. So her lover had been dreaming of her then, as she of him—needing her!

"Esteban! You have come?" she whispered into the darkness.

A woman's voice replied dryly, "No, it is not Esteban. I bring the little *déjeuner*. La madre suggests that if mademoiselle would dress quickly —— We go to the mass early, since there is still hay to be stacked."

III

CHAGRINED and resentful, Emily sipped the thick hot chocolate Stancia had brought her, spiced with cinnamon,

(Continued on Page 80)

A Good Used Studebaker

offers more for your money than a cheaply-built new car

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MANY shrewd buyers realize that it is sensible economy to buy a fine used Studebaker with a great deal of unused quality transportation rather than a cheaply constructed new car.

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This is because enormous excess mileage is built into every Studebaker. Records show it can not be exhausted in two or three years of ordinary service. From the standpoint of available mileage, the average Studebaker has only been "limbered up" after traveling twenty to twenty-five thousand miles.

In a recent advertisement in this publication, Studebaker listed 274 owners who had each driven their Studebaker cars 100,000 miles—some 200,000 and even 300,000 miles. Since this list was published, the factory has received additional reports, increasing the total to 711 owners—and more reports are coming in every day. Could there be more convincing proof of the scores of thousands of miles of quality transportation built into Studebaker cars?

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on Used Car Sales

1 All used cars offered to the public shall be honestly represented.

If a car is suitable only for a mechanic who can rebuild it, or for some one who expects only a few months' rough usage on a camping trip, it must be sold on that basis. Each car must be sold for just what it is.

2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

This is possible because tremendous reserve mileage has been built into every Studebaker, which it is impossible to exhaust in years.

3 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.

The public can deal in confidence and safety only with the dealer whose policy is "one price only—the same price to all." For, to sell cars on this basis, every one of them must be honestly priced to begin with.

4 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used.

It is assumed, of course, that the car has not been smashed up by collision or other accident in the meantime.

Not only to the public, but also to The Studebaker Corporation of America, whose cars we sell, we pledge adherence to the above policy in selling used cars.

By Your Studebaker Dealer

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(Continued from Page 78)

and nibbled at a sweet cake which she wished had been a roll. Mass, at such an hour—or at any hour, for that matter!

It was broad daylight when she was wakened at last by four eyes gazing fixedly at her, two belonging to a large dog and two to a very small girl.

"Myself, I am Bette," said the little girl, when she was sure of complete attention, "and this one is Nagarro. We have been left to guard you. We are doing so."

The rest of the household, it appeared, had gone to mass. She, being of a responsible nature, had been given the position of trust.

"But Esteban?" asked Emily. "Where is he?"

"Also at mass. La madre wished for his company."

Emily began to be thoroughly out of patience with this matriarchate. To be left, on her last day with Esteban, to the company of a child! The glamour of her adventure suddenly palled. An idea came to her of getting away without the necessity of farewells. She would take the automobile that had brought them and leave before the household returned—unless Esteban had already taken it.

But no, the responsible Bette assured her, it waited under a shed, hidden away from the brood mares, which must not be frightened at this season. She, Bette, had no such matronly fears; in fact, Esteban had promised to drive her in the automobile, if she succeeded in keeping mademoiselle well amused during his absence. Therefore she had prepared quite a program of entertainment. First, they would inspect the poultry yard, her especial charge; then by natural progression the pigsties and the dovecot; next the dairy, and the looms where the winter's cloth was weaving. Was mademoiselle a friend of bees? Otherwise they might resent intrusion. Mademoiselle was not? A pity! But at least she should see the children who had been born to Gathid recently under the brew house.

"Who," asked Emily, "is Gathid?"

"Gathid? But she is as always the house cat, mademoiselle! And surely of an age to know better. However, if they were kept a secret, la madre would not be able to have her children drowned as usual in the water butt." Cats were, of course, creatures of the devil; and la madre felt that one Gathid was sufficient to represent the devil in any household.

Here, thought Emily, was a people who took no chances—they went to mass, but they managed to keep also on neighborly terms with the devil. On further consideration she decided to remain and see what Bette had to offer. She had never known any children except of the unnatural hotel variety; and there was something about this little future matriarch that caught her fancy, reminded her disarmingly of Esteban, in a smaller and fatter manifestation.

She was almost sorry when they saw the household returning from mass; quite a cavalcade, the men riding mules or horses, the women in a large white-hooded tartane, all except the matriarch, a stately old figure in her voluminous black cape and thimble-shaped hat, who rode a tall, spirited horse, mounted sidewise on a Spanish saddle with a shelf for the feet. The other women had black scarfs over their heads, and Stancia carried a tall brass candlestick tied in crêpe.

"See, she has burned another candle for her husband, who is dead," commented the informative Bette. "Tante Stancia is very devout. She will enter religion if Esteban does not marry her, perhaps."

Emily felt sudden pity for the woman Esteban did not love.

He came to her, running like a boy. "To see you waiting so at the door of my house—what happiness! And you have made friends with the little sister. You have not been bored?"

"Not for a moment," she said with truth. "But she has made me feel ignorant, Esteban, and singularly useless."

He smiled tenderly. "Ah, you will not feel useless long, my Emily! La madre will soon find something for you to do. There! You see?"

"Esteban! My son!" It was the matriarch's stern voice calling. "Why do you two idle there? Do you forget the hay?"

He smote himself reproachfully on the brow and hurried away, calling out orders.

This was rather more than Emily had bargained for. "Surely, madame," she protested, "you do not work in your fields on Sunday?"

"Why not?" The old woman's eyes twinkled. "They are good Catholic fields, blessed yearly with the embers of Saint Jean. And the rain, my child, is no respecter of holidays—look where clouds gather about La Rhune." She pointed toward the somber peak that broods over the range to the west, and raised her voice: "*Vite, vite*, Pedro, Bette, all of you! The rakes and make haste! We eat no more today until the hay is up."

There seemed nothing for Emily to do but follow down to the fields. The children made a great business of finding her sabots small enough, a wide hat to protect her beautiful whiteness. She asked for a rake as well.

"But you, mademoiselle, who are still a guest? La madre will not expect it of you," they protested, delighted nevertheless. They led her in triumph to the meadows, where the entire household were at work, Esteban leading the others, directing, helping, everywhere at once, in a short peasant smock and a scarlet handkerchief tied over his head to keep the sweat out of his eyes. He stared with pleasure at Emily's appearance, but did not pause.

"So you have learned already that in a Basque family every member is useful?" he cried as he passed.

The matriarch, pitchfork in hand, was giving orders like a general on a battlefield; encouraging, speeding up her forces, herself setting a stout example, gray head bare to the sun, full black Sunday skirts turned up over a white starched petticoat. Everybody was at it, women and children raking, piling up the carts, men staggering about like miniature haystacks, invisible beneath the loads piled high on their shoulders, on forklike *porte-foins*. In the west new clouds rode the wind like great white galleons

"*Vite, vite*, my little ones!" came now and again the high carrying call of the matriarch.

Emily had caught the contagion and worked with the rest, worked till blisters broke on her hands and her back ached furiously and her breath came hard. It was partly anger that spurred her; this old woman and the others, they should see that she was not so useless as she looked; that there was plenty of strength in her ridiculous body; that the sword, when it chooses, makes as good a bread knife as another. Meanwhile she found this mad race with the elements more exciting than any sport she had tried. She heard herself singing. When she paused once to put the hair out of her eyes, she caught the matriarch's amused glance.

"*Ça va*," said the old woman briefly. "We shall win."

Suddenly it was upon them, not with a few first drops of warning, but like a cloudburst, a deluge, one of the terrible rainstorms of the Pyrenees.

"We have done!" came a ringing shout from Esteban, and laughing joyously, he swung Emily up into his arms and ran with her to shelter under the pelting torrent.

A fine fire roared in the kitchen, where Stancia, who alone had not gone to the haying, was putting food on the table, a soup savory with herbs, fowls stuffed with *choucroute*, a salad of crisp cresses, omelets blazing with rum.

"And because you have been such good children —" The matriarch smiled mysteriously, rising herself to fetch a large brass-bound *ferrata* of wood, beaded with cool moisture, from which she filled mugs for everyone at the table, children included.

"Hydromel!" cried Esteban. "There is no better in the Pays Basque, in the world. Drink, my Emily! It is safer for woman heads than the Yzarra."

The girl thought she had never tasted food or drink so exquisite. What an art, if an unconscious art, they made of living! The cup in her hand was crude, but beaten out of silver so pure she could almost have bent it with her fingers. The great stone-flagged room shone with cleanliness, danced with firelight that turned brasses and coppers into molten gold. Outside, the rain thundered down the steep slates of the roof, poured across the windows in cataracts. At this meal everybody talked and laughed together with new freedom, even the laborers, relaxed by the consciousness of work well shared. Under the table, Esteban's hand found hers.

"You are content?" he whispered.

She replied simply, "I have never been so happy in my life!" She spoke in English, but the old woman smiled at her as if she understood.

"Certainly she understands—my grandmother understands any language she chooses! She was educated at the best convent in Spain. And today, my Emily, you have won her heart—you will see!"

She beckoned Emily and the other women, later, to follow her upstairs; men were evidently not expected. She led them into a room furnished with one bed, a *prie-dieu*, a single chair—evidently her own Spartan chamber; but there were several *armoires* and chests against the walls, before one of which she stopped. She handed Stancia a key. "Open," she said.

The young widow did so with evident reluctance. The contents made Emily catch her breath—linens like yellowed silk, laced and embroidered; lengths of uncut brocade and velvet, rolls of cobweb filet.

"You like these things?" said the matriarch carelessly. "They are for you."

"For me?"

At the girl's flush of embarrassed surprise, the other put a kindly hand on her shoulder. "For little orphans who are poor and have, perhaps, no trousseau, the good God sometimes provides. Lift out the rest, Stancia."

There were dresses made of beautiful materials in the elegance of many years past; décolleté, with court trains. "As you see, this is not the trousseau of a Basquaise," remarked the matriarch. "It belonged to my first *belle-fille*—petite like you, and also of the world. Men of this house," she added, "do not necessarily take wives out of their own valley. The Urruty range far afield."

Stancia continued stoically to lift treasures out of the chest for Emily's inspection—small square-toed slippers, jewel boxes, fans, plumes. At the bottom was a tray of little filmy garments, stiff with needlework—tiny dresses, jackets, petticoats, bibs. The little girls clapped ecstatic hands.

"For the *bébé!* Oh, see, mademoiselle! For the first *bébé!*"

Emily had gone quite pale and silent. She began to realize what she had done in deceiving Esteban, in deceiving this old woman who so trusted and honored her. For the first time in her life, perhaps, she was ashamed. "Madame is too kind!" she muttered with stiff lips. "I can't—it is not possible ——"

The matriarch took her hand reassuringly. "Your hesitation does you credit, my child. But remember the gift is not from Esteban, your fiancé; nor from myself, a stranger, since these things are not mine to give. They come to you from Esteban's mother, now with God, who thus provides for her little *belle-fille* a suitable trousseau."

There were rare tears in her eyes, tears suddenly in Emily's throat. She remembered that the stern old Spartan had loved this daughter-in-law better than her own children, because she was small and delicate and rare, Esteban had said, like herself.

Small and delicate and rare! Then what had she done in such a place, such a life as this? The answer was obvious: She had died of it! Died very young, at the birth of her second child, who was Esteban.

Unreasoning panic overtook Emily, a reaction from the emotions of the day. She must get away at once, instantly, before it was too late. Too late? They could hardly force her to marry against her will the matriarch—Esteban who had sworn to hold her? Nonsense!

But she must make them angry enough not to want to keep her; so angry that Esteban would not be hurt. Despite her panic, it was still of importance that Esteban should not be hurt. She had meant to go quietly away without undeceiving them, so that they should know the truth gradually; but this trust, this generosity, had made such a course impossible. There was more decency in the girl than she knew.

She must give them a reason for not marrying Esteban; a reason that they could understand and accept. She could hardly say to the man in his own house, "My dear fellow, I'd no more think of marrying a picturesque Basque peasant than I'd think of marrying a prosperous Greek bootblack!"

For a moment the fact that she was not Catholic suggested a loophole of escape; but they had accepted this already without demur, expecting her to be adaptable. Suddenly the idea came. Divorce! That was the thing these people would not tolerate; laxity of the marriage laws.

She said, not very steadily, "Perhaps, madame, I should not accept your kindness, your hospitality, without making a confession. I am not altogether what you think; not—a young girl."

Madame Urruty drew back. "You mean you have been married? You are a widow?"

Emily's hand went to her throat. It was harder than she had thought. "Not—exactly. My husband and I—are not together. In America"—she smiled rather desperately—"we have, as you perhaps know, the custom of divorce."

The old woman's face stiffened. With a stern gesture she dismissed the others from the room. "Send me Esteban," she said.

They went reluctantly, Stancia with a queer backward look of triumph.

"She will get him now," flashed miserably across Emily's mind. She heard him running up the stairs. He paused on the threshold, then came to her and took her hand in a strong clasp.

"What is this, *ma mère*?" His eyes were as stern as the old woman's. "What are you saying to trouble our guest?"

"How does it happen that we have such a guest?" demanded the old woman in measured tones. "How does it happen that my son's son brings into our house a woman who is wife to another man?"

"Divorced wife," corrected Emily faintly.

"How have you dared?" said the old woman, as if she had not spoken.

Emily made a final effort. "He did not know—he never asked. Oh, let me go!" she sobbed, and jerked her hand from Esteban's.

She heard him following as she ran along the corridor. He overtook her, seized her shoulder roughly, jerked her about to face him. "This—this is not true?" She could not speak for sobbing, but she saw the blazing anger die gradually out of his face. "No, it is not true," he answered himself. "It is to my grandmother you have lied. But why? Because you do not wish to marry me?" Emily nodded helplessly. "So the test was too great," he muttered, still to himself. "Or perhaps you never wished to marry me?"

Emily could only shake her head.

"But why?" he repeated again. "Why have you done this to me? You love me?"

She found her voice at last. "Oh, my dear, can't you see—can't you see how absurd it was to expect a woman like me to live such a life as this—a life that killed your own mother?" Esteban winced. "Oh, I did not wish to say that! But think of me, me, Emily Weldon, living among the cattle, hoeing the fields, handling—handling manure, for all I know! There's enough of it about." She laughed hysterically. "I'm not a woman like your grandmother or Stancia—I'm a lady!"

(Continued on Page 84)

This Combination Assures Complete Fly Riddance

THERE are two effective and convenient ways of killing flies. And for complete fly riddance employ both.

Use Tanglefoot Spray night or morning to get every fly in sight. Its powerful strength kills them all. None can escape or revive.

Then place fresh sheets of Tanglefoot Fly Paper where they will catch flies that work their way indoors during the daytime. When foods are exposed use nothing else.

Tanglefoot quality is unsurpassed and costs no more. Ask for it and no reliable dealer will try to sell you "something just as good."

THE TANGLEFOOT COMPANY
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

AT GOOD STORES EVERYWHERE

TANGLEFOOT
FLY PAPER AND SPRAY

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

The United States Rubber Company owns and operates the largest producing rubber plantation in the world.

This plantation is located near Kisaran, Sumatra. It was started in 1909 and is the first large rubber plantation to be owned and operated by Americans for Americans.

Because of the scientific methods developed by its Research Staff, it is visited by rubber growers from all over the East, in search of advanced rubber growing information.

United States Rubber Company Plantations in Sumatra and Malaya now comprise 136,000 acres. They contain over 7,000,000 rubber trees, 80 miles of narrow gauge railways, 200 miles of motor roads and give employment to 20,000 people.

What is a Real
Tire Test?

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

Questions and Answers that may be News to You By a Tire Engineer of the United States Rubber Company

Question—With 20,000,000 cars running in America, does not the experience of users largely take the place of factory tests?

Answer—On the contrary. The very fact that motor transportation is so important in the life of every one imposes an additional obligation for searching tests on the tire manufacturer. The makers of United States Tires do not expect their customers to test their tires for them.

Question—What does the United States Rubber Company Factory test include?

Answer—Everything from the Tree to the finished Tire. Raw materials are tested before they go into the tires, and the finished tires are tested in the Company's laboratories and on the Company's road test cars, trucks and buses. They are also watched in actual commercial service.

Question—What do these tests prove?

Answer—The material tests insure the quality of material used. The laboratory and road tests of complete tires "prove up" the correctness of manufacturing processes.

Question—What raw materials are tested?

Answer—Cotton cord, which furnishes the strength and flexibility of the tire; rubber, which binds the various parts of the tire together and forms the tread or wearing surface; compounding ingredients, which we mix with the rubber to give it the necessary qualities; and, steel wire, which is used in making the beads of the tire.

Question—What tests are made on the cord?

Answer—Cord going into the manufacture of Web Cord for United States Tires is tested for strength, stretch, size, twist, ply, length of staple, and freedom from imperfections.

Question—What tests are made on Rubber?

Answer—Even though the quality and uniformity of Sprayed Rubber is controlled by the processes used on our plantations in the Far East, every shipment received at our factories is again tested for uniformity and also, after mixing with sulphur, it is tested for its rate of vulcanization, its tensile strength and stretch.

Question—What tests are made of compounding ingredients?

Answer—Compounding ingredients are tested to determine their purity and uniformity. They are practically all in powder form and even the degree of fineness to which they have been ground is tested.

Question—What tests are made on Steel Wire?

Answer—Steel wire is given a chemical analysis to determine whether it meets our specifications, and it is also tested for tensile strength and elongation.

Question—Are United States Tires tested alongside of other makes?

Answer—Yes. These tests are conducted daily in our laboratories and on our road test vehicles.

Question—What is the object of these competitive tests?

Answer—To maintain the *superiority* of our design and construction.

Question—Does the fact that a large number of tires of a certain design and construction have given satisfactory service obviate the necessity for further tests on tires of the same kind?

Answer—No. Vehicle design and use, and road conditions are constantly changing. Tires that gave excellent satisfaction ten years ago are obsolete today in design and construction.

Question—How does the United States Rubber Company keep abreast of these constantly changing conditions?

Answer—It has a corps of factory trained technical experts in different sections of the country, continually checking the service our tires are rendering under actual operating conditions.

Question—Do all companies test their tires in this way?

Answer—Most all companies make tests of some sort. Very few carry them to the extent that they are carried by the United States Rubber Company.

United States Rubber Company
Trade Mark

UNITED STATES
ROYAL CORD
BALLOON

(Continued from Page 80)

"What," he asked oddly, "is a lady?"

She laughed again. "You see? You don't even know the difference! Should I have to cook meals for the farm hands? Why, I've never done a useful thing in my life, and never shall. It's impossible, ridiculous! Girls like me are brought up to be useless. We must marry rich men, my dear—rich, can you understand? As my world counts riches, not as a peasant does, who prides himself on how many cows he keeps, or pigs! Motor cars, country houses, yachts—my own or other people's—those things are necessities to me "

"More than love?" he interrupted.

"I'm not fool enough to expect everything at once —— But love is so cheap! You can find that as you need it, Esteban. . . . Oh, don't! You're hurting me!"

He thought she meant the hand on her shoulder, and took it away; but she meant his eyes. "Yes" he had to moisten his lips to speak—"I suppose I have been—ridiculous."

"No, no, not you!" She had been crueler in her hysteria than necessary. "I don't mean that *our* love is cheap! Listen, my dearest; I came away with you as the price of it—that's not cheap! I wanted to make some little sacrifice to it, to give—what I could. Oh, don't you see, to give you something you might keep always, that has nothing to do with marriage? You would not understand, you were too simple. This patriarchal, pastoral, humble sort of life—I am not fitted for that sort of thing. It—it is too real for me! I am not good enough, perhaps ——"

Her voice trailed away before the weariness in his eyes, the sudden disillusionment. She had accomplished her purpose only too well.

"No," he said after a moment, "I see you are not good enough." And he went heavily away.

Presently, lying face downward on her bed, she ceased to sob and began to listen for him. He would return, of course; they could not part like this! The rain had passed as suddenly as it came, and released fragrance from the contented earth blew in across her fevered thoughts, soothing, suggesting. The light that presaged dusk was mystically clear and serene. From without came homely sounds which are the same in any language—lowing of cows, the call of the child Bette to her chickens.

Emily's own words were in her ears. Yes, this life was real; the life of human beings on the earth since Adam. All that had gone before was empty, anxious dreaming. Why go back to it? There was nothing worth going back to. Something had happened to Emily. She was no longer a lady; only a woman, waiting—Esteban's woman. When he returned to her, she would know better how to make her little sacrifice to love. But he did not return.

"Then I must go to him," she said aloud. Had she been mad—was she mad now? Who cared? She knew suddenly that no price was too high to pay for this sense of belonging to life, this hold on reality; even the price of marriage, of personal extinction.

She dried her eyes and dabbed powder over her face. With a little laugh, in a magnificent gesture of renunciation she flung her powder puff out to the birds and bees. It was then that she saw Esteban going down toward the woods, still moving heavily, with bowed head, but not alone. His arm was about the waist of the sister-in-law, who no longer shrank from it. She leaned against him as they walked, turning up to his a face eager with tenderness. Stancia, whose love had tempted him; Stancia the comforter ——

"So be it," said the girl; and something within her, some larger thing that had come into her heart with Esteban, was glad.

The details of her return to Biarritz were always vague to Emily. At the village where she had lunched with Esteban a motor lorry of tourists had paused for refreshment. She left the rented automobile—fortunately, her rather odd education had included the driving of other people's cars—for Esteban to find when he followed her, and went on with the tourists.

"Sure, lady—always room for a pretty girl!" This friendly gallantry, in the accents of her native land, stayed in her mind, together with the steady pounding of the lorry, mile after mile, as she listened backward, listened despairingly, for Esteban to follow.

It was late at night when she reached the hotel and found in the drawing-room of the suite she shared with her stepmother a little entertainment going on, over a bottle of champagne. Monsieur Duval, Suzanne explained in some embarrassment, had stopped for a moment merely to discuss certain plans for the next day.

"Plans," suggested Emily grimly, "for our departure tomorrow?" And Suzanne, with a scared glance at her stepdaughter's face, had agreed that this was so.

The departure had not been immediate, of course; there were boxes to pack, arrangements to effect; but on an evening some days later Emily stood alone on the terrace, looking for the last time over the Bay of Biscay, exquisite under the moon she had shared with Esteban—the light of the dead, as Basques call it.

It was all to begin over again, the old aimless wandering, the search for something which perhaps did not exist—her place in life—something to take the place of love.

As she gazed, a boat as graceful as a cat slipped out into the moonmist toward the open sea. It was a boat she had noted once in the lower town, the last of the smart steam yachts to leave after the Biarritz season.

"Ah!" murmured the voice of the director at her elbow. "Mademoiselle is admiring, the Gathid off for America again? One heard that she had been put into commission for a honeymoon. Romantic, n'est-ce pas? Mademoiselle would perhaps like to be on that pretty boat?"

"Not," she replied listlessly, "if it is going to America." Then the name struck her, brought a sharp picture of a little fat girl with kittens in her arms. "The Gathid—but that is a Basque name!"

"Assuredly. And a Basque boat," assented the director pleasantly. "Built for a man who knows boats—the young Urruty."

"Urruty ——" Emily put a hand to her throat.

"But yes, the pelota player, a great sportsman—you have doubtless heard of him? Ah, I recall that mademoiselle was asking me about a family of that name some time since. I should have remembered to tell you of Esteban. But he is so rarely here. Often one finds surprising wealth among these people; but this one appears to have outdone himself—a gold mine, I think, or perhaps an oil well. Something fabulous of the sort, in the Americas. And how unspoiled, how filial! Always returning at this season because of the haying, to help with the work of the farm! A charming gesture, is it not? No wonder our young ladies and their mammas excite themselves over his visits. And now it is too late; there has been a marriage, one hears a family marriage. Such a pity," he murmured gently, "that mademoiselle herself could not have made the acquaintance of this delightful fellow. But what have you? What is the matter here?"

For Emily had begun to laugh; laughed and laughed and could not stop, though she dug her nails into her palms, stuck a handkerchief into her mouth and bit it; laughed until Monsieur Duval in some alarm ran to get her a glass of *eau-de-vie*—which appeared in due time upon the bill, with a franc charged extra for service.

THE JAPANESE PARASOL

(Continued from Page 13)

clipping bureau, with which he had put in a blanket order for murder at so much per thousand.

But this morning he did not look for murder. He was interested in the technology of spontaneous combustion. Undoubtedly that was spontaneous combustion, with the assistance of the street-cleaning department. The Sun stated prominently on the first page, head of the column, Exploding Coal Dust Pries Open Dilk House.

Just what constitutes news? The records of the fire department would show that fifty other alarms had aroused quite as much din within the same hour. Yet of them all, the bagful of smoke that had so spontaneously issued from the Dilk coalhole was the only one worthy of space in the early newspapers. Apparently the simple bulletin had inspired every city editor in Park Row to the same decision—"We'll take a column and a half on that."

It was fitting that it should be so. All over town newspaper readers skipped over expensive cables of monarchies falling; of the British Empire trembling before a coal shovel; of untold telegraph dots and dashes that went to make up a page of testimony of the Wet drive in Congress; of the pleasant details, with picture layout, of the screen tryouts of the Atlantic City beauty parade; a learned analysis by a prominent clergyman on Why the Beautiful are Dumb; fashions, sports, schools, churches—these things were not news this morning.

The man on the street, taking his cue from the make-up expert, with a magnificent disregard for ordinary values, as he hung suspended from a Subway strap, folded his paper with one-armed dexterity, wrinkled his brows and muttered, "I'd forgotten about that house." Women marketing for dinner, thriftily steaming headlines as they passed news stands, paused, bought papers, read; and each and every one asked herself the same question: "What do you suppose is inside?"

That especial leather-lunged squad of newsboys that knows news when it sees it burst bellowing into the canyons of the side streets with hollow yodeling cries of "Extra! Fire! Dilk house in flames! Oho!"

Circulation experts in Park Row, studying knees of curves plotted on graph papers, looked up casually with the instructions, "Tell them to give us fifty thousand more on Number Two." City editors called up veterans, tried old war horses, and said, "You can get in there, if anyone can. Go to it!"

An inquiry arose simultaneously in a dozen sanctums as to the present whereabouts of young Barry Dilk, that miscast youth in the scheme of life who could always be counted on for a scare head, no matter what he was doing. Cables under the sea and telegraphs over the land began to whisper the inquiry to chosen sentinels stationed at live spots on the surface of the earth. The electric curiosity also began to ask the question: "How is that marriage getting along? Is she still living with her count?"

At Aiken a flowery-dressed young man accosted a charming widow emerging from her limousine at the golf links, and she cried in sullen rage, "How dare you address me, you impudent upstart!"

He replied, bowing, "Madam, I am only a reporter, with no social status requiring me to be presented. I am to inform you that there was a fire in your New York house this morning."

"Good! I hope it burned down."

"Could you tell us where your son Barry is, Mrs. Dilk?"

She looked him through and through, and informed him icily that she was without information.

Passers-by stopped and gazed curiously at the house. Before noon a sizable crowd had collected. The house presented the same front it had yesterday, a week ago, a year ago, fifty years ago except for the fact of a shattered basement door and a smudge about the coalhole. But the Dilks were one of those unfortunate families doomed to publicity; and when the public forgot them occasionally, as even a great war will simmer down for the seasons, the obsession only flared up again at the slightest excuse. Had it not been for that clever street sweeper and his spontaneous combustion, Number 56 might conceivably have continued to stew quietly in its own juices for a decade, or even until some wrecker came along to tear it down and properly capitalize its precious fallow with a skyscraper, to the further engorgement of the fabulously rich widow, her daughter the countess, and poor miscast Barry.

Shortly before three Parr came downstairs and Mrs. Albaugh brought him his coffee. He merely tasted it and turned to the radio. He thoughtfully aimed the loop, as if it had been a rudder, at Number 56 and tuned in a capricious lady mixing a lemon meringue at about 316 meters for the benefit of that vast unseen audience that concocts titbits for fastidious husbands by such ethereal methods. Oliver had firmly determined to show no curiosity. He could match Parr's reticence with his own. The man hunter took out his watch and attended sharply as the second hand slowly traveled to the precise hour of three. The silvery voice of the culinary coquette was abruptly marred by the mush of some telegraph station, a spark that seemed to have lost its logarithmic decrement.

"You've got some interference in there," said Oliver testily. He prided himself on the razor-edge selectivity of his super—it could cut out anything.

"Yes; I wish she'd shut up," growled Parr. He held up a finger for silence, and began making marks with a pencil. The mush ceased abruptly. Parr folded his paper and shut the thing off. He handed the paper to Armiston to read. He grabbed his hat and coat, calling over his shoulder "Come along!" and made abruptly for the door.

Before he had taken six steps across the pavement, with Oliver hard on his heels, he was recognized by the hounds of the press, and pounced on. Parr looked them over grimly. They were all there, the regulars of this sort of thing; some nose as sharp as his own informed these creatures when to pause suddenly in their eternal stirring-up of the dust of human affairs, to concentrate on a single mote in the beam, insignificant to the untrained eye.

"Ah, Monte," said the deputy, nodding to a grizzled old-timer, "you can smell a corpse a mile."

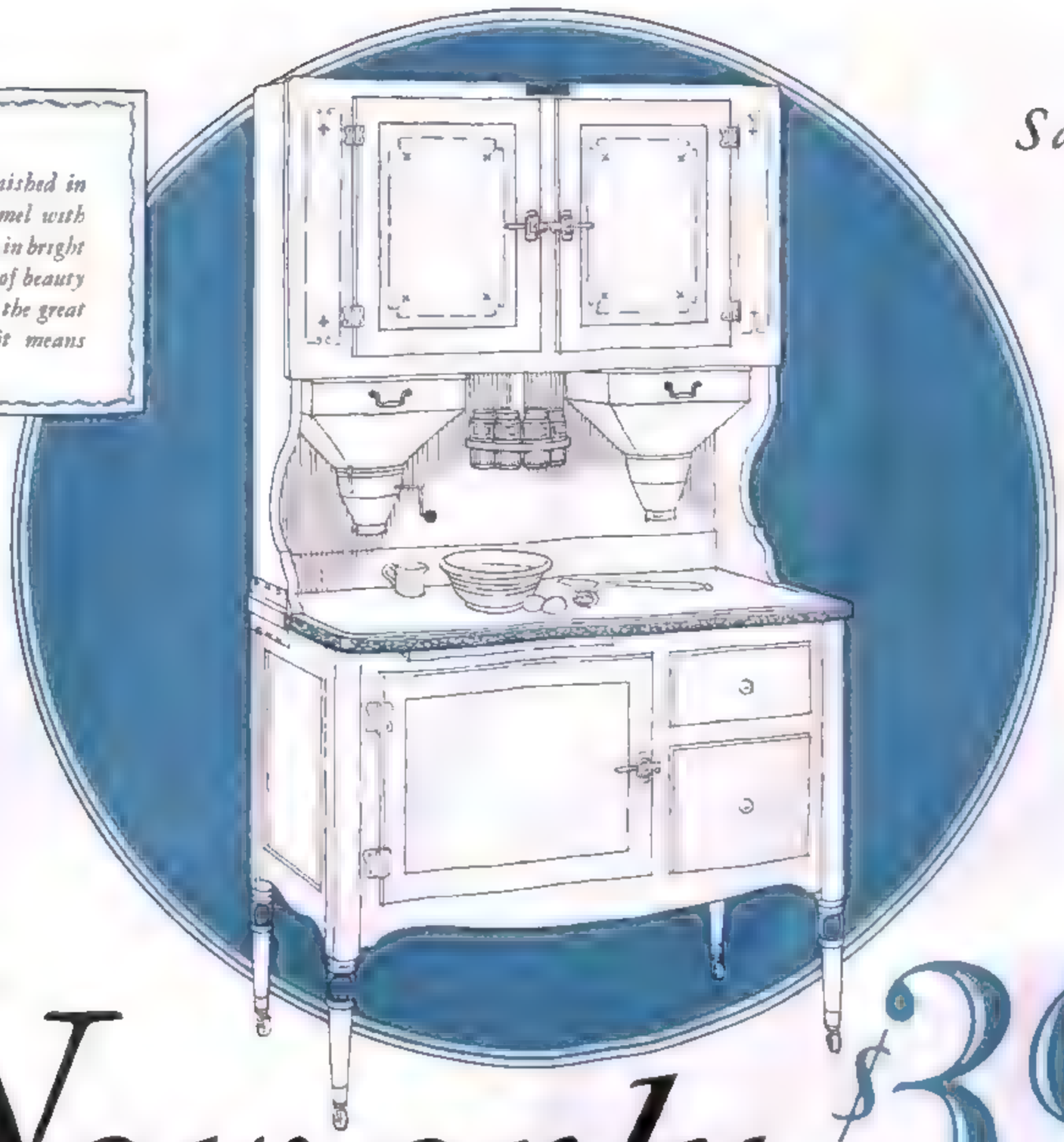
"Is there a corpse, chief?" cried Monte, growing young in a breath. Parr nodded.

"Yes," he said. With his instinct for headlines that made him beloved by the trade, he said. "There are some bones buried in the cellar in a lead box that's been soldered up. Tin foot—looks like young Barry."

As if he had produced a TNT bomb with sizzling fuse, the close-pressed circle about him broke; and on the instant those lay observers who were gathered in knots up and down the block holding senseless vigil on the old house were astonished to see these dozen men racing madly away from the scene. They were bound for telephones, the devil take the hindmost. As the winged words impinged on waiting ears thundering presses ceased, were stripped of leaden cylinders of Wall Street closing prices. A machine operator, smoking a calm pipe, picked

(Continued on Page 89)

This smart new model is finished in soft, satiny Hoosier grey enamel with charming touches of decoration in bright blue. It brings a restful note of beauty to your kitchen in addition to the great saving of time and work it means



Saves miles of steps

Now only $39.75 *Plus Freight*

for a *genuine* HOOSIER!

DREARY drudgery or pleasant tasks—which does your kitchen work mean to you? Does getting a meal mean walking, walking, reaching, stooping, until your tired, aching muscles rebel?

It's all so needless—this extra strain and effort. For one simple convenience saves it all. A Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet!

Just what will a Hoosier do for your kitchen? Let domestic science experts and hundreds of thousands of women who have Hoosiers tell you.

It means a perfect working center which enables you to route your work and save at least 1500 steps a day and 10% or 15% of the time you spend in getting three meals.

It means you can *sit* and work with everything you need at your fingers' tips.

It means ample storage space for staple foods; roomy shelves for dishes and utensils; handy accessories to speed up your work.

a working center that means a saving of 1500 steps a day!

No more waste motions, no unnecessary steps. Save time and strength. Have more leisure for your family and your own enjoyment.

And here is the wonder of it! Every woman can now own a Hoosier! The great production facilities of the Hoosier Company have at last been able to put this favorite cabinet within reach of the most modest purse.

This beautiful new model shown here sells at a price never before possible for Hoosier quality. Only $39.75. (A little added for freight.) It is a real achievement which thousands of women are welcoming as an opportunity they have never had before.

Don't wait any longer! Don't worry along with makeshift kitchen convenience! Own a genuine Hoosier this very week! Get more enjoyment out of life by cutting down your working hours and saving your energy.

See this beautiful new model at the Hoosier store in your town; it is on display there now. You can have it in your kitchen, you know, tomorrow on just a small down payment and the balance at your convenience!

Free to every woman who wants a model kitchen

We have a very interesting and helpful booklet on kitchen planning, furnishing and decoration. You can apply the information it contains to YOUR kitchen and enjoy new convenience and beauty. It is free—just mail the coupon today

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Jantzen
SWIMMING SUIT
LOOK FOR THE RED DIVING GIRL LABEL

Swim - - dive - - play - - in a *limb-free* Jantzen

NOW for the cooling, bracing fun of swimming! And what royal joy awaits you *in a Jantzen* . . . limb-free . . . built for action . . . in-the-water fun!

Whatever you do over the Fourth—*swim!* Get in the water—be it natatorium, beach or pool. Swimming does more than keep you cool; it is wonderful exercise. This fact again was verified in a recent questionnaire when 517 athletic instructors (or 96% of those answering) rated swimming *first* for health and fun. 478 said the suit originated by Jantzen is ideal for swimming.

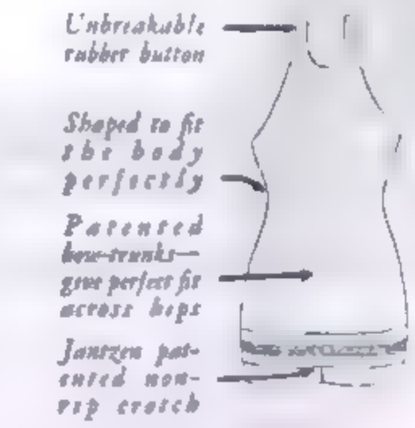
* * * * *

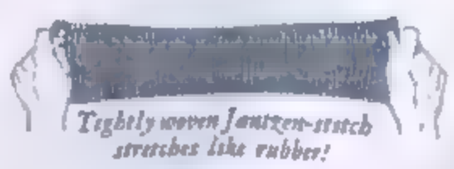
Smartly-clad folk at every beach are wearing Jantzen suits to get the maximum fun out of swimming. And you see these matchless swimming suits wherever champions meet.

Such popularity could hardly come by mere chance. The reasons, you may be sure, are many—they're quite important, too.

Imagine, if you please, a swimming suit of design so faultless as to be without wrinkles. That's Jantzen, with its *bow-trunk* pattern; roomy, yet trim and slender-looking about the hips and back. Another notable advance is the non-rip crotch piece; prevents binding and insures freedom of motion. The improved shoulder strap is still another refinement. Then there's the Jantzen rubber button—unbreakable!

In a Jantzen, you have the utmost swimming suit value. Jantzen-stitch fabric is knitted from purest virgin wool, using only the longest, strongest fibres, combed straight. The lively, springy nature of such wool, together with the method of knitting, results in a fabric of surprising elasticity. It has that "give and take" characteristic so essential in a perfect-fitting swimming suit.


Unbreakable rubber button
Shaped to fit the body perfectly
Patented bow-trunks—give perfect fit across hips
Jantzen patented non-rip crotch


Tightly woven Jantzen-stitch stretches like rubber!

Springs right back to shape!

See the new Jantzen colors and stripings for 1926. Men's, women's, children's. For a perfect fit, just state your weight.

Going abroad? Perhaps you didn't think to pack a Jantzen. You'll find your size at Selfridge's or Harrods in London; or Grande Maison de Blanc, La Samaritaine, Grands Magasins du Louvre, Galeries Lafayette and the smarter Parisian shops.

* * * * *

Ask your dealer for red diving girl paper sticker or send 4c for two; or 6c for four sizes of permanent diving girl transfers for tire covers, rain slickers, etc. Please use the coupon. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon. Jantzen Knitting Mills of Canada, Ltd., (Canadian Corp.,) Vancouver, Canada.

Jantzen

The suit that changed *bathing* to *swimming*

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, Portland, Oregon.
Please send me sample of Jantzen-stitch fabric, and style sheet of Jantzen swimming suits for men, women and children. Also send following as indicated by (X).
Two red diving girl paper windshield stickers; 4c enclosed [ ] Four sizes of diving girl permanent transfers for tire covers, rain slickers, etc.; 6c enclosed [ ]

Name _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____

My favorite store is _____

REO

Other Reo passenger car models include a 5-passenger Sedan and a Sport Roadster

All combine such well-known Reo chassis features as 3-bearing crankshaft under-engine Spur Second Braking, Spur Second Steering and the sub-frame mounting of vital units

UNIVERSAL acceptance of Reo as the utmost in motor car longevity has done much to inspire a remarkable demand for the Reo Coupe.

But other factors have contributed in liberal measure.

Dignified beauty, expressed in line and finish; performance to master all driving conditions and satisfy all desires; safety elements that provide for spirited driving unmarred by hazard; and the moderate price of $1495.

Reo truly represents balanced goodness.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY — Lansing, Michigan

(Continued from Page 84)

out the letters on a keyboard; and an intelligent type-casting machine produced by magic great blocks of trimmed and polished type which, when strung together, made the legend that ran straight across the eight columns of a page: Accidental Fire Discloses Murdered Body of Barry Dilk in Abandoned Home. That was all.

The rest of the page was filled with the history of this unfortunate young man who had been handed uncounted millions in his youth with the same disregard as a baby is given a box of matches to play with -and had been further dowered with the mind of a moron that ceased expanding at the age of ten. Everything he had ever done was duly set down. Over the swift course of his hectic years the newspaper clippings of his escapades and exploits had been filed away for just such an occasion. Presses rumbled forward. The wretched youth, who should never have been born, touched a lofty climax in circulation figures by dying.

Morel, as handsome as a probationary fire laddie fresh from the training gym, wore his unusual uniform with a saunter. He opened the basement gate for Parr and Armiston and locked it hard and fast after them.

"Did it come through all right, chief?" he asked eagerly.

"Fine!" said Parr, beaming. "Once a telegrapher, never anything else!" He paused at the kitchen table and took up the innocent-looking little electric buzzer, by means of which, at an agreed zero hour, Morel had telegraphed his report wirelessly to that waiting sensitive radio receiver across the street. Parr had never used this trick before, and was as pleased as a child.

III

THE records of the protective agency—for land left to fatten on fallow in this expensive neighborhood requires an intricate burglar alarm—showed that the house had been opened on request of representatives of the family three times during the year. It was quite an intricate process, getting through a burglar-alarm mesh, and the record was explicit. Old Cadmus Dilk was buried from there in October: the dates of reëntry thereafter were December third, February thirteenth, and April seventh. This was November eighteenth.

"So much for your infallible burglar alarm," commented the Comte de Sorges, holding up his hands. "It was in May that he came out of the hospital with a silver plate tacked in his skull. He got tangled up with a polo mallet, you may remember." He picked up a newspaper that recounted the episodes in the career of poor Barry, who in his nursery days already had twenty millions to play with. "Here it is—ah! The twenty-fourth of May. He went abroad the next week, as I recollect. I can get that date exact—it was on the Paris."

"With his bodyguard?" asked Oliver.

"Always." The comte nodded, and looked keenly at Parr and Armiston. They were sitting in Armiston's study. "The poor devil never had a chance, from the day he was born," said the comte. "His mother was obsessed with the idea he would be kidnaped. He used to crawl out through a hole in the fence when he was a kid. She was always changing the army of nurses and guards. He ran away and went fishing with a stick of dynamite when he was twelve—blew off his right foot. And even with that tin foot he would try to stick on a horse and play polo!"

"When did he come back from abroad?" asked Parr.

"We didn't know he had come back until we got the papers in Washington last night. That may sound odd to you," added De Sorges.

"That is six months. You didn't make inquiries during that time?" asked Parr.

"No, we took particular care not to."

"We?" said Parr. "Who?"

"His mother," said De Sorges. "His escapades had become very distast—painful, to her. I think she prayed he might die. She refuses to come here now. This past six months has been the only peace she has known. I honestly believe she hasn't a tear left to shed."

"Yet she kept his guards, didn't she?" asked Parr.

"No, not of recent years. It was he who employed them. He never would fight unless he was drunk—and then he couldn't. He always had his huskies handy. Pick them up and you'll find out when he came back." The comte added after a slight pause: "Find the electrician who soldered that lead box and you'll have the man you are looking for?"

"Why an electrician?" asked Oliver.

"It would take an electrician to walk through that burglar-alarm mesh without tripping it," replied De Sorges. "Or," he added, "turn up the man who touched off the fire."

"That was spontaneous combustion," said Parr. "It's not unusual in coal dust."

"But there was no coal dust there," said De Sorges. "There hasn't been an ounce of coal in that house for years. The old man used electricity for heat. It was one of his eccentricities. No, that house was fired to destroy it and everything in it."

A musing silence fell on the group. Mrs. Albaugh came in in the midst of it with some fresh newspapers and a fat envelope from the clipping bureau—more murder. Going on, she examined the stranger with ill-concealed curiosity. She had brought in the card—Comte Alène Marie Louis de Sorges—and had been hovering outside the door.

De Sorges was not the usual comic-opera or Sunday-newspaper type of count. There was nothing in his accent to betray his lineage. It was a careful English, but he paraded the localisms and colloquialisms like a native. He was of that easily assimilable type, his attire quite as inconspicuous and in as good taste as his speech. To look at him now, lounging easily in his chair, an athletic trainer would say that he would strip well.

To see him with his wife, Barry's elder sister, the contrast was amusing. He was entirely democratic in his attitude toward the world, while the comtesse assumed all the airs of Continental arrogance—that was her adaptation of *noblesse oblige*. As the male representative of the family, the comte had motored on from Washington during the night to place himself at the disposal of the department. He was well-known to the public as an amateur sportsman and athlete, an avocation he pursued with dignity and distinction. For a number of years he had held several swimming championships; he fenced and played tennis among the foremost few. He did not play golf—that was a young man's game, he said, and it came in when he was too old to learn. He was thirty-eight.

He dabbled in science. Recently he had presented a paper before the Engineering Societies on The Decay Effect of the Oscillating Current and its Application to the Pendleton Theory, whatever that may be. Coming into the Dilk family when it was running to weeds, it was the general opinion—even of the ironic newspaper-reading public—that he fully accounted for himself to the world.

The door opened and Mrs. Albaugh announced with *empressement* that the comtesse was calling on long distance.

"Better take her in here," said Oliver quickly, and he led the way to the little writing room in the rear. Returning, he closed the door behind him and resumed his chair. Parr raised his eyes and regarded Oliver with that curious fixed stare that was so much a habit with him. When the comte returned Oliver was playing solitaire with his clippings.

"How is she taking it?" asked Parr.

The comte hesitated. He had a curious look of distaste. "You know, I have been brought up in a family where death, in whatever guise, has invariably meant something stupendous," he said. "Here," he said oddly, looking from one to the other, "it is nothing. Except for the outrageous manner of taking off, perhaps a desirable elimination. After all, I suppose, we can hardly blame them. As you say in your language, a dead sorrow is better than a living one." He made a motion as if to brush his own words aside. "It is something we must finish decently, that is all," he added.

"You went to considerable trouble to save him from drowning, off Point Carmel last winter, didn't you?" said Parr.

The holder of a hundred championship swimming medals passed this off with a shrug—to him it was child's play, where to another it would have been heroism. He did save Barry's life. De Sorges turned in his chair, glanced about the room like an alert dog trying to scent out something. A soft sputter, a sharp snap came from one corner. He stared. "Is your radio turned on?" he asked.

Oliver was idly snapping on and off his desk lamp. "Yes," began Oliver. "Yes—that is—yes; I am ageing some tubes." As he turned the lamp on again, simultaneously from the far corner came a loud click.

Parr laughed. "Ageing your grandmother," he chuckled. "We don't have to be mysterious, Oliver." He turned to the comte. "I get reports from my office by code," he explained to him. "It's handy because they can catch me any place I happen to be where there is a receiver. I'm leaving that open on the chance something will turn up."

This pleased the technical mind of the noble scientist. He went over to the corner looking for the loud-speaker whence the sounds came. He found none until his eye lit on a huge Japanese parasol that clung to the wall like a circular butterfly, as an interior decoration. This was Oliver's cone, a four-foot affair. The comte was delighted.

"Why would any idiot go to the trouble or incur the danger of breaking into that house and burying the lead box in the cellar?" demanded Oliver. "There are so many simpler ways of disposing of it."

"But once done," said De Sorges, resuming his chair, "you must admit it is very effective. The sea does give up its dead. The cadaver doesn't burn very well. It's quite a problem to hide a thing like that and have it stay hid. That old house wouldn't be opened for say twenty years. Then what? Nothing. I think it was a masterly stroke, and that you have to deal with a very clever fellow."

"That is speculative, very questionable," objected Oliver. "That house might be wrecked in a week."

"Not at all," said De Sorges. "Study the history of the Dilk holdings. They are not for sale. They are not improved. Several of them stand boarded up. Meantime the land under them is doubling in value every six or eight years. Let the other fellow do the improving. Hang on—twenty, thirty, forty years—then skim the cream. That is the history of the Dilk fortune. That house was as safe as a tomb."

"Then why try to burn it down?" demanded Oliver.

"I think he lost his head there," said De Sorges. His eyes narrowed. "That's where you will burn him," he said. "That's something he did yesterday morning. The rest of the clews are old and mildewed."

"Would you have done it that way?" broke in Parr.

"Burned it down, you mean?"

"No. Buried it in the cellar."

"No."

"Yet you think it effective," said Parr.

"For someone else, not for me." De Sorges smiled slightly. "You overlook the fact that I—or rather my wife, which is the same thing—would profit to the extent of some, oh, say thirty millions by Barry's death. We would have had to produce evidence of his death to collect. Why hide it away?"

"Only seven years," said Parr. "Then you could have had him declared dead. Meantime your estate would go on doubling every six or eight years. It would be very good interest for your patience."

A curious look of disgust spread over the comte's face. "I think it might seem too

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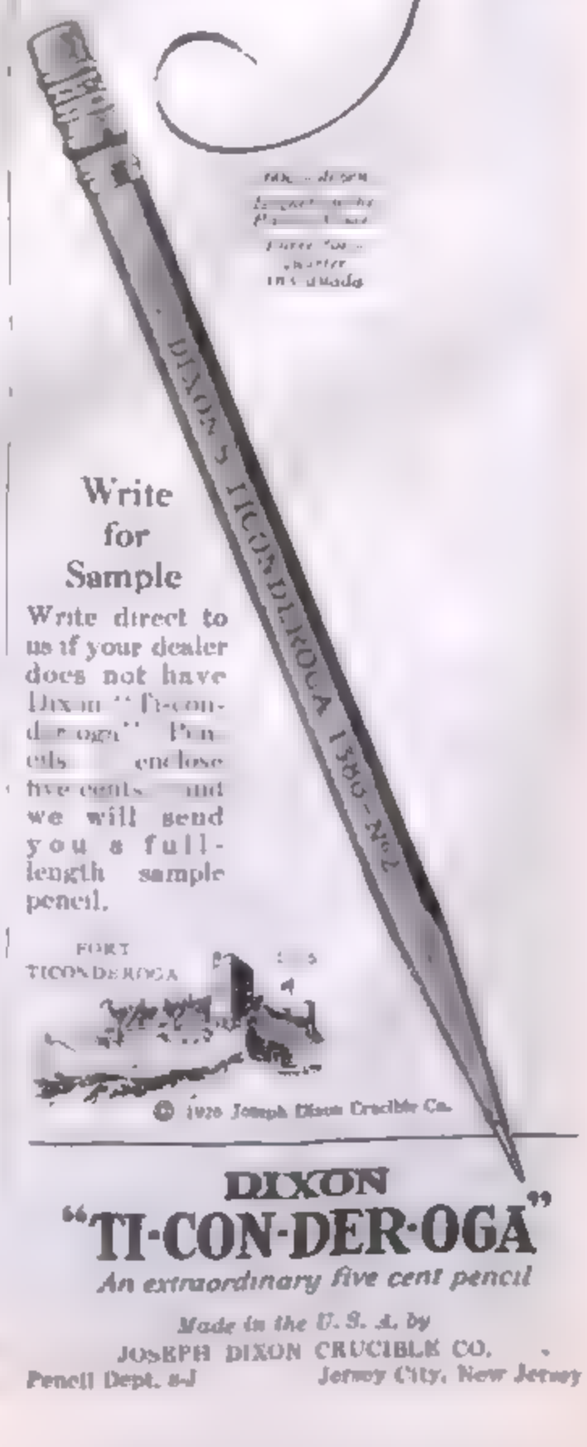

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long a time for me, under the circumstances," he said

Armiston, toying again with his little reading lamp, accidentally turned it on and off, and the Japanese parasol snapped angrily in response. Then, quite abruptly, the parasol emitted a rapid succession of snaps, dots. Someone was calling, a telegrapher somewhere was fanning his key. It chattered "di, di, di, di, di, di, di, di, di——"

Parr held up a finger.

"Just a moment," he cautioned. He stepped over to the radio receiver; he lifted the lid and touched some tender spot inside with a finger tip. He tapped it twice, then once. The parasol in response chirruped in a birdlike voice, "Di, di—di."

"Are you sending?" cried De Sorges, infatuated.

Parr smiled, pleased himself with his little show. "I'm telling him to go ahead," he said. "That's about the extent of my fist these days. I can read though. One never forgets that. It's like swimming."

"But does that receiver radiate enough for you to get a message out of here—to actually transmit?"

"They all do," said Parr comfortably. "Very handy little domestic utensils, if you know how ——" He held up his pencil for silence.

The Japanese parasol, speaking in rough gutturals, the voice of an archaic spark with no logarithmic decrement, began: "Di, di, dah, di—di, di—di, dah, di—di, di, di - dah ——"

Parr's pencil moved, forming letters in that telltale chirography of the old-time operator who learned his trade before the days of the typewriter. A tense stillness prevailed in the room. Once, when the thing paused, the comte breathed to Oliver, "Can you read it?"

"No. Can you?"

"No. Tremendously clever, eh?"

The spark came leaping out of the parasol again. Parr wrote: "First June. Did not sail. Name on passenger list. Two previous attempts."

The thing ceased to utter, like a mechanical doll run down. Parr crumpled the paper and tossed it aside. His eyes traveled from Armiston to De Sorges and remained fixed there in sightless reverie. Few men could withstand the fixed gaze of the man hunter for long. De Sorges shifted uneasily. Finally Parr roused himself. He turned to Oliver.

"This affair should clear up quickly now," he said absently. He turned and stared at the magic parasol. "Did it ever occur to you that a murderer does not begin to be subtle until he ceases to be clever?" he asked. Oliver looked up as if he had heard this somewhere before. "He uses the tools he is surest of," said Parr. "That's where he falls down. That's where this one is falling down badly."

"If you will permit me, I think you are rather sanguine," said De Sorges. "It seems to me much more involved than you appreciate. These things don't solve themselves."

"You don't know the man I've got working on this job," replied Parr. He smiled grimly. "He's probably sitting on the murderer's doorstep now, waiting for him to come home." Parr suddenly leaned forward and tapped De Sorges on the knee, the while he held him with his famous glare. "Murder," said Parr, rolling the word on the end of his tongue, "is not an accident. It is a system. He can't escape his own scheming—that is, if he is clever. If he is stupid he has a pretty good chance of going scot-free. It is the clever man who loses his sense of proportion. He overlooks trifles. For instance, in this case, the time of day."

"Do you know, within three months, when this crime was committed?" said the comte, who was not impressed.

"The murderer entered Number 56 at 10:13 A.M. on the first day of June," said Parr. "He came out at 11:12."

Even Oliver turned to stare. The comte was staring at Parr with that curious unflinching gaze of a man looking at the sun, a rare accomplishment.

"I'm afraid I don't follow," said De Sorges, after what seemed an interminable second, with an air of apologetic doubt. "Poor Barry sailed on the Paris on the third of June."

"Oh, it was the third?" said Parr.

"I recollect very well now—it was the third," said De Sorges. "It is a date easily verified. In any event it was after the first."

"Did you see him off, De Sorges?" asked Parr.

"No."

"Did any of the family?"

"I think not."

"Then of your own knowledge you can't swear he did sail," said Parr.

"The passenger list will show," replied De Sorges.

Oliver was again snapping his light on and off. The Japanese parasol snapped angrily. The comte turned on Oliver with some irritation. "You will pardon me, I am sure," he said, excusing his gesture. "My nerves are on edge. This isn't a particularly pleasant ——"

The parasol came to life abruptly with a long flutter of dots.

"Here is something now!" exclaimed Parr, and he went over to the receiver and tapped out his go-ahead signal on that tender spot. Parr looked at the clock, took up his pencil, paused, waiting. That guttural spark coming out of the void began again with its dots and dashes—di, di, dah ——

It was slow sending, about ten words to the minute. Parr's pencil moved, forming each letter perfectly. He had the old trick of his train-dispatcher days of never lifting the pencil from the paper; and he had the manner of one utterly oblivious of the purport of the letters he ran into words, and of the words he ran into trailing phrases. Oliver was leaning back in his chair in the dark of his corner. He made no movement, not a sound came from him. De Sorges had turned, and in a frozen attitude was staring at the parasol.

Parr wrote: "First, January, with boat; second, May, with mallet. First prevented by rescue stop catboat appearing inopportunely from behind inlet. Lighthouse keeper telescope witnessed beginning. Stand by. Coming." The thing ceased to click.

There was a long silence the while they waited. The three men, who seemed hardly to be drawing breath in their rigid attention, stared at the parasol. De Sorges made the first move. It was a simple enough gesture, taking his watch out of a vest pocket, but the eyes of the two men instinctively followed the hand. De Sorges studied the watch for a moment.

He said in a level voice, "I promised to call my wife at this hour. She is naturally anxious." He arose, bowed to Oliver. "With your permission," he said. It was Parr who nodded assent.

The comte's eye lingered almost imperceptibly on his hat and stick, but he made his way to the door without them. His nervous tension betrayed itself as his hand fell on the door knob. He drew open the door swiftly—and stepped back. Two people, in the act of entering, blocked his exit. One was little Pelts, the street sweeper of yesterday morning, now his own shabby self. He had a woman in tow—an overdressed dowdy thing who had been weeping through her make-up. At sight of the comte she threw up her hands and shrieked and made to flee, but Pelts held her fast. De Sorges was glaring at her.

"Ah, the irregular female!" exclaimed Parr, who still held his chair. It was the sorceress who had beguiled the last hours of the disreputable old Cadmus Dilk. Since that key had been turned against her she had come back to haunt this block day after day, the scene of her brief taste of luxury and magnificence.

The handsome Morel, no longer a fireman, appeared suddenly from nowhere and pushed his way into the center of the group. He glanced at Parr for instructions.

"Better put on the bracelets, Morel," said Parr. Morel never took his eyes from the woman, whose very features seemed to fade beneath the mask of terror. His distaste for this cruel act, the clap of doom to every prisoner, showed in his face. He fumbled at his side pocket for the bracelets. He made a single gesture, and the things clinked metallically on the wrists of Comte Alène Marie Louis de Sorges. The woman, the irregular female, fumbling helplessly at her throat, fell in a heap.

De Sorges, with mutterings of imbecile rage, raised his hands as if to rend the manacles apart with his enormous strength. Then the sudden sense of the depth of the degradation these shiny wristlets symbolized came over him. His hands fell, his face set. He looked down on the woman who was opening her eyes.

"So it was you!" he snarled.

There was no need of an accuser now, of the man who had finally succeeded in blotting out poor Barry after two bungling attempts. That first fluke, when he had all but succeeded in drowning the drunken boy, he had cleverly converted into an act of heroism when those fishermen so inopportunely came on the scene. The press of two continents had lauded him for that act. Then, in May, the same damnable luck that pursued him had deflected his polo mallet by the shade of a hair. And now this woman—and the fire! The woman, crawling behind Pelts, was muttering, "I saw you! I saw you! Thank God, I saw you!"

"So you do read the code?" came the drawling voice of Parr. The comte said nothing. "Take him away," ordered Parr. The door shut on the unpleasant spectacle. There was some commotion outside, of the wagon arriving. Morel ran back at the last minute.

"Did it come through all right, chief?" he asked eagerly.

"Fine!" said Parr, beaming. "Once a telegrapher, never anything else."

It had been Morel, concealed in a room across the hall, who had tapped off the code messages which the Japanese parasol had enunciated with such deadly effect. Oliver himself had written those messages earlier in the morning in preparation for this test, and had given the cues for their sending with the clicks from his innocent electric light.

"His nerve broke," said Oliver as Morel withdrew, "when you gave him the hour and the day he moved the box in. Did you notice his hands grip the chair arms?" Parr nodded, his eyes gleaming. "Weren't you taking a long chance, Parr?"

"Not at all," responded the man hunter. "The recording instrument of the burglar-alarm system showed a slight disturbance on the time chart for that day. They sent a man around; but he found nothing. I happened to notice it in going over the charts. I thought I'd like to have a look inside that house. That's why we touched off that spontaneous combustion yesterday morning."

He selected a stogy, making a wry face over it. "Speaking of long shots," he said, striking a light, "you seem to have potted a bird on the wing yourself."

Oliver picked up two newspaper clippings. They were not stamped and dated by his clipping bureau. They were from his private collection. One recorded the heroic rescue from drowning of Barry Dilk by Comte de Sorges, the international champion. The other related the episode of the polo mallet, an accident during practice.

"He might have got away with it once," said he. "But not twice. It was simple enough. Occupational tools of murder. That boat was scuttled too far offshore for anyone but a great swimmer to get back. And a polo mallet." He turned and looked out of the window. "And the house." He shook his head. "He couldn't resist that house!"

"How about the lighthouse keeper and his telescope?" asked Parr, with a grim smile.

Oliver admitted that was pure fiction, a final touch in the process of applying the third degree via the Japanese parasol.

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TRIAL MARRIAGE

(Continued from Page 33

with grudging admiration. "I tried hard enough, but she'd always come back. Even after the big storm, when I thought surely we'd lost her."

"Yes, I know," said Gay. "She was here cleaning up, sort of, the day I got left, and we made friends at once. And of course I wasn't quite so rude as to exactly fire Hattie-Belle."

She smiled demurely.

"Daddy thinks it best to let difficult people resign," she murmured. "It saves them their faces, and you an enemy."

"But how did you get Hattie-Belle to resign?"

"Oh, the best way with a woman. I married her off."

"You found a husband for Hattie-Belle!" cried Thor, more and more astonished.

"Oh, no, indeed! Hattie-Belle had attended to that herself. I told you, Thor, she's a woman!" Gay's tone was rather impatient. "The color doesn't make any difference. I said to her, 'Look here, Hattie-Belle, I bet anything you've got a beau, haven't you?' And she said, 'Yas'm! Sho is!' And I said, 'Well, why don't you marry him, then?' And she said she didn't have no trousseau."

Gay hesitated, a mischievous sparkle came into her eyes, and she lowered her voice.

"So I gave her a trousseau, a perfectly lovely one, out of Constance's things. She had such loads, she'll never miss 'em."

Thor roared with laughter.

"That's the first time you've laughed since I've been here," Gay remarked impersonally.

He blushed.

"Oh, that's all right," she said. "I know you thought I was a flat tire. But don't things go just about as well, now I'm here, as when Marcia ——"

"Oh, much better!" Thor replied, with shocking ingratitude toward the lady who had sacrificed herself.

"But look here, Gay!" exclaimed Thor. "If Hattie-Belle's gone, who's cleaning up my studio?"

Gay blushed in her turn.

"Oh, I—why, I've been doing that. It's no trouble."

"When? You never come in while I'm painting."

"I do it before you get here in the morning."

"But Great Scott, Gay!" Thor's slang was terribly old-fashioned, thought Gay. "Great Scott! That means you must get up about seven o'clock!"

"I love getting up early!" she cried, coloring more deeply. "You ask Constance. I was always up hours before she was, at home. I always rode before breakfast. And just lots of times, it was so early none of the maids were down, and I'd go into the kitchen and make coffee for myself. That's why I know how. You needn't think I'm just doing it for you, Mr. Thorvald Ware!"

Her tone had become so defiant, almost belligerent, that Thor felt called upon to apologize.

"Oh, of course I didn't think you were doing it for me," he said hastily.

"I can't bear to see things all pushed about!" Gay cried angrily. "I clean up for my own comfort and Constance's—that's all! The same with breakfast too!"

"I quite understand, Gay," he soothed, rather bewildered, and, somehow, vaguely hurt. "I'm not such a conceited idiot as to think you'd do anything just for my sake. As a matter of fact, I know you don't even like me much."

His tone had become stiff with injured male vanity.

Gay refused to look at him, kept her head down like a sulky child.

"I can't let you make a little slavey out of yourself though," Thor said. "We must get another maid."

She looked him straight in the eye now.

"You can't afford a servant, Thorvald Ware," she told him bluntly.

He gasped, then laughed.

"How do you know?"

"Because I listened, when you and mother and daddy were talking in Midland."

"That's more than Constance did," he remarked somewhat grimly.

"I know," said Gay, shaking her head with maternal indulgence. "Constance doesn't ever take much responsibility. I guess we'll have to manage this thing for her, Thor."

He burst out laughing at the childish, solemn face.

"Right-o, Flo-Flo!"

"Don't call me that!"

She crimsoned hotly, and almost stamped her foot. Then a smile stirred the corners of her mouth, and her eyes were shyly sweet.

"Why, Thor, you haven't called me that since we were in Midland. Does that mean you aren't mad at me any longer for crashing in here?"

"I'm sorry," he apologized. "And I won't call you any of those silly names I used to! I know you don't like it. Besides"—he looked at Gay thoughtfully—"you're not at all the fluffy sort of person I thought you. You're really quite sensible."

"Thanks, if you mean that for a compliment," she replied dryly. "Constance would think it was an insult."

"I don't mean you look sensible!" he hastened to explain. And then, really seeing Gay for the first time—for "love is blind" means blind to everyone but the beloved—Thor began to smile with a sort of tender amusement.

"What a jolly little brother you'd have made!"

On this particular morning, Gay had just come back from the park, and was still in her brown riding habit and round felt hat.

"You know, you remind me of someone," Thor added thoughtfully. "Wait now—who is it?"

His smile flashed out again. "*Petit Astrot!*"

"Oh!" said Gay, smiling, too, in recognition of an old friend, but she hid her pleasure beneath a jeer.

"The Beloved Vagabond," she mocked. "I suppose you think you're that? Well, Thor, you aren't much of a vagabond; still call me *Astrot*."

So with this *entente cordiale* established, things in the little household began to run smoothly, and Thor, who had despaired of ever getting his life back into a routine, now found himself, to his relief and delight, once more living by the clock.

Constance rarely came down before noon these days, and Gay could slip so quietly through the studio with the breakfast tray that Thor was not disturbed. Gracious, and charming, and beautiful, beautifully dressed and groomed, Constance would appear at lunchtime, and she and Thor would go out together. Gay usually refused to accompany them, in spite of their polite, though half-hearted invitations.

Constance's afternoons, now, were filled with engagements with her feminine friends—at least, for Thor's peace of mind, all diversions were described as hen parties. It was no longer possible to avoid people, and, besides, as Gay very urgently pointed out, Constance must have some recreation. So Thor was left undisturbed practically all day, and thanked fortune—instead of Gay—for it.

What Gay did in the afternoons, was rather a mystery. Immediately after lunch, she tucked a little notebook, and a few small red-bound volumes under her arm, and went off somewhere. On the Subway, that much Thor knew, because, one day, much to his surprise, he saw Gay diving down into a Subway station, instead of hailing a taxi. Constance laughingly said she believed Gay was turning bluestocking and taking a course of lectures at Columbia, and she used to tease Gay when she came home at dinnertime, looking rather pale and tired.

"What was it this afternoon, Gay? Socialism, or Sanskrit, or the art of the cave dwellers?"

But Gay, though she grinned good-naturedly, refused to answer, and she hid the little red-bound volumes away in the one bureau drawer which Constance had rather grudgingly spared her. And when she appeared, one day, with a bandage around her wrist and right thumb and forefinger, and Constance laughed: "So it's chemistry! Are you planning to go into daddy's plant?" Gay only smiled wanly—the bandaged fingers still hurt rather badly—and retorted: "No, daddy wouldn't let me fool around his business, and I don't blame him! I wouldn't let anyone fool around mine."

"Just what is your business, love?" asked Constance, amused.

Gay lay down on her bed, and stared up at the ceiling.

"Mine's what yours is," she replied cryptically, "and I'm getting ready for it like you ought to."

"What can you mean?"

"Well, my goodness," cried Gay, bouncing up against the pillows, her cheeks quite flushed, "why shouldn't you learn how to be a wife? You wouldn't go into any other profession without some training!"

"Whose wife are you going to be?" asked Constance calmly. "I didn't know, to be brutally frank, darling, that anyone had asked you."

"What's that got to do with it?" Gay was quite irritated. "Any husband deserves some kind of an education."

"Well, if you are thinking of Dickie Lawrence," said Constance, "and I do think Dickie is quite sweet on you, Gay, though he used to say he could never love another woman but me—if you're seriously thinking of Dick, the very best possible preparation for matrimony with him would be to learn the Charleston!"

"Oh, Dickie is nothing but a child!" cried Gay impatiently.

"Is it Tollie then?" asked Constance, in an elaborately careless voice, but her eyes were intent, and a tiny frown creased her smooth brow.

It had not pleased Constance, who had a truly feminine dog-in-the-manger attitude toward her admirers, to observe both Dickie Lawrence and Tollie displaying an interest in Gay. Tollie, in fact, might be said to be rushing her, although he had told Constance he was never interested in young girls. He frequently sent Gay flowers—though, as Thor rather scornfully pointed out, no one with any appreciation of personality would send Gay orchids. He often rode with Gay in the park. He arranged parties, where it was quite plain that Gay was the guest of honor. And the climax came, one evening, when Tollie's sister chaperoned Gay on a party to which Constance was not invited. It vaguely humiliated Constance to see Gay set forth in the splendor of a new evening wrap—white velvet lined with lobster-red *crêpe*—and Tollie's limousine, while she remained quietly at home. She became so restless that Thor had to take her out dancing.

"It makes one feel frightfully middle-aged to sit at home!" Constance apologized. "I really don't think it's good for one's morale!"

And Thor had a sudden terrified vision of the long years ahead of him—he had worked very hard that day, and was awfully tired—of years and years, with three hundred and sixty-five, and occasionally three hundred and sixty-six, evenings in each year, in which he must dance and dance, and throw away his hard-earned money. He was getting quite panicky about money. It seemed incredible that he could have spent so much in so short a time. Constance had come to New York in January, and this was only the end of March, but already he had spent practically all of his savings, and his checking account was perilously low. About all he could manage next month, would be the rent, and Constance's allowance, unless Rita paid him something.

He had counted on getting the thousand dollars for her portrait when he left Midland, but, as yet, she had paid him nothing, although the first portrait had been altered at her command, and Thor had spent hours upon hours of his precious time on the second portrait, simply strangling his artistic conscience meanwhile. It was nothing but hack work, as joyless as any form of uncreative labor. Yet an artist must wait until it suited the purchaser to pay. Thor envied the butcher and iceman.

Brooding on these matters, of which Constance knew nothing—for it was quite useless to talk to her about money—Thor tried to economize, that evening, in his choice of a cabaret. With assumed enthusiasm, he described to Constance a certain little cellar which was so Bohemian—how he hated that sort of pseudo-artistic atmosphere himself, but women always adored it. But it turned out that Constance, though she adored Bohemia, was quite as particular about that as everything else. "After one has seen the real thing in Paris, my dear Thor"—anyway, this place was simply dirty and terrible, and such ordinary people—Thor paid the comparatively moderate check, and took Constance to a place where the couvert charge was all that it should be. And still there was a little discontented frown on Constance's forehead.

She was visualizing Gay, who had looked unusually pretty in a little bright-red frock with a white flower on the shoulder, dancing with Tollie—who was a better dancer than Thor—at a night club so exclusive that it had once refused reservations to a well-known society woman or so it was said—chaperoned by Tollie's sister, who had been a famous beauty, and had married and divorced a count, and could have had another if she'd wanted him. While poor Constance was all alone with Thor, in a rather second-rate place—it was dreary not to be in a crowd of your own among the crowd—with Thor actually looking depressed over the bill! Tollie had the art of spending money invisibly. And wasn't it just as vulgar to spend it painfully, as ostentatiously?

All at once, Constance was aware of something vaguely unsatisfactory in Thor's appearance.

"I wonder, darling," she murmured, "if you don't need a new dinner coat?"

He looked at her with startled eyes, dismayed by that first stone of the avalanche of personal criticism which matrimony brings down on one's head.

There was a suspicion of dryness in his tone.

"A new dinner coat? I can't afford it."

She moved her shoulders impatiently.

"That's becoming a *cliché* of yours, isn't it, Thor?"

They drove home in silence, and, at the door, she gave him a cool cheek to kiss.

"I shan't ask you to come up," she said, in a curiously cool, hard voice. "Gay can't have come home so early, and there won't be anyone to chaperon us!"

He flushed angrily. She hadn't forgotten their last quarrel then. He was about to retort, but closed his lips firmly.

"Stubborn mouth," thought Constance. "Queer I never noticed it before."

When she got upstairs, she was surprised to find Gay already at home, and halfway to bed.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Constance.

"Nothing," answered Gay placidly, pulling off a stocking.

"But didn't you have a good time?"

"As good as you could expect."

"Did you like Tollie's sister?"

(Continued on Page 94)

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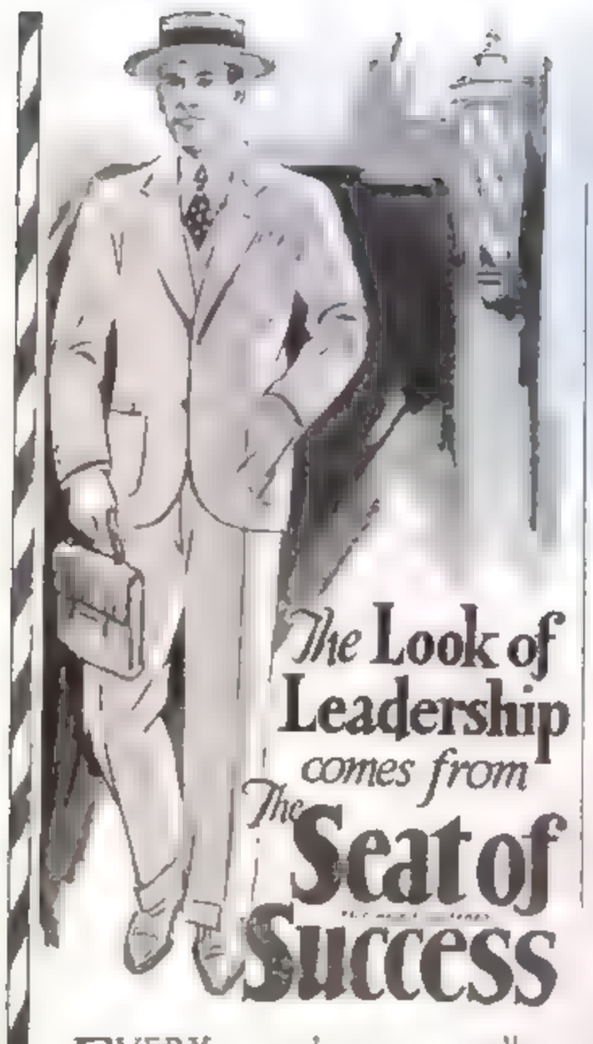

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KOKEN COMPANIES Saint Louis

(Continued from Page 92)

"No." Gay vigorously brushed her hair.

"Why?"

"Tried to high-hat me—the tattooed countess!"

"Well, how do you like Tollie?"

"Same as ever."

"And how much is that?"

"Who cares?" replied Gay, scrambling into bed, and clicking off the light.

From that time on, there was a covert duel between the two sisters, a fencing of words, with Constance trying to find out just how interested Tollie was in Gay, and Gay in him, and Gay parrying the thrusts with noncommittal phrases of cheerful slang. "Who cares?" or indifferently uttering that extreme of youthful praise, "He's the berries!"

Thor, meanwhile, had taken up the strangest, hostile attitude toward Tollie. Before, he had never minded having Tollie about, had seemed to like him, and not be in the least jealous of him. Now, he was always muttering to Gay, "That man's too old for you!" and criticizing Tollie's taste, his possessions, his dress, his manner, and manners. And to Constance: "Look here! Do you think it's quite the thing to let a jolly little kid like Gay run about all over New York with a man who's old enough to be her father?"

"Oh, don't be silly, Thor! Gay is always chaperoned. Tollie's sister, or Caroline Payne ——"

"Tollie's sister needs a chaperon herself," said Thor grimly, "and I can't endure Mrs. Payne!"

"Tollie's sister would be flattered," retorted Constance coolly, "and you simply don't like Caroline because I stopped with her after our famous quarrel."

"I don't like Mrs. Payne because she tries to patronize me!" said Thor, flushing angrily.

Constance had brought Mrs. Payne and some of her friends to tea, one afternoon, and Thor remembered it as one of the most disagreeable experiences of his whole life. It was not that he minded their knowing nothing about painting, for he had often shown pictures to people who had neither knowledge nor taste, but he did object to being treated like an amusing wild animal in a cage.

They poked sticks, and threw peanuts, and hoped to hear him roar. Of course, some artists went in for that sort of thing, cultivated eccentricities, and scored heavily. It was easy enough to secure lady patrons with profuse hand kissing, and compliments, even easier to charm them by deliberately calculated rudeness. But no one who came to a studio for Bohemian atmosphere, could possibly forgive an artist for behaving like a normal man.

Thor knew that it disappointed Constance's friends—perhaps it disappointed Constance—that he didn't wear a velvet jacket, or even a smock. He usually worked in an old tweed suit, and absent-mindedly wiped his paint-stained hands on his trousers. It was only too apparent that his guests thought him too good, and his pictures too bad. They murmured, in a half-hearted way, that his canvases were nice, but they did not enjoy the nice atmosphere of his studio. They longed for thrills, and would have been intensely grateful for an emotional shock, but they did not care for intellectual stimulation. They took great pride in being modern, but they really hated new ideas. They wanted pictures to look like what some authority had already labeled art. Of course everyone understood, by this time, that it was the thing to admire Cézanne, and Renoir, so they had no difficulty in appreciating the work of young painters who obviously imitated these masters. But Thor's pictures were not reminiscent enough of the work of any one famous man, to give his guests a hint as to what they ought to think about him. They didn't know how to place him, there didn't seem to be any convenient label or tag, so his work must be nonsense.

Thor could hardly have lived through that afternoon, if it hadn't been for Gay. She didn't say much, didn't rush to his defense—he couldn't have borne that. She just quietly handed teacups, and cigarettes, but there was an ironical twinkle in her eye that told Thor she understood how absurd his tormentors were. And every now and then, her friendly, jolly little face turned toward him, and she threw back her shoulders like a defiant little boy, and her wide, silent smile said, "Oh, who cares?" And then Thor was ashamed to care what such silly people thought. And he pretended so successfully not to care, that he even deceived Constance into believing him quite thick-skinned and insensitive. It annoyed her. She was humiliated, and it seemed only just that Thor should share a little of her humiliation. Not that she cared whether anyone liked his pictures—as a matter of fact, she didn't like them herself—but she was chagrined at Thor's failure to score a personal triumph. Half of Constance's pleasure in conquest was to possess what other women wanted. But Caroline Payne and her crowd simply dismissed Thor with a gesture.

"Oh, he's good-looking, of course!"

On the other hand, Caroline admired Tollie tremendously, and was engaged in that sort of cat's-paw flirtation with him in which chaperons often indulge—letting their charges drag the chestnuts out of the fire, that is, instead of burning their own paws. Constance, who quite understood this ancient game, thought it amusing to pretend not to. So she and Caroline had become almost inseparable rivals. And on the day Rita was turned away from the studio, Constance and Caroline, who had gone out shopping together that morning, were lunching with Tollie, though Constance had not thought this latter detail of sufficient importance to mention to Thor.

When Rita had gone, Gay waited until she heard Thor moving about in his studio, the staccato sound of the model's voice, and the closing of the outer door. Then she called, and Thor came into the breakfast room, where Gay was spreading a yellow cloth on the low, round table.

"Where's Constance?" he asked wearily.

Gay placed a bowl of jonquils in the center of the cloth, and stood back to admire the effect. The sunlight from the casement window caught her hair, as crisply golden as the flowers. She had tied a pink-and-white checked apron over her plain little schoolgirlish frock, with its round white collar, and in her appearance there was an oddly appealing mixture of the softly feminine, and the defiantly boyish.

"Constance's with Caroline," Gay replied, without looking up. "I'm having my lunch at home."

"Well, I'll run out somewhere, and get a bite," he said.

His voice was very tired. He had gotten thinner since he was in Midland, and a white line was etched at one corner of his mouth. A sharp pain stabbed Gay somewhere in the left side, and ran down her body like lightning, until her knees felt weak. Blushing angrily, she lowered her eyes again, and spoke in a voice almost as gruff as a little boy's.

"You can have some of my lunch if you want to. There's plenty."

He hesitated.

"But I don't want to put you to any trouble, Gay ——"

"Do you s'pose I'd ask you if it was? Who do you think you are?"

She dashed into the kitchen, and a tantalizing odor whiffed through the swinging door.

"Ragout," announced Gay, lifting the cover from a steaming baking dish. "Tastes much better than if you call it stew."

One golden eyebrow shot up, in a way she had of smiling at herself.

"Jolly good!" cried Thor, after the first mouthful. "But where on earth did you learn to cook?"

"Cooking school," she answered shortly.

Her manner was so forbidding, that Thor didn't dare question her further until luncheon was over. Then, when he had lighted a cigarette and leaned back, relaxed and comfortable, Thor said:

"But when did you ever go to cooking school, *Petit Asticot?*"

Gay was always more amenable if he called her *Asticot*. It placed them in their proper relationship, man to man. She spoke in a frank, boyish fashion.

"Makes you feel like a fool to be absolutely dependent on servants; might as well be a baby all your life, with a nurse! I've been to school every afternoon since I came here."

Thor shouted with laughter.

"I never before heard of a girl who'd give up Palm Beach for cooking lessons!"

A furious magenta spread from Gay's cheeks down to the little boyish collar, and disappeared into more feminine territory.

"It's none of your business what I do, Thorvald Ware!" she cried rudely, getting up to clear away the dishes.

He rose, too, and caught at her hand, to detain her.

"Don't be such a grouch, *Asticot!*"

Their eyes, and their hands met at the same instant, and a queer thing happened to both of them. Both drew away at once. Both felt vaguely dismayed, and even more obscurely disappointed. There was a slight, embarrassed pause. Then ——

"Shall I help you?" he asked formally.

"No."

She marched into the kitchen, her back very straight. And Thor did not see her again until late that afternoon, when she tiptoed in as he was cleaning his brushes. Charlerot, from the studio downstairs, had come up to borrow a tube of Chinese vermilion, and to invite them all to a party. And Gay, who had constituted herself a buffer between Thor and the world—almost her first act had been to have the telephone moved from the studio—had made Charlerot wait in the hall. Thor went outside, and gave him the paint, and declined the invitation. To his amazement, when he came back, Gay faced him with stern blue eyes.

"Listen, Thorvald Ware!" she demanded. "Are you a snob?"

He blushed hotly.

"No! Why, no, I hope not!"

"Then, listen! Haven't you got any friends?"

"Friends? Why, of course! What are you getting at, *Asticot?*"

"Well," she cried. "I haven't seen any since I've been here! Except Charlerot, and you always sort of brush him aside."

"But Charlerot isn't exactly a friend!" Thor explained. "We never played around with the same crowd. And his idea of a good time is gin and wild women. I couldn't let you and Constance go to his parties."

"I don't care about the party. That's not the point," declared Gay fiercely. "But if you've got a crowd, where is it? And why haven't you introduced them to Constance?"

"I didn't think she'd be interested," he mumbled.

"And are you interested in her crowd?" Gay persisted.

"No."

"Well, then, what are you going to do?"

Thor ran his hands through his hair, and sank down on the couch.

"I don't know, Gay. I give it up. What would you?"

She stood over him, looking him straight in the eye.

"I wouldn't be so afraid of Constance—that's one thing!"

"Afraid?"

His color mounted.

"Yes, you are! You've just tried to live Constance's life, instead of showing her what yours is like. Besides, you can't afford to play around with her friends."

"I certainly cannot. And it isn't only the money, *Asticot*, but I'm so darn sleepy all the time I can hardly think, and my painting is simply rotten. Rotten!" he groaned.

She sat down beside him. Her tone was more gentle as she asked:

(Continued on Page 96)

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(*) *This is one of a series of character sketches, by famous artists, making up the Dutchess Anthology of Trousers Wearers. This series, in leaflet form, may be had upon request. Other sketches include:*

"Going on Nineteen" in FLANNELS
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"The Head of the Works" in BREECHES
"Young Whipple" in DRESS TROUSERS
"Hair Splitter Evans" in WORK TROUSERS
"That Darn Bennett Kid" in BOYS' GOLF KNICKERS

(Continued from Page 94)

"What did you use to do in the evenings, Thor?"

He laughed shortly, and flipped his half-smoked cigarette into the fire.

"Oh, you'd think it was funny. At least, I know Constance would!"

"Go ahead. Tell me."

"Well, most of the fellows I know haven't any more money than I, some a good deal less. So we used to meet in some studio, usually here—this is about the most comfortable—and draw."

"Draw?"

"I knew you'd laugh."

"I'm not. But I thought you drew all day."

"Well, this was just for fun. Sketches, caricatures of each other. And then we'd talk a lot—you'd be surprised how much there is to talk about when you're really interested in something. Sometimes we played cards for small stakes. Nothing that would interest Constance. You know, Gay, she thinks I don't like bridge. It's because I can't afford to play with her friends."

"I know!" cried Gay. "That Caroline Payne bridge bunch is too steep for me, too!"

"So there you are!" concluded Thor, laughing mirthlessly. "Not many thrills in my kind of life for Constance! And not much what you thought Bohemia was like either, *Petit Asticot*."

"Who cares?" She wriggled her shoulders impatiently. "Let's throw a party just for your friends, some evening."

Thor looked extremely doubtful.

"But, Thorvald Ware, Constance has got to meet them sometime! Besides, she may have more sense than you give her credit for. She's beautiful," added the little sister loyally, "but she isn't dumb."

XXVI

"THE title of my next book," remarked one of Thor's guests, "will be Tame Parties—I mean, of course, entertainments, not people—Tame Parties I Have Known."

"Why not Wild Parties I Have Thrown?" said her husband. "It amounts to the same thing in the end. Your guests go to sleep too."

"Yes, love, but not for the same reason."

"I wonder if Thor would mind if I brought up some gin from my place," inquired Charlerot. "That punch is mild, to put it mildly."

"I haven't tasted fruit punch," said the lady, in the dreamy tone of reminiscence, "since I lived in Social Center, Arkansas, and went to flinch parties."

"Would you like to meet the Sultana?" asked Charlerot. "There is something about her—a *je ne sais quoi* in her appearance—that is strangely attractive to me. I don't know how to explain it."

"I do. She looks as if she might buy pictures."

"You mean as if she could buy pictures. There is a great difference. However, I shall try my luck."

"Do! I love to see you set out to captivate someone, Charlerot. You have the grand manner—'No woman can resist me!'"

"But, angel, no woman can."

"How about me?"

"I don't believe I've ever given you the slightest occasion for resistance, madam."

"No, you brute. And I do it so beautifully!"

"How is that?"

"I know just when to stop—resisting."

"I think," said her husband, "that there is something almost indecent in flirtation between friends."

"But, dearest, good old Charley quite understands that I am only keeping my hand in."

"While I," said Charlerot, "am merely running through my scales for the Sultana."

"But don't you think she must have run through them all herself, by this time? And now she probably prefers something a little less glamorous than music."

"Or, to change the metaphor," said the lady, "have you ever observed that love is the only feast which begins with dessert, and ends with *hors d'œuvres?*"

"Or in an even more unnatural appetite for bread and butter."

"Your remarks illustrate the most tiresome feature of modern times," said Charlerot. "The sixteenth century discovered love, the eighteenth century practiced it, but the twentieth century only talks about it."

"Oh, if you begin dealing in hundreds of years," murmured the lady, "you are safe from feminine contradiction.

"Thor," she cried to their host, who was passing by, "do introduce us to the Sultana!"

He stopped and looked puzzled.

"The Maharajah-ess!"

"The lady," explained Charlerot, "who is all lit up like a gasoline filling station at night."

He indicated Rita, ablaze with diamonds.

Rita sat enthroned on the couch, among many cushions. She had responded to the telephoned invitation to an informal little party, by putting on an alarmingly décolleté black-velvet frock, and all her diamonds—earrings, bracelets, rings, vanity case studded with diamonds and pearls, even the diamond necklace which usually reposed in a safe-deposit box. The heels of her black-velvet slippers were glitteringly encrusted, and the ebony handle of her fan, which was one enormous white plume. She was completely surrounded by dazzled and impecunious young men, as naïvely attracted by her glitter as moths by a lamp. And Rita was perhaps the only completely happy person in the whole room, for everyone else was having a more or less horrible time.

The trouble was that the party had quite outgrown its original intention. Gay had meant it simply as an evening with Thor's more intimate friends, but Thor was afraid that Constance might not care particularly for any of them, and as it seemed only reasonable to suppose that the larger the crowd the less danger there would be of Constance being bored, and the greater the possibility of her finding someone of interest, Thor had invited practically everyone he knew. As a consequence, the guests were very badly mixed; in fact, refused to mix, and separated into little groups, looking bored and critical, with Thor wandering about distractedly from clan to clan. There were too many to play cards, and no one wanted to dance to a phonograph, and Thor hadn't enough gin to put a little artificial warmth into the atmosphere. Some of Thor's friends tried to help, and to pretend they were having a good time, but everyone's face unconsciously held the expression: "I wonder why in the dickens I was asked to this party, and what one is expected to do anyway?"

Constance was no exception to this rule. Far from making any attempt to play hostess, she leaned back gracefully on a sofa, looking bored and lovely, her manner that of a polite, though wearied, guest who wonders why something isn't being done about it. She had been very much offended by Thor's refusal to invite Caroline or Tollie. Backed up by Gay, he had been firm, even after a very heated discussion. There were to be no outsiders, except Rita. Rita must be invited to make up for Gay's rudeness—which Gay had been forced to confess. Besides, as Thor explained, he couldn't afford to offend Rita in any case; he needed the money for her portraits too badly.

Constance, at this, had cried, "Oh, invite anyone you like, but don't talk about money!"

She maintained, after that, an air of ironic detachment, called the party "Gay's little revel," and let Gay make all the preparations. She had not even finished her leisurely dressing when the first guests arrived, and there was rather an awkward pause until Constance descended the stairs, looking perfectly lovely of course. Equally of course, she had not been guilty of Rita's mistake in taste of overdressing. Constance wore a very simple frock of black taffeta, her beautiful arms bare, a small string of pearls close about her throat. Beside her striking and luscious beauty, Gay's prettiness seemed mere schoolgirl insignificance.

In her little ruffled, pink-chiffon frock, Gay looked more like fifteen than eighteen, although there were faint lavender shadows of fatigue beneath her blue eyes. She had made two hundred sandwiches that afternoon, and cleaned the whole apartment thoroughly, with Thor's assistance, and made the fruit punch, and run out on innumerable errands. They had all gone out to a little tea room in the neighborhood for dinner, and Constance had simply hated the food, and wouldn't even try to drink the coffee. So Gay had made coffee after they came back to the apartment. And then there had been very little time left to dress, before the guests arrived at nine o'clock.

Gay had brushed her golden mop of hair without even looking in the mirror—pre-empted, of course, by the absorbed Constance—and it danced wildly, though attractively. There was a hook unfastened in her pink frock, and one trembling coral earring threatened to drop off any minute. Thor fastened the hook with fraternal brusqueness, and with an indulgent smile, and an admonishing shake, tightened the earring on the small pink ear. He had never performed such services for Constance. And he laughed at Gay, and felt superior. Oh, my sisters, if you are wise you will often let them feel superior, and my advice to all growing girls would be: Never grow up to be perfect.

Well, at any rate, Gay was properly attired when the first guests arrived, and since she played hostess, these guests at once assumed that Gay was Thor's fiancée, and spread the rumor about. So that, when the evening was over, some of Thor's more intimate friends said to him, with significant smiles, "I like her, Thor!" And Thor did not know that they meant Gay, and not Constance. For, though everyone acknowledged Constance's beauty, and at least half a dozen young men imagined themselves in love with her at first sight, and more than half a dozen wished she would pose for them, perhaps no man, and certainly no woman, felt for her that warm instant friendliness which Gay inspired by her own friendliness.

Gay liked people, nearly everybody, because she was interested primarily in them, and not in what they thought of her. Constance called Gay's interest curiosity, her ready liking puppy friendship. And had once scornfully remarked that if Gay were cast ashore after a shipwreck, she would soon make friends with the savages, and after two or three days, would be calling the cannibal queen herself darling, and writing home about her as the dearest old thing, and describing her nose ring as too cunning.

For her part, Constance found Thor's friends every bit as disappointing as all the rest of Thor's Bohemia. The men admired her, but Constance took masculine admiration as her due—there was certainly no novelty in that. And, to her dismay, their wives talked about receipts and babies. Constance had nerved herself to compete with cleverness, but she was quite at a loss with homespun conversation. It went on about her in a cheery storm, the other women quite forgot her in the excitement of their mutual interests.

"You made that frock yourself! I don't believe it!"

"It's darling! Simply darling! But how on earth did you ever get that circular skirt to hang so beautifully?"

"Why, it's quite simple. You only have to ——"

"Beat it for half an hour. Separate the whites and yolks of the eggs, of course."

"And little Bobbie said the cleverest thing, and I don't say so just because I'm his mother ——"

"Do tell me how to make Thousand Islands dressing!"

(Continued on Page 99)

First in *Time*
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FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, when the first automobile to have an electric starting and lighting system made its appearance, it was equipped with the Exide Battery.

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Have your eyes examined!

Wellsworth

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American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A

ESTABLISHED 1833

(Continued from Page 96

"I posed for three hours—I simply ached all over—and then got dinner ——"

"But I don't send my gloves to the cleaner's! I simply dip them in gasoline the moment I ——"

"Yes, my dear"—this in a proud, tremulous whisper. "Isn't it too perfectly dreadful of me! Of course we can't afford another one."

On the other hand, Constance liked even less the women who did things. That fierce, obnoxious battle cry of the ego, "I! I! I!"—particularly obnoxious in women—was resounding throughout the room, and these professional ladies took part in it quite shamelessly. When one of them was pointed out to Constance as a person who made thirty thousand a year by her own cleverness, Constance smiled disdainfully. Her thoughts, if they had been more Biblically inclined, might have been translated: "What shall it profit a woman if she gain the whole world, and lose her own charm!"

"Thor," she said—as he paused for a moment beside her, they were quite alone in the midst of the conversation that went on around them—"Thor, are you sorry I can't paint, or write, or something?"

"I thank God!" he said.

"But suppose I could earn thirty thousand a year?"

He made a face of disgust.

"Don't even talk about it, darling. I'm glad you don't know a darn thing about painting."

This didn't please her so well.

"But I do know something!" she protested. "I've seen ——"

"Never anything so beautiful as yourself," he said in a low voice. "I don't want to marry an art critic. A work of art!"

Rita beckoned to him, at this moment, and Thor, like a dutiful host, went over to the couch, where she was still deep in conversation with Charlerot. They were alone now—the rest of her circle had been dispersed by this one adroit and persistent courtier. And there was a curious look of triumph in Charlerot's face. In Rita's too! They let their shining glances fall apart at Thor's approach, and Rita gave him a strangely significant smile. He was puzzled by its sweetness, felt relieved, though, that he wouldn't arduously have to make his peace with Rita, as he had expected. Perhaps if Thor had heard the conversation between Charlerot and Rita, he would have understood her smile, known it for a sign not of forgiveness, but of achieved revenge.

Rita and Charlerot had proceeded, rather more rapidly than usual, through the usual conversational stages, from the general to the particular. Finally, Rita asked Charlerot to dine with her some evening of the next week.

"I'm awfully sorry, but I'm going away."

She looked quite startled.

"Away?"

He was adroit—extremely adroit. He waited, silently, watching her disappointed face with a quiet smile. If she wasn't impatient enough to ask him where he was going, then he hadn't made the impression he intended. If she was —— She was.

"Do you mind telling me where you're going?" she asked casually, with a light laugh. "Woman's curiosity, you know."

"Is that all?" he asked coolly. "I had hoped it was a little bit—personal interest."

"How conceited you are!" she laughed.

"Yes, I am. Very."

"But we only met five or ten minutes ago, or was it half an hour?"

"Still," said he, "I believe in love at first sight. Don't you?"

"Believe in it? I practice it!"

He bent over her, lowered his voice. What he said was audible to Rita alone. You must imagine—or remember it. They looked at each other in silence for a few seconds after that. Then he remarked, casually, that he was going to Paris next week.

"What a coincidence!" cried Rita, after a scarcely perceptible pause.

His smile flashed out—he had beautiful teeth.

"Don't tell me you were thinking of going too?"

"Yes, I am. Isn't that the strangest thing you ever heard of!"

"It's fate," he solemnly declared, but his dark eyes twinkled.

In the exhilaration of the moment, Rita became inspired.

"I am planning to motor through the hill towns of Italy in the spring," she invented. "That's the only way to see them, really."

He sighed enviously, and said he'd always wanted to do just that. Then Rita told him what a bore it was seeing things alone, but she simply couldn't bear traveling with women. He made the inevitable rejoinder. And then it was that Rita, catching sight of Thor, beckoned to him. When he was seated on the couch beside her, she sent Charlerot away, and she looked at Thor with rather amused, slightly scornful eyes, and she said, lying back among the cushions, blowing smoke languidly:

"I am going to make you rather happy, Thor, I think."

He regarded her with friendly, steady eyes, unsuspecting.

"And how is that, Rita?"

She looked down at her pretty little foot, in its twinkling slipper, and a smile slid from under the corners of her tinted lids.

"I have decided to give up the temptation of Saint Anthony."

Now Rita knew—she had always known, of course, her tremendous advantage over Thor in their one-sided flirtation. Women think they have a great many humiliations to bear, but there is no humiliation like that of the man who is made love to by a woman he does not love. If he is unresponsive, he forfeits his title to manhood, yet if he pretends an emotion he does not feel, he places himself in an even worse situation, for he must go on and on. Rita had realized, all along, that she could either make Thor feel like a fool, or be one. And, of course, most men would prefer to be one. That Thor had chosen otherwise, was strange, but now Rita could punish him for it.

So that is why she said, "I have decided to give up the temptation of Saint Anthony."

Thor's color mounted, but he smiled, and replied good-humoredly, "I'm sure you think that's the worst name you could call me, Rita."

"Most men would agree with me, wouldn't they?"

"Perhaps. But most men are not in love with a girl like Constance."

"Oh?" She raised an eyebrow, and looked bored. "But most men are not in love with any one girl, my dear. They are in love with all of us."

"And are you flattered by that sort of devotion?"

"I am not looking for compliments, I am not a silly schoolgirl. I only want thrills."

"And you've found that I'm not a bit thrilling?"

"I'm afraid so," she sighed. "Well, life is full of disappointments, and if I make mistakes, so does Nature. She gave you all the appearance of a great lover, Thor. But it's wasted, since you have no temperament."

"I suppose that's meant to be another deadly insult, especially to an artist."

"Oh, take it any way you like. It all depends on your point of view. I know some strange women who are quite proud of their masculine intellect, so perhaps there are curious men who are vain of their virtue."

Thor laughed.

"How conventional you are, Rita."

"Are you trying to return my insults?"

"No. But I mean, you have men and women all labeled, and put in separate compartments."

"My dear Thor, no one ever before has accused me of trying to separate the sexes!"

She rose, laughing, and Charlerot, who had gone to fetch her ermine cloak, hastened to wrap it about her. The other guests were leaving, too, and Thor had to bid them good night and accept their insincere thanks for his hospitality. When they were all gone, Constance sank back on the sofa, and closed her eyes as if she were completely exhausted.

"I'm sorry you were bored," Thor said, but his tone was rather offended, than regretful.

Gay was emptying ash trays, and opening windows, pushing chairs back into place.

"It wasn't exactly a riot," she admitted cheerfully.

"Perhaps this will convince you," remarked Constance, opening her eyes, and regarding her little sister and Thor with mild irony, "that my friends wouldn't have killed your party. As a matter of fact, Thor, from what I've seen of your friends ——"

"Must we always talk about my friends and your friends?" he interrupted good-naturedly. "Can't we come to a compromise?"

She went on imperturbably, ignoring his comment.

"I think your friends would be delighted to meet some of my friends who buy pictures!"

"But do they buy pictures?" Thor argued. "From unknown painters, I mean? Of course, I know they have old masters."

"Well, Caroline says," said Constance, as if she were quoting something clever, "that when she buys a car, she knows what she's getting. But not when she buys a picture, unless an art dealer tells her."

"Exactly! She wants a well-known brand. Nationally—no, internationally advertised."

"You're awfully unfair, Thor! Tollie would have bought a picture from you, only the other day, if you'd let him."

"Tollie didn't want that picture!" declared Thor, flushing darkly. "He doesn't like my stuff. He was only trying to give me some money, because he suspected I was hard up!"

She looked at him coolly.

"Well, aren't you?"

"I certainly am!"

"Then why be so haughty? Besides, how could you possibly know that Tollie didn't want your picture?"

Thor smiled at her—that is, his lips were pressed into a smile, but his eyes were dark with resentment.

"I took the best way of finding out. I sent the picture to Tollie, as a present."

"Well?"

"He sent it back."

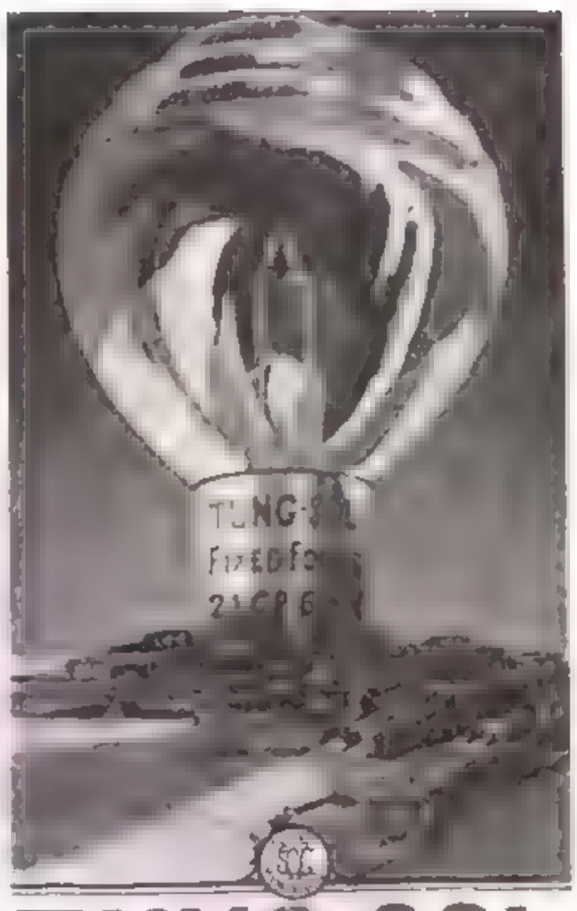
"That doesn't prove anything!" she cried impatiently. "It seems to me, you were only making a grand gesture. I wish you wouldn't indulge in heroics, Thor!"

His face contracted as if she had struck him.

"That's the second time you've said something of the sort to me!"

Their eyes met, and held, for a hostile moment. They were both remembering the night when they had come home together, through the snow, from Rita's party, and found that Marcia was away. Nothing had been quite the same, nothing quite right, in their relationship, since. It was as if Constance cherished a deep, secret grudge against Thor—as if, even when they were seemingly most happy, her resentment still smoldered, ready, at any moment, to burst into a positive flame of hate.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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THE SPITTING CAT

(Continued from Page 11)

always speak of as a perfect gentleman, slender still, but gracefully slender, with the same straight black hair very carefully brushed, and clothes that fitted without obviously trying. Even at his wildest, Pinckney said the right thing and did the right thing always.

Two men at the hotel where we had luncheon shouted at each other across the table.

"Let's go out of here," said Pinckney. "I hate scenes. Let's get out—I'll pay the check."

Pinckney reached quickly for the check, which lay on my side of the table, laughing as I snatched for it. But as he leaned farther forward I was surprised to see a flicker of pain run like a wave along his delicate lips.

"My arm," he said—"it's my arm. It's all right now, but it hurts me sometimes still if I get it at just the right angle."

"Your arm?" I said. Pinckney pulled a silk handkerchief from his pocket carelessly—too carelessly.

"Don't you remember?" he asked, raising his eyebrows. "You were there."

Then it came back all in a flash. It seemed no time at all. Pinckney was looking at me and his dark eyes were very dark.

"I've never seen him since," he said. "Rather curious, isn't it—I should never have seen him since?"

Something about Pinckney's voice, some fixed quality in it, was like the grating of a carving knife which a waiter was sharpening in the corner. Pinckney let me pay the check, and there was no doubt how clearly, how very clearly, Pinckney Clew remembered.

Mrs. Neville was standing on the steps when we rolled in, and Mr. Neville, clean-shaven and heavy-jawed, already in his dinner clothes. In a moment a man was working at our bags and another man from the garage was ready to take the car.

"You dear!" said Mrs. Neville, as Pinckney took her hand. "How nicely you look!" It was natural—there was not a hostess anywhere who was not half in love with Pinckney. "You dear!" said Mrs. Neville again; and added in a lower tone, "Cecelie Snow is here."

Cecelie Snow was standing in the high dark hall, smiling and talking and tossing her dark head, just as though she did not know or care that Pinckney was coming. And Pinckney even managed to look surprised, just as though he had not planned all summer to come to the Nevilles' to see her. They were both equipped to give no indication of a past or future, and certainly not of a present. Cecelie had known so many men, and Pinckney always did what was right.

"Think of that!" said Pinckney.

Cecelie smiled and then laughed, a rippling little laugh that seemed to light up all her face.

"Don't talk," said Mr. Neville. "Hurry and get dressed. Dinner's ready. How can we keep any servants with everybody late?"

"It's lucky," said Cecelie—her voice always had a quality of excitement in it which always stirred one's pulse—"that I brought another man along, isn't it?"

"Always better to have two," said Pinckney, "in case one of them gets hurt. You couldn't do without any."

"Hurry and get dressed," said Mr. Neville.

"You both know everybody, don't you?" said Mrs. Neville.

Pinckney always knew everyone. He looked at the guests in the hall. There was the younger Weeks boy and Sam Drew and Catherine Burling and the two Smythe girls from Philadelphia.

"Hurry and get dressed," said Mr. Neville. "Here comes Hendricks."

And then came Cecelie's voice straight as an arrow in the wind. "Here's someone he doesn't know," cried Cecelie. "He doesn't know my new boy friend."

"Why, of course," said Mrs. Neville. "I never thought. This is Mr. Buddington Brent—Mr. Clew. One of the Clews of Baltimore and one of the Brents of Pittsburgh."

There he was. He was moving forward, broad-shouldered and heavy, with his blond hair crisp and shining. His face had the old pink color of St. Joseph's, but the roundness had gone out of it into straighter lines. Pinckney had become perfectly motionless, so still that everyone looked at him. Buddy had stretched out his hand instinctively, but suddenly his forehead wrinkled almost to the roots of his hair.

"Haven't I seen you somewhere?" he inquired. "By Jove, I've got it!" He withdrew his hand slowly. "It's mommer's boy—the one who got me fired from school."

Mr. Neville seized Pinckney by the arm. "You'll have all night to talk," he said wearily. "Hurry and get dressed; it's dinner time. How can we keep any servants with everybody late?"

I saw the look on Pinckney's face, the flash, the twitching of his lips. If no one else noticed, at least I noticed the unconscious curling of Buddy's fingers.

"Think of that," said Cecelie, and laughed in that way that made your pulses beat. "He isn't just my boy friend now; they were boys together."

Pinckney was walking up the stairs. Hendricks, the butler, had come in with a tray of cocktails. Buddy picked up a glass. His hand was trembling so that the faint red liquid spilled on his heavy fingers.

A minute later, in one of those endless corridors leading past the Nevilles' guest rooms, I encountered Harry Robbins. He must have heard my voice, for he popped his face through a half-open door.

"Did they meet?" he whispered. "Did they ——"

The pause following his last words was as good as a question and my silence as good as any answer. Harry put his hand uncertainly to his chin.

"We've got to get him away—right off," he whispered. "You see that. Do you feel the way I do? It might be yesterday—yesterday!"

From the hall downstairs, Cecelie Snow was laughing; but even with Cecelie to make it worse, it still might have been yesterday.

Yet we must have been the only ones who guessed, and down at dinner no one could have known that anything was wrong. There was not even the slightest hint of preoccupation in Pinckney Clew. Across the table from him, Buddington Brent and Cecelie were whispering together, but you would not have thought that Pinckney noticed, except for a single instant. It was just as dessert was over, as Mrs. Neville was looking about to give the signal you know the lull that comes in conversation at such a time, so that the whole table is brought together before the ladies leave.

We all heard Cecelie Snow's voice, vibrant and so unconsciously excited that it seemed a hint of wonderful things. "Well, then, are you coming in the spring?"

Buddington Brent finished his glass of Scotch and put it down decisively. "Who wouldn't," he asked a little thickly, "if you asked him?"

Cecelie gave a little shrug with her smooth white shoulders. "I'm asking everyone," she said.

It was one of those scraps of conversation without a beginning, but it had some meaning. Pinckney, who had been talking to one of the Smythe girls, laid his napkin on the table. "That's a new line," he said—"asking everyone."

Buddy Brent looked up slowly. "Perhaps she's changed her mind," he remarked in a way that made everyone look at him. "Didn't someone say it's a philosopher's consolation to know that women change their minds? The Clews of Baltimore ought to be philosophers—by this time."

Pinckney smiled. "Yes, sir"—he nodded courteously to Buddy—"we're stoics in Baltimore. The opportunists, I've found, generally come from Pittsburgh."

Mr. Neville began to laugh. One could tell from the hearty manner of his laughter that he could not understand the joke in the least. Others joined in nervously. Mrs. Neville had risen and the ladies were leaving the room.

Mr. Neville nodded to Hendricks, who nodded to the second man and picked up a tray of decanters. Then Mr. Neville, who never let a bit of form go by, nodded to Pinckney and waved his arm to the hostess' high-backed chair.

"Sit there," he directed amiably. "Then you won't need the long-distance to talk to Pittsburgh."

Sure enough there was no one between Buddy Brent and the chair which Mrs. Neville had quitted. As Hendricks moved forward with the decanters Harry seized my shoulder.

"Hurry and sit between 'em—both of us. Look! Will you look at the way they look?"

"Here!" cried Mr. Neville. "You two—come over here by me."

And we came and sat on the edge of our chairs. Mr. Neville began telling one of his stories which must emanate from English smoking rooms, and savor of Dickens and Scott and Thackeray all gone a little wrong. "There was a party up in Dorsetshire going to shoot over Lord Twombley's coverts—— Are you listening, you two?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Harry. "That is ——"

From the other end of the table words were wafted toward us over the click of glasses. "Just what," said Buddy Brent, leaning forward, "did you mean by 'opportunist'?"

Pinckney waved away a glass of brandy. "Anything you want me to mean—anything at all."

There was a pause. Mr. Neville was continuing about Lord Twombley, who was arranging his guests for the night. Pinckney and Buddington Brent sat examining each other in critical silence.

"And he gave Fitzhugh the blue room," said Mr. Neville. "Do you get it? And Lady Percy had the one next, and in the morning—what do you think Lady Percy said?"

We didn't know; we didn't care. Pinckney was speaking again. A cup of coffee had fallen on the floor.

"May I inquire just why you made that last remark?"

It might have been yesterday—his voice was just as we remembered it, his face was just the same.

"I made it"—Buddington was speaking—"because you snitched on me and got me fired from school."

Pinckney's nostrils quivered. He seemed to be living that moment over again.

"You're mistaken," he answered. "I never said a word."

Their voices were lost for a moment as Mr. Neville chuckled. "And when Lord Twombley said in the morning, 'How did you sleep, Lady Percy?' what do you think she said?"

He stopped. We all stopped. Buddy and Pinckney were on their feet.

Hendricks was standing motionless by the sideboard. Tommy Weeks and Sam Drew were half out of their chairs, leaning over the table, and Buddy Brent was speaking thickly:

"You did do it! How would the rector know if you didn't tell? You fixed it! Don't be a liar about it now!"

Pinckney answered at once. His voice was level, but endless like the wind, not like his voice or any voice: "Don't call me that!"

Buddington's fingers clenched together. "You don't like it, eh?" he said. "Well, it fits you just the same."

(Continued on Page 103)

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(Continued from Page 101)

The next instant, before we could speak or round the table, Buddington staggered backward from a blow. He staggered, tripped on the carpet, snatched at the tablecloth, and was down in a heap of glass and cups, but he was up in half a second. Tommy Weeks, who tried to hold him, went crashing into the sideboard, sending half the silver toppling.

For a second there was perfect silence except for Buddington's deep sobbing breath. Then Hendricks spoke in answer to a glance from Mr. Neville. "It's all right, sir. The ladies didn't hear. I closed the door, sir, when I saw it coming."

Yes, Hendricks was the one who kept his head. He was the one who got a napkin and began bathing Pinckney's face. Buddy cleared his throat nervously and Mr. Neville spoke:

"Good with your fists, aren't you?"

"I'm sorry, sir," said Buddy between deep breaths. "I didn't mean—to do it."

"You made a damn good mistake then, didn't you?"

"He's coming round, sir," said Hendricks.

Mr. Neville nodded and stared at Buddy coldly. "In fact," he said icily, "you know how to use your fists rather better than hospitality. Be quiet—the rest of you! I saw it all—I heard! You insulted a guest, a friend of mine, as though you were in a barroom -a boy half your size. He was right to slap your face. I should have. Anyone would."

Buddy coughed, but he did not look away. "Mr. Neville," he began, "I can't help what size he is."

"No," said Mr. Neville evenly, "and you can't help a lack of self-control that makes you hardly fit—excuse my being so frank—hardly fit for decent company. Hendricks, have Mr. Brent's bags packed and a car at the door."

"He's all right now, sir," said Hendricks. "Easy—easy, Mr. Pinckney."

Pinckney sat up on the dining-room carpet, mechanically rubbing his jaw, and Buddy Brent's own jaw hung slack.

"You're not," he gasped—"Mr. Neville—you're not going to—kick me out?"

"You catch my meaning perfectly," said Mr. Neville, "though you paraphrase it in your own blunt way."

Pinckney struggled to his feet and gripped the edge of the disordered table.

"Please," he said slowly, "don't do that. It was my fault. I'm sorry, sir. I really began it and neither of us could help it. It just happened—about something. We'll be all right after this. Shall we go in now?"

Even Mr. Neville looked relieved after Pinckney spoke.

"Well ——" he began.

Buddy moved a step toward Pinckney. "I just want to say," he said, "in spite of the way I feel—I want to say ——"

Pinckney's voice was like ice, his eyes like ice. "Don't say it," he begged. "Say it sometime later, sometime when we aren't guests in someone's house. I feel the way you do—the way I always did, only perhaps a little more. And I won't always be laid out like this on the carpet. Please remember that."

There were five of us besides Buddington Brent and Pinckney Clew, not one of whom would have breathed a word intentionally, as old Horatio Neville must have known, for he did not bother to remind us.

"It doesn't seem possible," he remarked, "but the world's a deucedly incredible place. Everyone will hear about it. It's going to come out and stand out—like a red woolen union suit on washing day—entirely without words."

IV

NO, IT wasn't words. It was Pinckney Clew and Buddington Brent, not words. The sight of them was enough to make old ladies whisper and men to emit low whistles, and they seemed to persist in being seen together after that on purpose and by mutual consent. The Brents, one heard, had made a pile of money, and naturally Buddington began to be invited everywhere; and, of course, Pinckney Clew had always been invited. It was not their faces or their manners which made people talk, but something behind all that which left no need of words to tell that something lay between them.

An older man would have prophesied that Cecelie Snow was bound to find it out. But a month went by, and another month, and still Cecelie did not know. In spite of questions people were asking which were growing more difficult to answer, anyone could tell that Cecelie did not know. Then everyone was talking. There seemed to be no reason why, but suddenly rumors of that night in Mr. Neville's dining room were everywhere.

At the coming-out dance of the younger Burling girl, Pinckney Clew was standing in the stag line when an event occurred which could not escape attention. Cecelie Snow walked straight across the floor to him, unescorted.

"I want to dance," she said. "Do you hear me? Hurry, if you don't want everyone to talk. Dance with me to the door. There's something I want to say."

Fifteen minutes later, as Harry Robbins and I were standing near the coat room, Pinckney Clew appeared. His face was white as paper and he was walking up the stairs, looking straight before him.

"Have you seen Brent?" he asked. "Answer me. Where's Brent?"

"Why?" Harry started. We both started. Pinckney was trembling as though he had a chill.

"Oh, you know why! Here! Let me go, you two! I want to see Buddington Brent."

We both answered at once as we each held him by an arm.

"No, you don't, Pinckney. What is it, Pinckney?"

"Thanks," he said at length; "I'm much obliged to both of you. I'm all right now. Get my coat, will you? I want to go home."

We were in a taxicab, going down Fifth Avenue. Its asphalt, with the lights on it, had the glow of a ballroom floor. Again we were speaking almost in a chorus.

"What's the matter? Don't keep everything to yourself—tell us what's the matter."

Pinckney gave his handkerchief a little flick. "You're—both of you—the most egregious asses, or else you'd know. It's Cecelie."

"Cecelie?"

Pinckney stared at the lights as they moved by one by one.

"She's heard about that curtain raiser in Neville's dining room, and I know who told her about it. Oh, I know, and she wouldn't listen to a thing I had to say. She threw me over—just like that."

Then we were in Pinckney's rooms. Pinckney tossed his silk hat toward a chair, and we watched it roll off and bounce across the floor. Pinckney pressed a bell.

"Bring these gentlemen whisky and pack my bags."

"Your bags, Pinckney? Where are you going?"

Pinckney picked up his hat. "I'm getting out of this," he said. "Don't you see why? This town isn't big enough—no town is big enough to hold Cecelie and Brent and me."

Harry's face was white and mine must have been white.

"I'm going after him," Harry whispered. "If someone doesn't ——"

"If someone doesn't ——"

"He'll kill him—he'll kill him! Did you see the way he looked?"

V

THOUGH Harry is the one who tells the rest in his own vague way, frequently launching off into side channels until he seems like a lecturer delivering a travelogue, it is possible to catch a hint of his anxiety. It is possible, through his talk, to catch a glimpse of Harry himself, hurrying to banks in Paris, sitting solid and disconsolate at places where Americans gather, asking questions, always asking questions, though no one could tell him what had become of Pinckney Clew. You see, he had some intuition denied to the rest of us, or he knew more about Pinckney Clew than the rest of us, but when he tries to explain what he knew he only repeats: "I saw his face—I saw his face—that's all."

When he tries to explain what led him to Italy and finally to Florence, he falls into that same slough of vagueness, which perhaps is just as well, for nothing happened until he got to Florence, and then, all of a sudden, everyone was there. To judge from Harry's telling it, all was like a miracle perfectly designed in every way to make everything unpleasant.

Harry was sitting in that large hotel, perhaps the largest of them all that fronts the Arno. It had the architectural characteristics of all Continental hostelries, a rotunda with glass doors, palm trees and little tables, a small writing room, and the usual desks and chairs. It must have been five in the afternoon—Harry said it was five, because it was still light; and the days were not very long, since it was only the middle of March—when Harry became aware of a bustle by the glass front doors, the closed motor drawn up to the curb; and, with that sense of drama and volubility which comes only in a southern race, the hotel porters were rushing toward it, fighting their way through a crowd of urchins. First there came a courier with well-greased curls, who was met by the maître d'hôtel, still carrying one of his endless bills with its addition left unfinished. Next, three men in aprons staggered in under suitcases and hatboxes, and then Harry started from his chair. Two American women in sables, one young and one old, walked into the rotunda. They were Mrs. Snow and Cecelie Snow.

Cecelie might have been walking into the Plaza instead of wandering in a strange and vocal land. There was the same vague excitement in her motions, the same half-inquisitive, half-amused way of turning her head, but it seemed to Harry that Cecelie looked paler. It was difficult, however, to know what she was thinking, for Cecelie was too finished to show her feelings. It only seemed to Harry that Cecelie looked startled when she saw him and wished to conceal from him why she was startled.

"Well, of all things!" she said. "To think of you two being here!"

"Which two?" asked Harry.

"You stupid!" said Cecelie. "Why are you always stupid? You and the other one! Everyone knows you came all the way over here to find Pinckney and hold his hand."

"Well ——" began Harry slowly.

"Don't be a dunce," said Cecelie almost angrily. "Isn't Pinckney here?"

"Don't worry," said Harry, annoyed at being called a dunce, "there won't be any painful scene. He isn't here."

"Don't be so cross," said Cecelie. "I'm so awfully tired. Where is he, if he isn't here?" All at once her lips began to tremble and Harry became alarmed. "And why hasn't he written me?" she asked. "Why do you suppose he didn't?"

"I understood you ought to know," said Harry.

He wished she would hurry and go upstairs, for he felt most uncomfortable.

"Please," said Cecelie, "please don't be so cross. I wrote and I should think he might, if he had any sense. Is he all right? Where is he?"

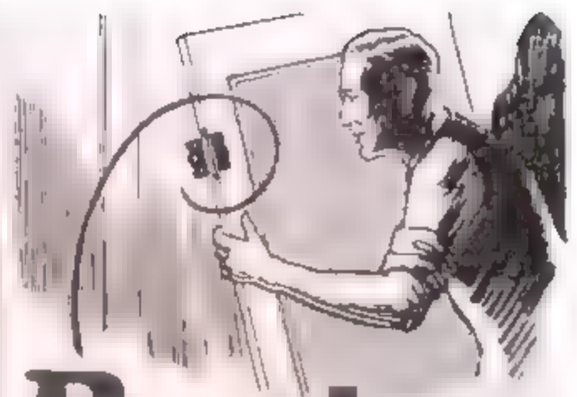
"I don't know," said Harry.

Why was her voice growing higher? Why was she nodding her head at him and plucking at her gloves? The guests in the rotunda were looking at them curiously.

"I really don't know," said Harry. "I've been looking for him everywhere and I haven't been able to find him."

"You haven't been able ——"

She looked younger than he had ever seen her; but suddenly she turned away and hurried toward the golden elevator, with its boy in gilded buttons, while Harry stared after her, his broad face bewildered.



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HAVE you ever taken a door "off its hinges" after the metal parts have been rained on for a season or more? You know what rust does. It is vicious—eats through enamel or paint quickly.

Do you know that today this economic waste—this annoyance from rust is unnecessary? Iron and steel can be rust-proofed by a process available to any manufacturer.

In their pursuit of quality, a constantly increasing number of manufacturers who use iron or steel, rust-proof all exposed parts by Parkerizing. The process is simple—PARCO POWDER added to a tank of boiling water produces a balanced rust-proofing solution in which the articles are immersed.

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Parkerizing jobbing service plants are located in sixteen industrial centers.

To those interested in all the facts we shall be pleased to mail our monthly publication *The Parkerizer*—also our book the *Parker Rust-Proofing Process*. Write for them.

PARKER RUST-PROOF COMPANY

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Sound Sleep *Instantly* when you go to bed

Wide-Awake Days

Now from Switzerland—a way to restful nights that bring you energetic days—see what 3 days will do

When you go to bed do your nerves stay up? Leaving you dragged out on the morrow—your mornings logy, your energies drained by afternoon.

Modern science has found a natural way (a way without drugs) to overcome this—a way to sound, restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

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Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restful sleep and real vim energy quickly and naturally. This is why.

First—it digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion. It combines certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials in which your daily fare is often lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

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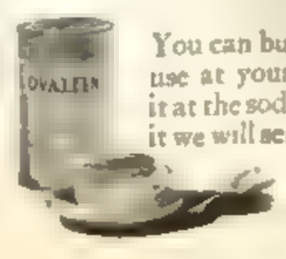
Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food drink. In use in Switzerland for 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was included as a standard war ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a restorative, but also for malnutrition, nerve-strain, convalescence, backward children and the aged.

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

A 3-day test



You can buy Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use at your druggist or store. Or drink it at the soda fountains. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10c.

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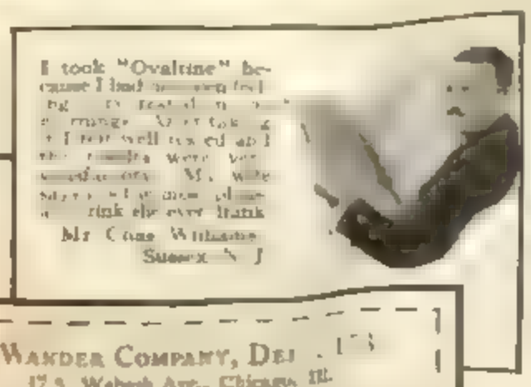

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Earle H. Meyer, Chisholm, Minn.

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But one thing was certain—Cecelie had not forgotten Pinckney Clew.

Though there was no reason to be excited, the sight of Cecelie appearing suddenly had made Harry feel very strange. There seemed to be shadows behind the palm trees. Old ghosts were stirring from that Hades where restless ghosts dwell; in spite of an ocean separating them, he could hear their voices in that garish, comic-opera rotunda.

The voices of St. Joseph's and the sounds of Mr. Neville's dining room mingled with the pattering of porters' footsteps. Another car had drawn up at the door, to the chorus of new Italian exclamations. The maitre d'hôtel again appeared from behind his desk, and for a second time Harry started in his chair. Two men, two new arrivals, entered the rotunda.

The first he had never seen. He was an old man in a fur-lined overcoat leaning on a cane. A high silk hat was tilted on his heavy head and his face was round and very white, a sort of caricature of a face that a child might draw. Folds of flesh on his cheeks and chin undulated with his short stertorous breathing, and his eyes, watery and colorless as his face, stared about him vaguely. Once he caught sight of him, the maitre d'hôtel rushed up, bowing, almost cringing; but Harry scarcely noticed. It was the second visitor Harry was watching. He knew the broad shoulders beneath the leather motor coat before he saw the pink, glowing face. It was Buddington Brent.

"See!" gasped the old man in halting English. "I spit upon the place! Why do you stay here when I offer you my house and—what you call it—fun?"

Buddington shrugged his heavy shoulders contemptuously. "You know damn well why I'm staying here," he answered. The ghosts were back. Their voices were in the familiar sound of Buddy's voice, and they must have been in Harry's too, for Buddy exhibited all his ancient truculence. "What the devil are you doing here?" he cried.

"Isn't this a public place?" asked Harry.

Buddington made no direct answer except to bite his lip. "Where's Clew?" he asked.

"Don't worry," said Harry, "he isn't here." And still it was the same, a hint was still enough.

"Why the devil should I worry?" demanded Buddington. "It's only lucky for him he isn't. I'm just asking you a civil question. Didn't you come over here to find him?"

Nevertheless, it seemed to Harry that Buddington was relieved, for he added in a different tone: "Why are we always fighting? I've tried to tell him I was sorry. Why do you say I ought to know why he left New York? It's all over and done with, and I don't want to keep quarreling. Why, I'm the happiest man in the world!"

"The happiest?" Harry faltered and grew weak. He had actually felt from what Cecelie had said that things might straighten out, but now he could guess the answer.

"And the luckiest. I'm engaged to Cecelie Snow."

A dozen things that Harry had to say, as a friend of Pinckney Clew's, were lost and useless. He was standing in the lobby shaking hands with Buddy Brent before he knew what he was doing. While his mind still reeled without recovering, he heard another voice beside them, wheezing and panting.

"Ah! You have found the friend? What the devil! Will you introduce?"

It was the fat old gentleman, who had waddled toward them and was blinking his colorless eyes.

"The Duca de Mola," said Buddington and looked somewhat apologetic. "You've heard of the duca, haven't you? Most Americans have."

"Pleased to meet you," said Harry, again before he could think, because he was not pleased. It was difficult to be pleased with anything about the duca, though the duca was most cordial.

"It is a pleasure, always the pleasure," wheezed the duca. "I am old—ah-ha—near dead—I always like the young men—yes? Shall we speak French? Ah, you understand? When one is old, one likes the young men best—to see them happy, to see them drink and game. Ah, it makes me young, and Brent he makes me very young. And now you shall be the old man's guest—oh, yes, and we shall dine. You will come'"

Harry searched hastily through his French for an adequate refusal.

"Of course he'll come," said Buddy hastily; and added in a whisper, "Come, for heaven's sake! I can't shake the confounded old reprobate and I've promised. Look at him! You've got to come, and we'll get away the first chance."

Harry's mind was still in confusion, and what happened next was too mixed for his other thoughts to remember. The duca's bleary eyes glistened with a somewhat pathetic pleasure as they climbed into a victoria drawn by a decrepit yellow horse.

"Ah," said the duca, "now I'm young again when I'm with the young. You call the pleasure vicarious—what? Still it is the pleasure. Ah, now we can find more friends."

In spite of uneasiness and dislike, one could not help but be diverted at the duca's talk and at certain stories of dubious adventures that flowed easily from the duca's lips, and at the friends the duca found. A long time later, it must have been quite late at night, Harry was actually laughing and pounding on a small round table, transported from the world he knew, surrounded by men with small mustaches and curious clothes and by officers in long cloaks of horizon blue.

His brain was whirling with French, Italian and champagne. They were all in a café, with himself and Buddy sitting in the center. As the party became noisier, Harry noticed that Buddy looked toward the door and through the glass windows that faced the street.

"Confound it," he kept murmuring, "we've had enough, haven't we? We've got to get out of this before it gets too rough."

Buddington had started to rise, Harry remembered that, because Buddy was seated opposite him. Buddy was on his feet, when suddenly he stood still and made an involuntary motion that made the glasses clatter, but only Harry followed Buddy's glance. Pinckney Clew, as though he had come from nowhere as people do abroad, was walking across the marble floor.

It was a sight that made the wine which Harry had consumed and the vision of men around them, in varnished shoes and spats, float from him like morning mist at sunrise. At least it made him realize that he had taken far too much. Evidently some similar observations were penetrating Buddy's mind, for he looked, for the first time in the evening, cold sober.

People at the small tables watched Pinckney curiously as he passed, and waiters, without knowing him, bowed and stood back as waiters always did. Pinckney was neat as always, perfectly dressed in a dark suit with little stripes, and very polite. Nevertheless, something made Harry's brain and eyes as clear as a brand-new camera plate.

"I saw his face," says Harry. "I saw his face—that's all."

The talking had stopped, the duca had stopped laughing; but before Buddington or Pinckney could speak, Harry lurched forward and got Buddington by the arm.

"Don't!" he cried hoarsely. "Sit down! Don't be a fool!"

That indefinable current which is a premonition of trouble went in little waves through the whole café, so that even the eyes of the duca were less bleary.

"Sit down!" cried Harry again, tugging at Buddy's arm. Buddington was trying to say something; he coughed and cleared his throat, and, leaving Buddy, Harry made a grab at Pinckney's sleeve.

(Continued on Page 106)

From the Pens of Everyday People

These letters tell how clogged intestines, skin and stomach disorders were corrected, and glorious energy regained—
through one simple fresh food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.*

Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

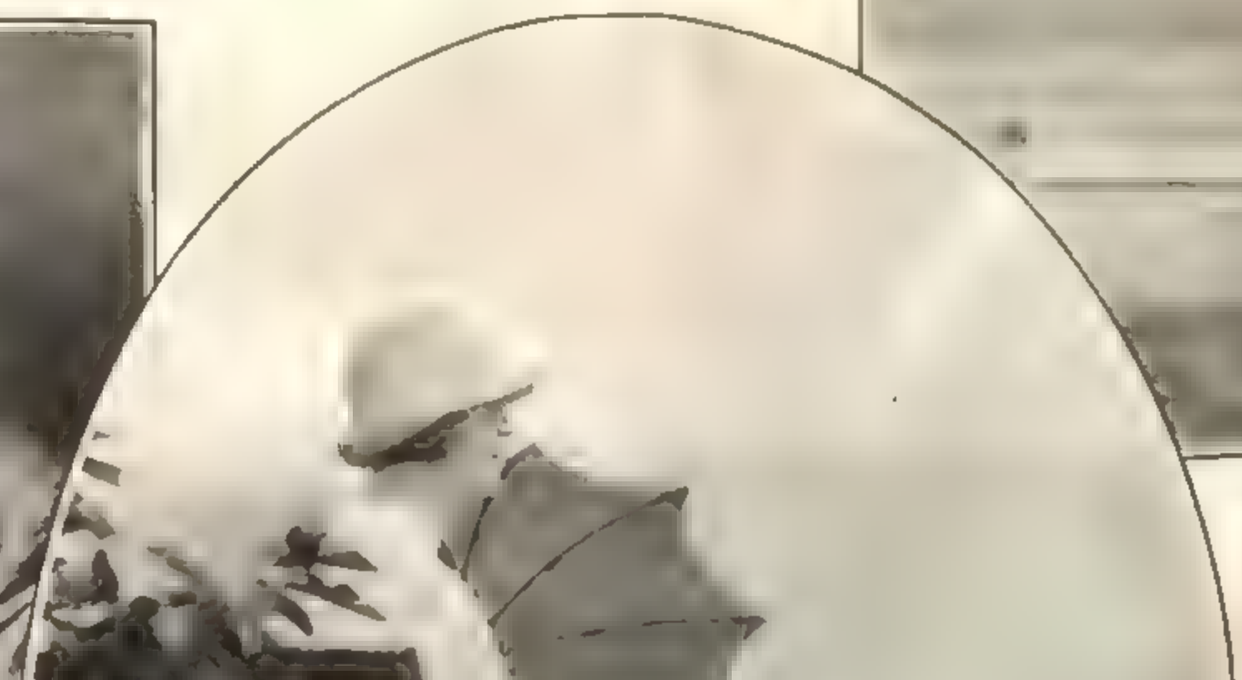
And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-14, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"I HAD been troubled with skin eruptions. My physicians advised me to try eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I began. Inside of a few weeks the eruptions disappeared. But to keep fit I still eat two cakes of Yeast every day."

DONALD SMITH, Lawrence, Mass.

"LAST year my physician told me that my stomach was bad. I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast. Feeling better, I stopped eating the Yeast. Some time later the same trouble returned. I know now that a bad stomach was the basis of my trouble. For thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, I am again feeling fine."

S. RAHN USIAK, Pittsburgh, Pa.



LEFT

"A YEAR ago I was anaemic, could not sleep, and was losing weight. Meantime the wedding day of a friend drew near. I had promised to be one of her bridesmaids. How could I—with my dragging step and tired face? Then someone suggested that I try Fleischmann's Yeast. I did so, and grew better so quickly that I kept on. My color came back and my nerves became more steady. My friend's wedding went off beautifully."

STEPHANA LEE, Chicago, Ill.

"FOR three years I suffered from a stomach disorder that brought on constipation and caused my healthful complexion to change to a deathly sallow. A relative advised me to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. He had suffered from constipation. When he began eating Yeast, I began. After eating this food for six months my internal organs are functioning properly and my healthful complexion has returned."

MRS. JOSEPH MUELLER, Los Angeles, Cal.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

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Rest for Man and Motor

Hotel La Salle is the only downtown Chicago hotel owning and operating its own garage. Here, in the largest garage in the city, every motor service is rendered day or night at moderate prices. Accommodations are provided for one thousand motor cars.

This and a multitude of other personal services have made the phrase "Stevens Managed" synonymous with luxurious accommodations at sensible fixed prices. An attractive booklet will be mailed upon request.

ERNEST J. STEVENS *President*

RATES PER ROOMS

Per person per day

Number of Rooms	One Person	Two Persons
	$5	$4
24	4	3
100	4	3
142	3	3
20	7.50	12.50

FIXED PRICE MEALS

A la carte service at sensible prices

Individual Rooms

(Continued from Page 104)

"It's a friend of mine," he said loudly. "I'm walking back to his hotel with him. Good night."

"And you go home?" the Duca de Mola started up with an indignant bellow, lumbering forward, stumbling over chairs and legs. "You go home because he is your friend? Not by ten thousand devils! You all go home with me." A fit of coughing choked him, making his whole body shake, and he seized his stick and hat. "We sit up all night at my home. You, signorino, I know the sport when I see him. Will you not come?"

Buddington laughed heavily and the motion from Pinckney made Harry grasp him more firmly.

"He can't come," said Harry hastily.

But what could Harry do more than that? He never realized he had done the very thing calculated to start the ball rolling.

"I can still go any place I like," said Pinckney. "Why can't I come?"

The party had been gathering around them, and Pinckney's remark was met by a shout of approving laughter. The duca began slapping Pinckney's back and snatching for Pinckney's hand; and Pinckney, even as he tried to avoid the handshake, whispered in Harry's ear, "Do you think I'll let him think I'm afraid? I'll be damned if I will—damned!"

Inevitable—that was the way it always seemed, as though the time and place and everything had been worked out long ago. The duca dwelt where his fathers had dwelt, in one of those huge stone buildings, old, yet reminiscent of Fifth Avenue today except for a prisonlike solidness and prisonlike gratings on the lower windows. A servant opened the front door, which he clanged behind them, once everyone was in the courtyard and shivering slightly. Harry followed the laughing, noisy men up a flight of broad stone steps into a huge room. The room was so large that it was like a dream, and, despite the lights upon the walls, it stretched into shadowy space. A half dozen servants were making things ready, as though they had done it often, placing bottles and glasses upon a huge table and kindling a fire, for the room was very cold.

In spite of the chilliness, however, the duca was warm with wine, so warm that his white face was a gray pink; and just as Harry espied Pinckney Clew and Buddington standing with a little group of men, the duca waddled toward him, panting and chuckling.

"Your friend he is so nice!" he gasped. "I love him. He makes me laugh fit to die! Ah, those boys, how they make me young!"

"Let go of me!" cried Harry. "I've got to be with them. Don't you see what's happening?"

The duca had thrown an arm around Harry's shoulders and held them as though he were anchored. "No!" he shouted. "We take the wine. Ah, you do not drink like those nice young men!"

"Let go of me, you old devil!" roared Harry. "Look at 'em—don't you see?"

The duca turned and looked, which was not strange, for everyone had begun to look.

"Ah," cried the duca, "so that is it! Boys will be boys. Ah, now we have—what you call it—fun!"

Pinckney Clew, with his straight dark hair, and Buddington Brent were in the center of a little circle. "What is it?" wheezed the duca. "What is it they are saying?"

"Let me go!" gasped Harry. "Won't someone get between them?" Anyone could hear what they were saying.

First there was Buddington's voice: "I tell you it won't do any good to stay here!"

"Do you think"—it was Pinckney, as polite as ever—"I'm not able to decide what does me good?"

Buddy picked up a glass of Orvieto. "I can tell you it won't, just the same. I said it was too late, because I'm engaged to Cecelie Snow."

Through the wine fumes and the tobacco their voices were just the same. The temper, that ungodly force inside of Pinckney Clew, flashed into his face, but he did not move a muscle.

"Pinckney!" shouted Harry, struggling with the duca's arm, but Pinckney's voice continued evenly: "That's like you, absolutely like you, to drag her name in here."

"Ah-ha!" cried the duca. "*Cherchez la femme*—it is always so when you are young."

Buddington's voice was trembling. "I can look after that without your help. Now take care—I've stood enough. I tell you, it's all over!"

Pinckney took a cigarette case from his pocket, selected a cigarette and lighted it. "Exactly," he answered. "It's all over, because I'm engaged to Cecelie Snow myself."

Buddy tried to laugh, but his laughter sounded more like a roar of anger. "Rubbish!" he shouted. "What's the use in bluffing? You're always bluffing."

"You're mistaken," said Pinckney evenly. "I called at her hotel this evening. Why should that surprise you? I traveled a long way to do it. Didn't you say once it's a woman's right to change her mind?"

"*Touche!*" roared the duca. "Ah, don't make me laugh so! Ah, but this is capital!"

Everyone, the officers, the dark civilians, began to laugh as though it was very capital. That was enough to finish it—more than enough. All the spleen that lay between them came like a wave into Buddy's cheeks and choked his voice.

"You sneak!" he shouted. "So that's what you've been doing—waiting till I was out and cutting in behind my back!"

"What's that?" demanded Pinckney. His voice also had risen. "Do you call me a sneak? After I saved you from being thrown out of decent society? How dare you call me that when you lied behind my back?"

"What did I do?" Buddy Brent stepped backward as though a weight had struck his chest.

"You lied," repeated Pinckney. "You lied to her, you know it, about knocking me flat on my back in Neville's dining room."

And then Buddy was the calmer of the two. "I never did," he answered. "I never said a word. You don't think—of course, I never did."

Pinckney dropped his cigarette on the tile floor. If he had only thought, but he could not, for he remembered too much else and his blood had run too high.

"Of course not," said Pinckney softly. "Cowards are always liars especially the Brents of Pittsburgh."

The next instant he was coughing. The Orvieto wine was in his face.

The wine which struck Pinckney's face was the reason for what happened next—there was too much wine. Two of the duca's guests laid hold of Pinckney, while Buddy stood alone, with trembling fingers. The duca had released his hold on Harry to waddle forward in a horribly sprightly way until he was beside Pinckney Clew. There was a chattering of Italian, with the duca's voice rising above it.

"Ah, what boys! It makes me young. And now you wish to fight? Of course, you wish to fight. Benito—hey, Benito, bring the swords!"

Now who can blame Harry for thinking the duca was joking? The duca was patting Buddy Brent affectionately.

"Ah, you have come to the right place. Mola can always fix any little unpleasantness, and we are gentlemen—all gentlemen together, who will never tell. Benito, the dueling swords. Ah-ha!"

Then everyone was shouting at once, with voices that had the note of voices around a prize ring. "Bravo, for the duca! Now there's a jolly fellow!"

They were pushing back the table, clearing away the chairs. The two men who held Pinckney were leading him aside and helping him off with his coat and vest. For a moment Buddy and Pinckney both had the same incredulous look. A servant had come through the door, holding two instruments of polished steel with bell-shaped guards, not fencing foils with buttons, but two rapiers oddly like the swords of Dumas' musketeers. Their points glittered in the lights, and Buddy called out in a voice that was very strange. "Clew!" he called. "Clew!"

Then the stupor which had held Harry quiet vanished. He hurried to the duca's side.

"You're joking, aren't you?" he asked.

"Ah-ha!" the duca nudged him playfully in the ribs, without listening to his question. "Now we see the sport, what? Do not be worried. I can arrange."

"But see here," cried Harry, "you don't understand!"

The duca favored Harry with an owl-like stare. "You say they are gentlemen—what?"

"Of course they're gentlemen."

"Then they will meet, naturally, after wine in the face. Why not now?"

"But you don't understand," repeated Harry. "They don't know how to use swords."

"You are joking!" The duca chuckled. "All gentlemen can use the sword."

"Well, these can't." It seemed to Harry that his wits were leaving him. "You've got to stop it. Do you hear me? Stop it!"

The duca fell into a fit of coughing. His voice came pantingly, punctuated by his coughing.

"You say they are gentlemen—what? And it is quiet here—yes? *Perbacco!* Give them the dueling swords, the big fool and the little fool."

The sight of those swords made Harry sick, resolving the whole procedure into a blur of words and strange formality.

Pinckney Clew and Buddington Brent kept staring at each other, like somnambulists, and once Buddington shook his blond head as he pulled his heavy shoulders out of his jacket. A gentleman with carefully plucked and penciled eyebrows offered Buddy a sword, which Buddy seized like a man in a trance.

"Clew!" he called again. "Clew!"

"The devil!" exclaimed someone. "The big one is afraid!"

If Buddy had hesitated, that was enough to send him rushing on. "Afraid? Damn it, don't you see I want to begin?"

"But it's murder!" Poor Harry Robbins had found his voice again. "Are both of you crazy? Stop it—for God's sake, stop!"

(Continued on Page 108)

The Greatest Advance in Home Cleaning Science
"POSITIVE AGITATION"

If you can be satisfied with vacuum cleaning, that is one thing. But if you want the *latest* and *most effectual* cleaning method devised by science, that is something else.

This remarkable new method is called "Positive Agitation." It assures getting all the dirt out of your floor coverings, as well as merely *off* them.

The New Hoover offers you "Positive Agitation" in its perfection. It offers you more—a matchless machine, so advanced as to be revolutionary, surpassing even the previous Hoover in these important particulars:

1 For the first time, it makes possible "Positive Agitation" of floorcoverings.

2 By actual test, in the ordinary cleaning time, it beats out and sweeps up from carpetings an average of 131% more dirt.

3 It is an even greater rug-saver; the oftener a carpet is cleaned with a Hoover the longer that carpet will wear.

4 It is virtually service-proof, every part, including the new motor, requiring no oiling.

5 It increases the efficiency of its remarkable dusting tools because of its 50% stronger suction.

6 Its exclusive dust- and germ-proof bag is now washable.

7 Its form and finish are of startling beauty, and every new feature insures greater operating ease.

See for yourself the difference between the New Hoover and a vacuum cleaner. See to what new heights home cleaning has now been carried. Visit any Authorized Hoover Dealer—he will deliver the New Hoover for only $6.25 down, and the balance in easy monthly payments.

THE HOOVER COMPANY NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The Hoover is sold and serviced in more than 1,000 cities

The Hoover is made in Canada by Hamilton, Ontario

It pays to know the difference between *The* HOOVER and a vacuum cleaner

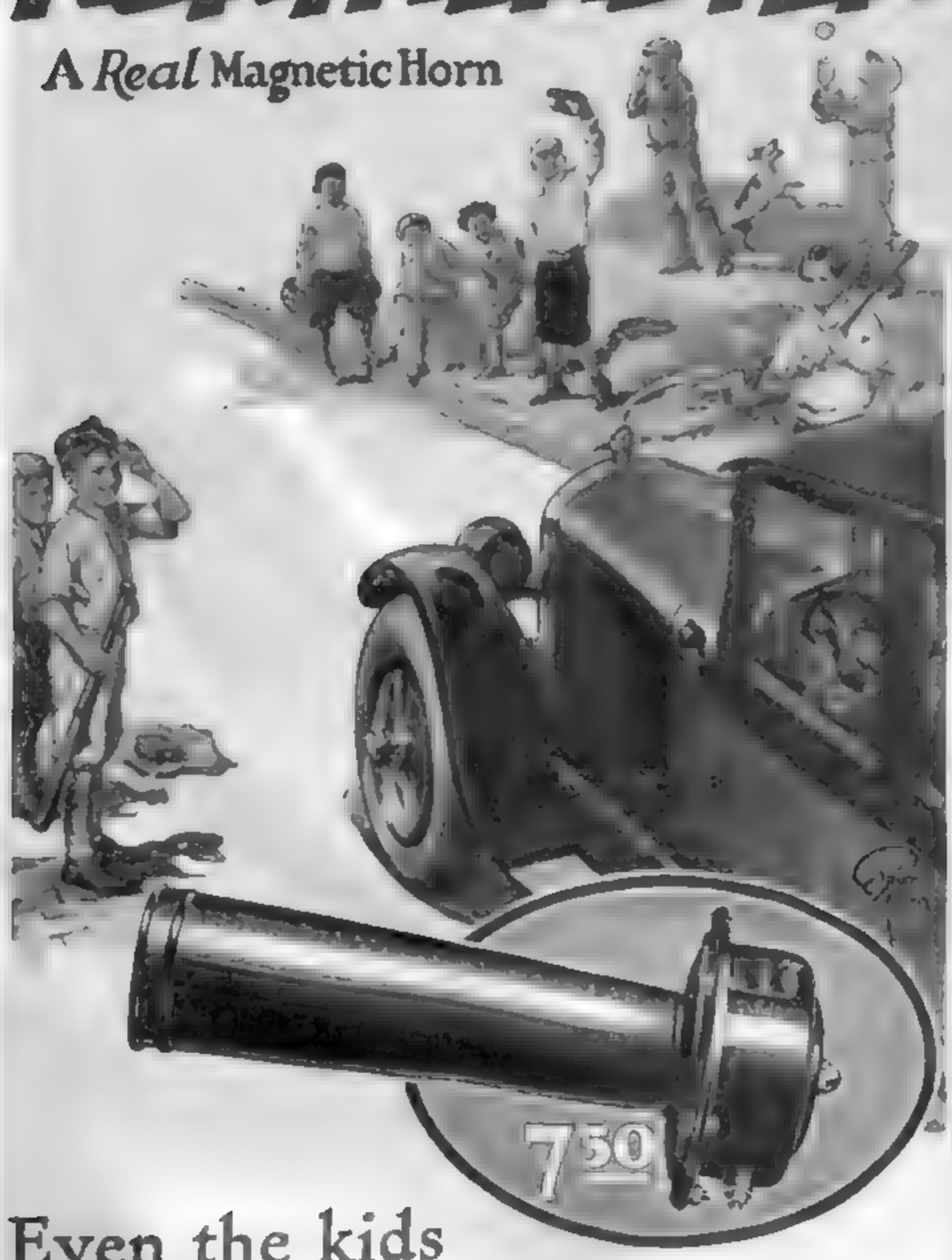
The HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

"POSITIVE AGITATION" as accomplished in the new Hoover [illegible] to remove [illegible] from [illegible] reduces [illegible] to [illegible] Such [illegible] in [illegible] carpets [illegible] new [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

NORTHEASTER

A *Real* Magnetic Horn



Even the kids respect the NORTHEASTER

WHEN a touch of the button will clear a "play-ground" street and keep it clear—as the NORTHEASTER *does—you know you've got a horn.*

The Horn That Lasts

The NORTHEASTER with its vibrant, distinctive tone is the last word in high-frequency magnetic horns. It is built with the characteristic ruggedness that has made North East the standard for dependability and long life in the automotive equipment field for over fifteen years

(Continued from Page 106)

Pinckney Clew walked toward him, his arm bared to the elbow and his shoulders beneath his silk shirt had that familiar reedy look. His straight hair was so disordered that small moist locks of it drooped over his white forehead.

"Do be quiet," he said to Harry. "We can't back out now in front of these ——" He shrugged his shoulders. "Of course we're both damn fools, the biggest there ever were, but we can't stop."

Harry could understand. Naturally, they had too much pride to stop—for either to show the other or those excited strangers that he was afraid, or to give the slightest hint. It was a legacy of years that was bearing its final fruit. A silence had come over everyone except for the duca's wheezing breath.

"Wh-what's the matter?" asked the duca. "Is not everything quite ready?"

"Just a minute," said Buddy hoarsely. "I just want to say ——"

They knew enough to take the position of guard, probably because they had both watched fencers. The man with the penciled eyebrows, who was adjusting their swords with mathematical exactness, looked up and frowned.

"I just want to say ——" Buddy stammered, but Pinckney stopped him.

"Don't say it!" he cried. "Aren't we fools enough already? It's too late for either of us to say anything."

Too late—Harry knew what Pinckney meant. It had always been too late. Not the memory of Cecelie Snow was setting their faces, nor of Mr. Neville's dining room. The expression on their faces, or behind them, had been there at St. Joseph's. And now their swords were crossed, and they stared at each other uncertainly.

"The devil!" cried someone. "They do not even know the fence! Stop, before one is killed!"

Now why anyone should have thought they were familiar with swordsmanship Harry could never explain. Probably the duca and the others in that room thought there would be a few passes, a touch on the arm, a reconciliation. But everyone knew it was no laughing matter, in a law-abiding country, when tyros handle sharpened swords.

"No, you don't!" cried Pinckney Clew. "It's too late to stop us now."

It was horrible because it was so ludicrous, the grating swords, their clumsy motions. Harry saw two officers exchange glances, separate and start cautiously toward the fencers, but they were not in time. Some expression of Buddy Brent's, a flicker of his eye or a twist of his lip, made Pinckney spring forward, throwing his whole body out of line.

There was a shout from the duca and a sound of sharply indrawn breath. Buddy Brent had hardly moved. Probably without intending, his sword had pierced Pinckney's left shoulder. What happened was too fast to follow and impossible to stop.

"The devil! He will kill him!" shrieked the duca.

Both Pinckney Clew and Buddington Brent were standing motionless. Buddy's rapier still was in Pinckney's shoulder. Pinckney's weapon had crossed Buddington's guard and hovered half an inch from Buddington's throat. No one dared to move or speak. Pinckney's voice was alone, rising in curious exultation.

"I knew," he said. "I always knew"—his shoulder must have hurt him, for he gave a gasp—"I'd get you some day."

Buddy Brent's mouth fell open as he stared at Pinckney Clew. They both seemed to have forgotten where they were—the whole present was obliterated by an older passion. Clearly through that room came Pinckney's voice.

"Do you remember school?"

Without a word from Buddington, his startled look made it clear that he remembered.

"Say 'I beg your pardon.'" It was Pinckney's voice again, eager, insistent.

Now was there ever a sillier thing than that? Was there any wonder that Harry gasped? Buddington stared at Pinckney Clew, but it was clear that he remembered.

"Take away that—damn sword!" he gasped. "I'm sorry that I stuck you."

"Say 'I beg your pardon.'" Pinckney did not appear to have heard him.

"I'm sorry about everything," said Buddy hoarsely. "Clew—won't you stop it, Clew? I won't eat humble pie here. I didn't tell Cecelie anything. If she wants you—instead of me —— I don't know. Maybe you're the better man. Now isn't that enough? Drop that thing!"

"Say 'I beg your pardon,'" repeated Pinckney. "You made me say it once."

A spot of blood had appeared on Pinckney's shirt, but he was held fast in some spell, both he and Buddy Brent. It was startling, uncanny, to think that a November day at St. Joseph's had lingered all that time, that Pinckney Clew had always waited and that the memory of it should come winging back.

Buddy cleared his throat. He was not in a pleasant position. "I beg your pardon," he said. "Now that's enough —— Clew, you're going to faint. Put down that confounded sword."

That stubbornness, or something transcending stubbornness, had not left Pinckney, but lighted his whole face. "Say 'I grant your grace.'"

A cry came from Buddy, hoarse, almost incoherent. "I'm damned if I will, you little devil! I ——"

"Say it!" said Pinckney.

Buddy hesitated and then spoke. "Grant your grace!" he shouted. Then all the defiance, everything that was between them, flared into sudden flame. "And I hope the cat will spit in your face!"

If Pinckney had remembered, Buddy had remembered, too; all of it had been always on his mind. Pinckney staggered slightly, looked incredulous.

"The cat?" Pinckney murmured like someone in a dream. "I'd forgot about the cat."

But he must have remembered then, as well as Buddy remembered, for the most curious thing happened, such as comes of tense nerves and weariness. Buddy Brent's voice broke and quavered as though that couplet had a merit of its own.

"I never meant to smash your arm. Why didn't you ever yell?"

There was a clattering sound. Pinckney's sword had fallen on the floor, and the next instant—Harry himself could never explain the next instant, with its infinite complexity.

"*Perbacco!*" panted the duca. "Are they mad? They—the devil!—they embrace!"

Yes, Buddy Brent had thrown his arm around Pinckney Clew. "Clew," he cried almost with a sob, "were there ever two such damn fools?"

Of course the duca could not understand. How could anyone, unless he knew the beginning and the end, realize that a whole cycle had ended in such a futile burst?

"No," said Pinckney Clew chokingly. "Brent—Brent—if you'd only said it any time, I'd have laughed—if you'd said that!"

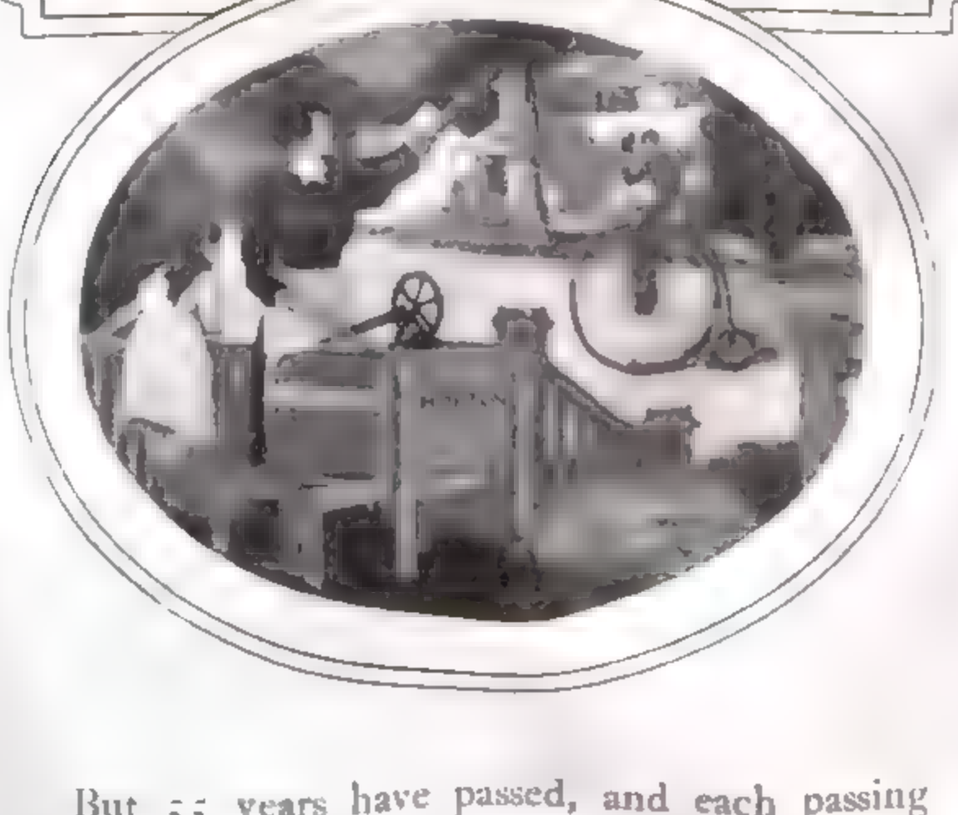
Now how was the duca to know the depth of pathos and futility that lurked within his room, or why anger had flared into anticlimax that ended close to tears? And even if the duca had known, perhaps the irony of pride and will and hate would have been lost upon him.

"Hey!" coughed the duca, his face twisted in a curious frown. "A cat you say? I do not understand. What is this about a cat that spits?"

Buddy turned toward him—and after all, what was it, a pathetic cry of youth, or what, that had moved them so? Why should he not have been horribly embarrassed? Why should he not have blushed?

"It's a joke, you fat old idiot!" he shouted, though tears stood in his eyes. "A joke we had when we were—friends—at school!"

Women *for 55 Years* Have Steadfastly Favored Horton



MILLIONS of women once hated the very thought of Washday, with a hatred burnt into their souls by the aches of toil.

Then one fine day in 1871 a great thing happened. Horton introduced the first Washing Machine. And from that day to this, Horton has enjoyed the Good Will of women everywhere.

Perhaps in the beginning, this Good Will toward Horton was inspired mainly by sentiment—the natural regard of the liberated for the liberator.

But 55 years have passed, and each passing year has raised Horton higher and higher in the good graces of the public . . . Horton Washers and Ironers are *bought* by women in local stores, just as other household necessities are bought—not *sold* by high-salaried crews of traveling salesmen calling from home to home.

Store-to-home distribution is not only natural, but economical. Thus can Horton expend extra care and quality in making superior Washers and Ironers.

As a result Horton sales for the last three years have increased *three times faster* than the sales of the entire industry!

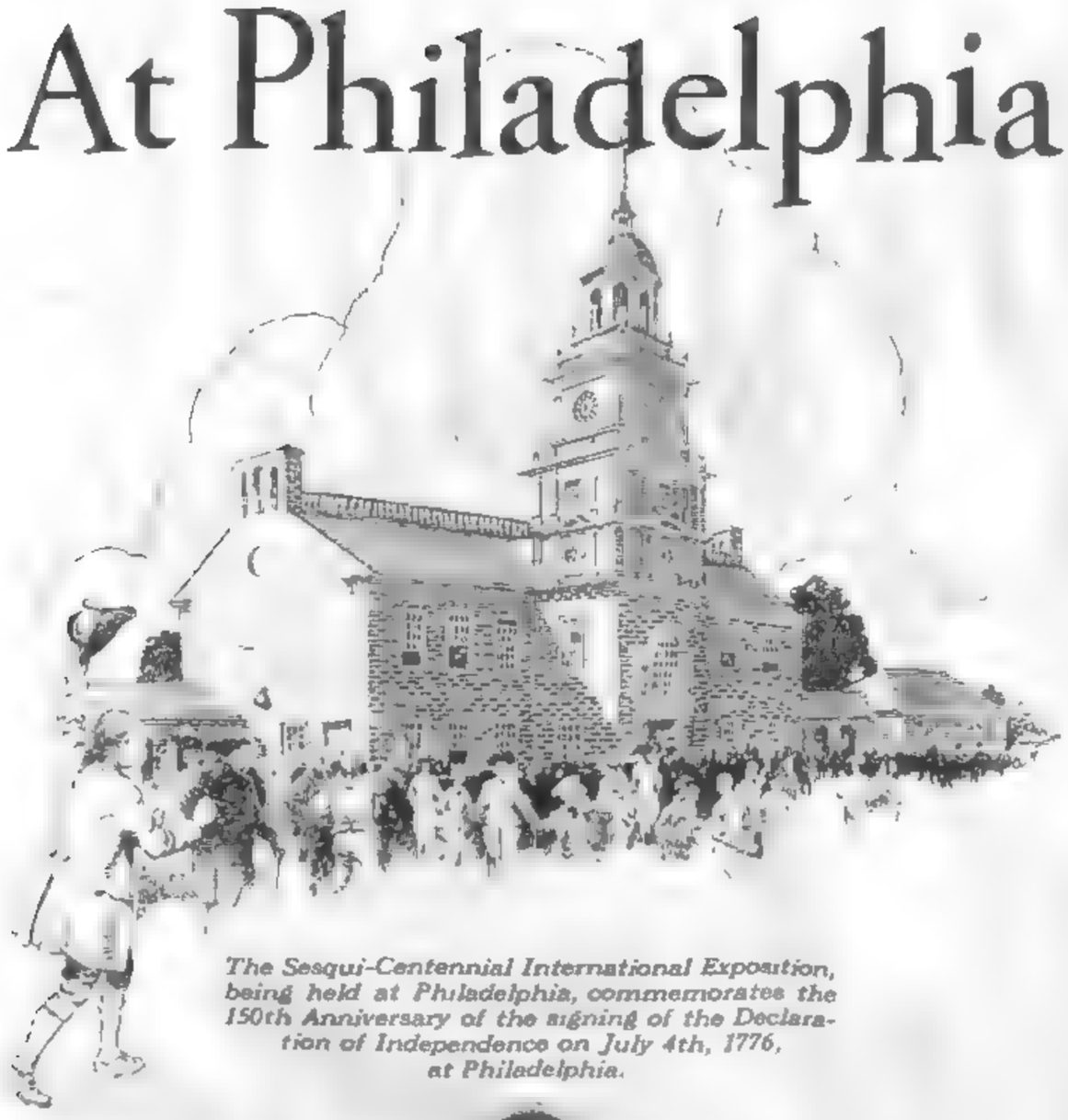
When left to their own choice, if not hurried into buying, most women inevitably pick out a Horton.

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY *(Established 1871)* FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

HORTON *Washers Ironers*

SOLD BY 9087 STORES

At Philadelphia



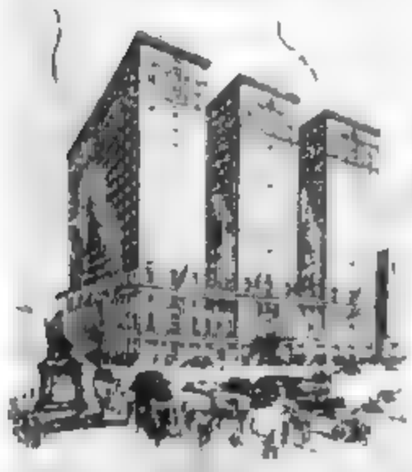
The Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, being held at Philadelphia, commemorates the 150th Anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence on July 4th, 1776, at Philadelphia.

MANY of those who shall Journey hither to Attend the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition will, forsooth, be glad to learn of this great Guest-house of real Hospitality.

Here, over Twelve-hundred Guest rooms provide lodgings most Comfortable, each room having the outside Light and Air, Private Bath and Ic'd-water on tap for drinking.

Yet, withal, it is an Inn most Friendly and Homelike, with a Floor-clerk upon each Floor, giving Undivided Care to that floor's Guests alone.

Here you are promis'd — Warm Welcome, Courtesy, alert Attention to your Needs and thought upon your Comfort, always.



Above is shown historic Independence Hall, housing the Liberty Bell, and now standing in a state of perfect preservation on its original site, three blocks from The Benjamin Franklin Open to the public daily

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
PHILADELPHIA

Chestnut at Ninth Street

Horace Leland Wiggins, *Managing Director*

DIRECTION HOTELS OF AMERICA

Operating the largest chain of modern, fireproof hotels in the world

GOLF—A NEW INDUSTRY

Continued from Page 9

and 250 the average for large clubs. There are about 480,000 caddies in the United States, and those working at clubs of recognized standing earn in the neighborhood of fourteen dollars a week. One investigation disclosed that the caddies of the country last year were paid more than $10,000,000, which is 25 per cent more than was paid to all of the professional ball players in the clubs of twenty-two leagues.

Practically every club has a professional—often two The salaries of these professionals run all the way from $1500 to $30,000 a year. In addition to his salary, the professional has an income from the sale of balls, clubs and other articles, as well as from teaching. He has no capital tied up and in most cases the club guarantees all accounts. Also in the majority of places the professional is not charged any rent for his shop or his home. He does not have to do any advertising or take out any license. These pros, as they are called, sell about 70 per cent of all the balls used. At one large club near New York the professional last year sold more than 2000 dozen balls at a profit of $2.50 a dozen. This means that his income from the sale of balls alone was $5000 for the year.

The yearly salaries of most of the professionals average less than $5000. In the case of the reported $30,000 salary, this is paid to a famous champion who is more engaged in real estate than in golf so far as his connection with the club is concerned. This club is the center of a big real-estate development and it is likely that those promoting the venture charge the professional's salary up to advertising.

A Professional Business

Quite a few clubs appear to enjoy the glory that is brought to them by the playing professional. One clever pro, who is always among the leaders in the tournaments and who is now employed at a Long Island country club, gets a guaranty of $9000 a year and all in addition that he can earn through teaching and selling golf equipment. A further source of income to the pro is from the care of the clubs of members. The usual plan for carrying on this work is to hire a boy at wages of about eighteen dollars a week to run the buffing machine that shines the clubs, while the member is charged from a dollar to a dollar and a half a month for the service.

One of the moot questions is whether a club should hire a playing professional a good teacher or a green keeper. It is seldom that any pro is a topnotcher in all three lines at one and the same time. A good green keeper is worth five times what a good golf pro is to a club, if the pleasure of the members is the chief consideration But the playing professional gets all the publicity and most of the money. Many assert that under the present plan the club professional is encouraged to buy and sell those articles that yield him the greatest profit, instead of giving thought only to the excellence of the article irrespective of the profit. Those holding this opinion insist that adequate salaries should be paid to all professionals and the extras cut out. In answer to the argument that the professional would then lack interest in his work, they point to the fact that the salary method is customary in all kinds of business, and that when an employe shows a lack of interest, someone else is hired in his place.

The High Cost of Playing

Now that golf is becoming a national sport, taking in all classes of people, there is a strong movement on foot to try to cut the cost of playing. It is investigations in this field of cost that have disclosed the enormous waste that the development of the game to date in this country has entailed. In many places the sore spots are obvious and the remedies plain. But one must not be blind to the fact that golf in many communities is expensive chiefly because the courses occupy land that is expensive.

In the vicinity of New York, for instance, the large advances in the prices of memberships to various clubs have been brought about principally by the rise in land values. One club in Long Island formerly required an entrance fee of $800; this is now $2500. Another Long Island club charged but $200 a few years ago, and now asks $1800.

Continued on Page 113

Upper Falls of the Yellowstone in Yellowstone Park

SERVICE

For hard-hitting, record-making service you'll find double grip **PARIS** have "something on the ball." They withstand unusual strain—in the parlance of men of action: "They're there!" *Count the moment well spent when you ask for* PARIS.

Super Quality **$1**
Others—35¢—50¢—75¢
Single Grips as low as 25¢

Time for a fresh pair?

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NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

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PHOENIX

736 *The Book of Hosiery*

THE revealed knee must now be covered with lovely silk. And it is therefore almost imperative that women's stockings should be silk *clear to the top.*

To meet exactly the requirements of this day of the short skirt, Phoenix has created its notable number 736—ser-fon weight. Ser-fon! A new word in hosiery vocabulary. It means a thin stocking that will withstand long miles of hard wear. And it means pure Japanese silk clear to the top—with clever reinforcements in all wearable places. Find this remarkable stocking, at better stores, marked thus:

No. 736 for $1.95

PHOENIX HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE

LSB ©

(Continued from Page 110

A new club just north of New York started about three years ago with an entrance fee of $600, and now gets $2000. It often happens that the purchase of a membership in a golf club proves to be a splendid investment. The membership certificate of one club on the Pacific Coast advanced from $500 to $5000 in ten years. In several instances the acreage used for the courses has become so valuable for residence sites that economic necessity has forced the clubs to sell their property and develop new sites farther out. It seldom happens that one is compelled to sell a club membership for less than he paid for it.

Another cause of expense is the demand that courses shall be made harder each year. And strange as it may appear, the ones who want the courses made more exacting are frequently the dubs themselves. This is doubtless due to the perfectly natural desire on the part of even the worst players to have their home course recognized as one that is very difficult. It costs a lot to put in new bunkers and traps and change the greens every year.

Science Takes a Hand

But aside from all this, we are still witnessing a great waste of money because of a lack of knowledge concerning such vital things as grasses and their nurture and a scarcity of adequate maintenance equipment. Watering and sprinkling systems have been sadly inefficient and hundreds of promising greens have met an untimely death. Such a situation is not unusual in an industry that is suffering from serious growing pains.

Fortunately, the need for science and research is now apparent, and the green keepers of tomorrow will be required to show that they are possessed of real technical knowledge. The United States Department of Agriculture has recognized its opportunity to save the golf industry much money, and is entering on a research program that will be highly beneficial. The plan of the United States Golf Association to establish a nation-wide string of stations, so that the officers and green keepers of clubs can get information and advice when they want it, is another move in the right direction. Only scientists who have made the growing of grasses and the study of soils a lifetime work can show the golf industry how to save the hundreds of thousands of dollars now sacrificed each year to the inroads of brown patch, winter chill, weeds, and the like. A further plan to cut the cost of golf has come to light in the form of cooperative purchasing and service bureaus. There is considerable opposition to this scheme, but it is taking hold, as is indicated in one metropolitan district where forty clubs out of 138 have joined such an organization.

What the golf club of tomorrow will be is purely a matter of speculation. Perhaps it will be conducted by hotel men and the financing will be on the same plan as hotel financing. But whatever is coming, let no one doubt that the present efforts of the golfing fraternity will appear crude to the next generation. The golf courses of a dozen or fifteen years from now will show radical changes from those of today. The trend will not be toward any simplification of the game that is designed to reduce the present variety of strokes. But golf architects will doubtless provide for alternative tees to meet the demands of changing weather conditions and the varied abilities of players. They will also give thought to the course of the sun in planning the holes and will arrange the hazards to suit the game of the average person instead of that of the few stars who play from scratch.

That golf is tending to be of the people, for the people and by the people is clearly evident from the tremendous growth of the game that is now going on. The present year promises to set a record in every department of the sport. Foreign purchases of golf balls during a recent month totaled 417,490, with a value of $170,419. It is estimated that 1,000,000 more people will play golf this year than did last year, and one investigator predicts that we must prepare to accommodate 15,000,000 players here in America within fifteen years. Such a growth would necessitate the construction of 21,000 new clubhouses and the purchase for golf purposes of more than 3,000,000 acres of land.

Golf's Rapid Growth

Probably this forecast is a bit too optimistic. But there is no denying that the growth of golf courses in the United States at the present moment is nothing less than amazing. A few years ago the results of golf tournaments were recorded only in the society columns of a few papers. When the famous British champions, Vardon and Taylor, first came to this country, even the English editors instructed their American correspondents that so few people in England were interested in the outcome of the matches to be played here that it would be a waste of money to cable the results. In 1894 only twenty players teed off in the Amateur Championship. In last year's national amateur event at Oakmont, it took forty-three reporters and fifteen telegraph operators to transmit the results to all parts of the world. More than 1,000,000 words were sent over the wires, and more photographers were present taking pictures than there were players participating in the first amateur tournament.

A few years ago there were only four golf courses in Florida. The number quickly jumped to thirty-five, and by the end of this year it is probable that the latter figure will be doubled. When the war ended there were only fifteen golf courses in Texas; now there are more than 200, and the building program continues without any sign of a let-up. More than 100 localities in Kansas have golf clubs, many of them in towns of less than 1000 people.

That no community is too small to have a playable golf course has been demonstrated in many places. One village in South Carolina has an interesting nine-hole course that cost less than $500. The greens are built of clay subsoil and river sand, while the surfaces of these greens are covered with a finer grade of sand. The two men who started this course procured the lease with a purchase option on a fifty-acre tract which had been used for years as pasture land.

No Town Too Small

Gaylord, Kansas, with a population of only 356, supports a nine-hole public course that is paying its way. Many small towns and villages have learned that the building of a golf course is a profitable and progressive thing to do. The money to build a course can be obtained easily from both banks and individuals. The mortgages on such properties have proved to be splendid investments. In several instances a local-pride appeal brought out a small army of men and boys willing to lend their efforts to clearing the land for a public course. In practically all cases the immediate effect of constructing a golf course is to increase the land values of adjacent property greatly in excess of the cost of the course.

Last year there were only 184 public golf courses in the United States. In this field of golf, Chicago is the leader, having twelve municipal courses. At one of the Chicago parks last year 262,000 rounds were played. The periods of waiting to tee off ranged as high as six hours in many cases. New York City has four public courses, and the income from these last year was $125,000, while the cost of operating them was only $76,000. In New York it is not unusual on a holiday to find 200 men and women standing in line at five o'clock in the morning at one of the public courses, waiting for a chance to play. It is gratifying to learn, therefore, that either construction is going on or plans are under way for 125 new public courses. With the completion of this program of building, the United States will have sufficient public courses to accommodate more than 1,000,000 players. In the matter of private golf clubs, New York State leads, with Illinois second, Pennsylvania third, Massachusettes fourth and Ohio fifth. Then come California, Texas, Kansas, New Jersey, Michigan, Iowa, Florida, Missouri, Connecticut, Indiana, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Georgia and Wisconsin in the order named.

Golf as a game is reaching every part of the earth. A few years ago there were only twenty-nine golf clubs in Canada; now there are more than 400. Toronto had only four clubs; today there are twenty-four. Montreal has nineteen, Winnipeg eighteen, Calgary six, Vancouver five, Victoria five and Ottawa four. It is reported that there is not a city in the whole of Canada which is now without a golf club. One survey shows 100,000 Canadian golfers and $125,000,000 invested in golf property.

The world traveler who plays golf can now carry his clubs with him and be fairly sure of a game no matter where he happens to stop. Golf has been extended as far north as the little town of Carcross, in the Arctic Circle. Here the golfers have only a short summer season; but with the aid of the midnight sun, they are able to continue playing long into the night, for the sun never entirely disappears below the horizon in June and July. The course was built by volunteer labor, and nearly everyone in the little community now shows an interest in golf

Using Clouds as Bunkers

If one travels up into the Sacramento Mountains in New Mexico to the little village of Cloudcroft, he will be able to play golf on the highest course in the world – 9000 feet above sea level. Likewise some of the courses in Italy are situated among magnificent surroundings at elevations of more than a mile above the sea. A golf course in the Philippines lies in the shadow of a live volcano on the island of Luzon. In places like this, golf is a life-saver to the people, for recreation in its mildest form is here at a premium. Even in the far-off Malay States, lying southeast of Ceylon, one will find the followers of the royal-and-ancient game. The oldest club in this part of the world was founded thirty-five years ago and lies over a Chinese cemetery.

Most of the golf courses that are in operation in the earth's lonesome spots were built

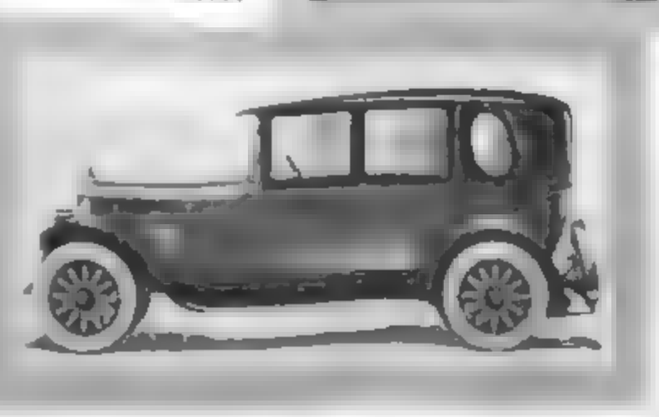
(Continued on Page 116)

A Record Crowd at Prestwick, Scotland, Watching the Amateur Golf Championship Final From the Natural Amphitheater at the Seventeenth Green

Many years are required to grow a perfect tree, yet a careless act in felling or floating can make it unfit for the exacting requirements of coachwork

Right—one wing of the Hayes-Hunt Plant, at Elizabeth

Below—The Star Six Landau Sedan with Body by Hayes-Hunt



THE ART OF *HIGH GRADE* COACHWORK

IF you—the American Motorist—were less exacting in your requirements, coach building would not be an art. It would be an extremely simple matter. Of course you want carrying capacity, protection from the elements, and—because of rapid travel—you want maximum safety.

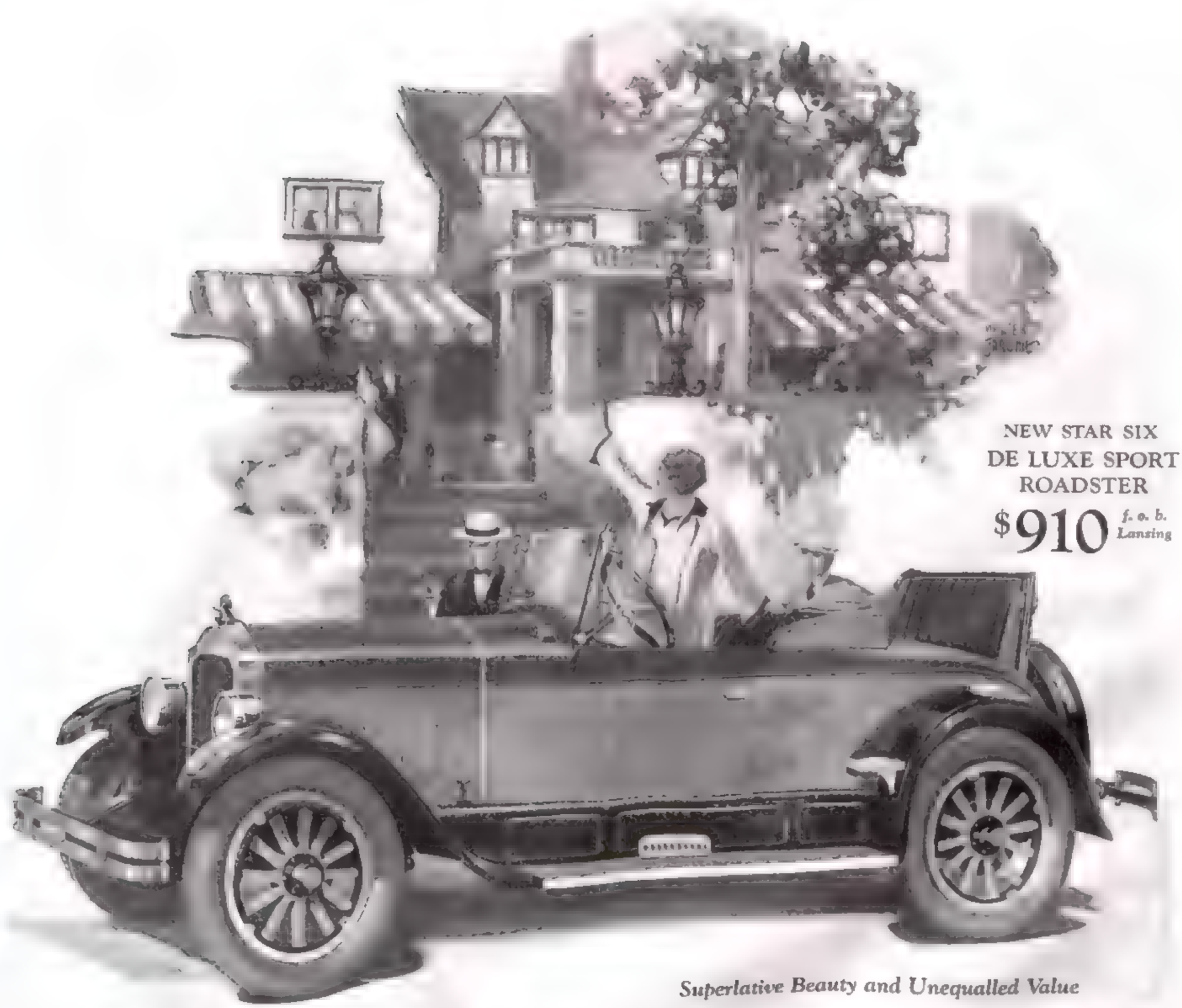
But you want more—you demand more, and your demands have modernized one of the oldest and most exacting crafts in the History of Transportation. The *highest grade* of coachwork has always depended upon the strength, lightness, and resiliency of certain woods for the most important units. From King Solomon's private coach to the body on the most costly motor car on the highways today fine woods have formed the basis of the better type of coachwork.

The composite type of body—wood and steel—represents the highest standard in use today because there is a higher degree of comfort, there is a better opportunity for artistic finish, there is freedom from "Drumming" or road roars (noticeable in a more rigid type of body) and a greater resiliency to stress and strain. These are the 'extras' you expect of the body on your motor car. These are the 'extras' that are built-in qualities of Hayes-Hunt Bodies.

HAYES-HUNT CORPORATION, ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY

HAYES-HUNT BODIES

Beauty, Service BODY BY HAYES HUNT CORPORATION *and Comfort*



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The World's Lowest Priced Six Sport Roadster

A snappy, sporty car, with everything that "youngbloods" of all ages could desire. The lines and colors of the Star Six deLuxe Sport Roadster rival the beauty of any car on the highway. Beneath the hood there is 40-brake horse-power—ready for sudden bursts of speed, steep hills or any kind of tough going. Complete sport roadster equipment. Genuine leather upholstery, Khaki Top and top boot. See it at the nearest Star Car dealer's.

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TOURING	725
COUPE	820
COACH	880
DE LUXE SPORT ROADSTER	910
LANDAU SEDAN	975

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COM. CHASSIS	$470
ROADSTER	540
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Prices f. o. b. Lansing

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MOTHERS welcome WHITE WITCH because it thoroughly and gently cleanses the ground-in dirt of active play from children's tender skin. Children like to use it

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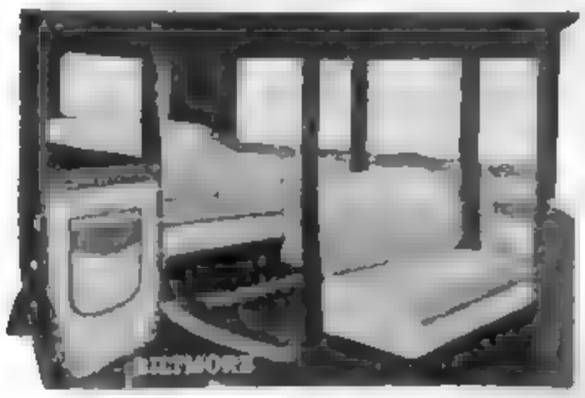

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Buick, Essex, Jewett, Chrysler, Nash, Dodge, Hudson, Overland, Oldsmobile, Studebaker, Willys-Knight — $14.00

Ford coupes, $5.25; sedans, $9.85.

Department Stores and Car Dealers—Write us. We have a plan that assures volume

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Smart, Detachable Seat Covers

Send no money—check full information

Please send set of Biltmore Covers express prepaid, subject to examination. If satisfied, I will pay expressman price of covers only

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Name of car [illegible] Year of car [illegible]

4 passenger ☐ Coach
5 passenger ☐ Sedan
Coupe ☐ 2 door
Brougham ☐ 4 door

Color art leather trim desired
☐ Blue ☐ Gray
☐ Tan

Cincinnati Auto Specialty Co., [illegible]
Cincinnati O. "Makers of STIK-TITE [illegible]

Continued from Page 113

by the volunteer labor of those who loved the game. Golf to them is not merely a sport—it is salvation; and even when played under the heat of the south, they cherish this opportunity to add a little wholesome variety to the cruel monotony of life in the outposts of civilization. Their difficulties may be many, but there are also advantages. At one far-off club the caddies cost five cents for a round, and in order to make the game entirely respectable the members now stipulate that each caddie must wear a shirt. Shoes and trousers are unnecessary, but there they draw the line and insist that a shirt is essential.

The cost of golf to the individual player is much the same kind of question as the cost to the average motorist of running his automobile. In both cases it is far more than the inexperienced person is likely to expect. It is so easy to figure these things out on paper in advance, and so difficult to make the actual charges fit the preliminary estimate. One man drives an automobile 6000 miles a year, while another drives 20,000. One golfer plays every other day, while another plays only four or five times a month. The final cost, of course, depends upon the extent of one's participation in the sport. Certain charges are fixed and have no relation to whether one plays much or little. The average golf membership in first-class clubs in metropolitan districts costs about $1000, which includes the cost of the certificate of membership and the initiation fee. The membership certificate represents an equity in the property of the club; and as already stated, this equity will often double or triple in value over a period of years.

Making the Game Fit the Purse

If a member resigns from a club the current price of the certificate is returned to him. The initiation fee, however, is a dead loss, and this is no inconsiderable item, for at high-grade clubs this fee averages about $500. The annual dues at clubs around New York, Chicago and other large cities average about $220, which includes the tax. The cost of a locker in the clubhouse is ten dollars, and one is lucky to get through the year with no more than a ten-dollar charge for keeping the clubs clean and in repair. The average player has two rounds a week for nine months in the year. This means seventy-five games, with a total caddie cost of one dollar for each game, or seventy-five dollars for the season. The player is fortunate to get through the year with four dozen balls, so here is an additional expense of about thirty-six dollars. Two new clubs a year and a bag every other year mean twenty-five dollars more. To all of this, it is conservative to add a total of $169 to cover lessons, guests, golf clothes, shoes and meals at the club. An investigation of the accounts of members of metropolitan clubs indicates that this estimate is practically a minimum for the fellow who plays golf eight or ten times a month.

It is plain therefore that the cost of golf to the average player in a first-class club is $605 a year, which includes sixty dollars interest on the $1000 invested in a membership. This means that the business-man golfer pays a little more than fifty dollars a month for his participation in this sport. Although this is far less than most of the golfers I know and play with spend on the game, it may seem at first glance to be such a considerable charge as to provide a real obstacle to the popularization of the sport on a wide scale. Like any other form of recreation, this game can be enjoyed at small expense or indulged in at a great cost. Thousands of golfers never play a round without having a wager on the result. It is not unusual at many clubs to find groups of players who think nothing of betting a dollar a hole. But the rank and file of golfers, irrespective of the sizes of their pocketbooks, have learned to appreciate the true purpose of the sport and are careful to see that all wagers are in such modest amount that to win or lose places no burden on anyone and does not strain the bonds of friendship. Competition in any game can be carried to a foolish extreme and golf is no exception.

But though golf is not a cheap sport to the fellow who insists on belonging to the most exclusive club in the community, it is a game that can be followed at a reasonable cost by the individual who is willing to do a little shopping when looking for a place to play. In practically every district it is possible to find good country clubs with excellent courses that are run on an economical basis. The prices of membership are low and the dues extremely moderate. Also memberships in some of the more expensive clubs are available at a reduced cost to those who can play week days and are willing to forgo playing Saturdays and holidays.

Public courses controlled by private capital are springing up in many places and in practically all cases these ventures are netting their owners large profits. One undertaking of this kind at Salisbury, Long Island, started with one course and now has five, all of which are pretty well covered with players at the week-ends. In such places the players pay by the day and the fees are $1.50 a person for week days and $2.50 for Saturdays.

A Young Man's Sport

Golf in the smaller towns is not nearly the expensive proposition it is in the country clubs of the larger cities. Prices of memberships are moderate and the annual dues run from $25 to $100. Caddie charges are low, and moreover many people effect a large economy by carrying their own bags and taking care of their own clubs.

As for the cost of golf on our public courses, the charges vary from ten cents for a round up to a dollar, depending upon the locality. In the majority of instances, however, the players on the public courses pay by the season or the month. The average charge is ten dollars for the season or two dollars for the month. In a number of cities no season rates are available and the player is charged from twenty-five cents to a dollar daily. Frequently there are different rates for men and for women. Very few municipal courses are free of any charge at all.

There is also a tendency on the part of a few wealthy individuals at the present time to undertake the expensive job of providing free golf for the people of certain communities. E. W. Marland, Oklahoma oil magnate, has built and maintains an attractive public course at Ponca City, Oklahoma. This gives all the people of the community an opportunity to play golf in a fine public park. Practically all the citizens of Ponca take a personal interest and pride in the course and it is not unusual to see employers and employes having a round together.

It is particularly fortunate therefore that a game which can be enjoyed by old and young of either sex, and which offers such possibilities of health building and wholesome companionship out-of-doors, is being brought within the reach of all classes. As an industry, it not only has its many problems pressing for attention but as a game it offers a battle to the individual that will test to the utmost his mental and physical abilities.

There never was a greater fallacy than the idea that golf is an old man's game. The people who know best that such a statement is an untruth are those who have let the years roll by before taking up golf. Then they have discovered to their sorrow that they must learn by rule rather than by imitation, as do the young, so right away the middle-aged folks are shouldered with a heavy handicap.

Golf is a game that must be learned and then unlearned. The reason for this is that it takes the conscious mind to learn it and the subconscious to play it. One must play golf as he would drive a car or write a letter. In the beginning it is all a clumsy, laborious, conscious effort. When we sit in the driver's seat of an automobile and danger suddenly shoots around the corner there is no time to think of rules, for our safety lies only in a smooth and rapid coordination of movements that are purely instinct. The clutch and foot brake go out simultaneously as we pull on the emergency brake. It is muscle memory, not mind memory, that does the trick. So in golf it is muscle memory that produces perfect shots, and the reason so many of us play poor games is because muscle memory can only be developed by practice, and nine golfers out of ten are unwilling to give up the fun of playing a round with friends for the uninteresting hard work of solitary practice.

In golf, as in most other sports, the best players are frequently the poorest teachers. The man considered by many to be the greatest football coach in America was a very mediocre player. Recently a golf club I belong to started a country-wide search for the best teacher available. The position was an extremely desirable one, and the applications came from far and near. The final selection, based chiefly on a successful teaching record, brought to light a man almost entirely unknown outside the community where for years he had been employed. To him there is absolutely no standard method or fixed style of golf. He holds the idea that the game, like a suit of clothes, must be built to fit the individual.

In no department of golf is there more bunk than in the setting forth of rules about how to play. Purely as a hobby, I gave a year of spare time to the careful preparation of an extensive notebook covering the ideas of the world's greatest golfers and golf writers. Then I had personal talks with a host of them and never missed an opportunity to watch closely the stars in their tournaments. Bobby Jones was about the only one who appeared to be quite uncertain as to how he did play golf, and ever since then I have been mighty strong for Bobby. He overswings, connects with the ball while up on his tiptoes and does a lot of other things that the sages tell us make good golf impossible. Nevertheless Bobby's record is unequaled, and the only explanation we get is, "Oh, that's Bobby. He's a law unto himself."

Learning Golf by the Movies

Hagen breaks course records, and yet sways his body. I have seen Leo Diegel let his elbows fly out—a most unorthodox practice—and yet the ball went straight for 250 yards. Mehlhorn, Guilford and Tolley overswing worse than Jones, and yet they have won championships. Two of the hardest men to beat that I know of pivot so little that they barely raise their left heels from the ground, and yet they practically always cut the center of the course with splendid drives. Sometimes one wonders if there are any fundamentals of golf, except—look at the ball and hit it hard. The trouble is that many people think hitting it hard means hitting it quick, and there is a mile of difference between the two.

The slow-motion picture is going to render a great service to the golfers of the country. It has already been employed to show a lot of people they are doing precisely the things that they are telling others not to do. This is no reflection on the honesty of the professionals, for practically all of them are earnest in their desire to make real golfers of their pupils. But what it does indicate is the need for scientific aids in the analysis of movements that are entirely too fast for the human eye. It is really amazing that in cities like New York and Chicago the golf schools have failed to utilize the high-speed camera in showing their pupils their errors and how to remedy them. One of my friends, who started playing golf only six years ago and who reached the finals in an important championship last fall, attributes much of his success in mastering golf to the benefit he received from using a high-speed camera to make slow-motion pictures of his movements.

There can be no argument on one point, which is that each golfer must develop his own individual style. In one instance the

(*Continued on Page 119*

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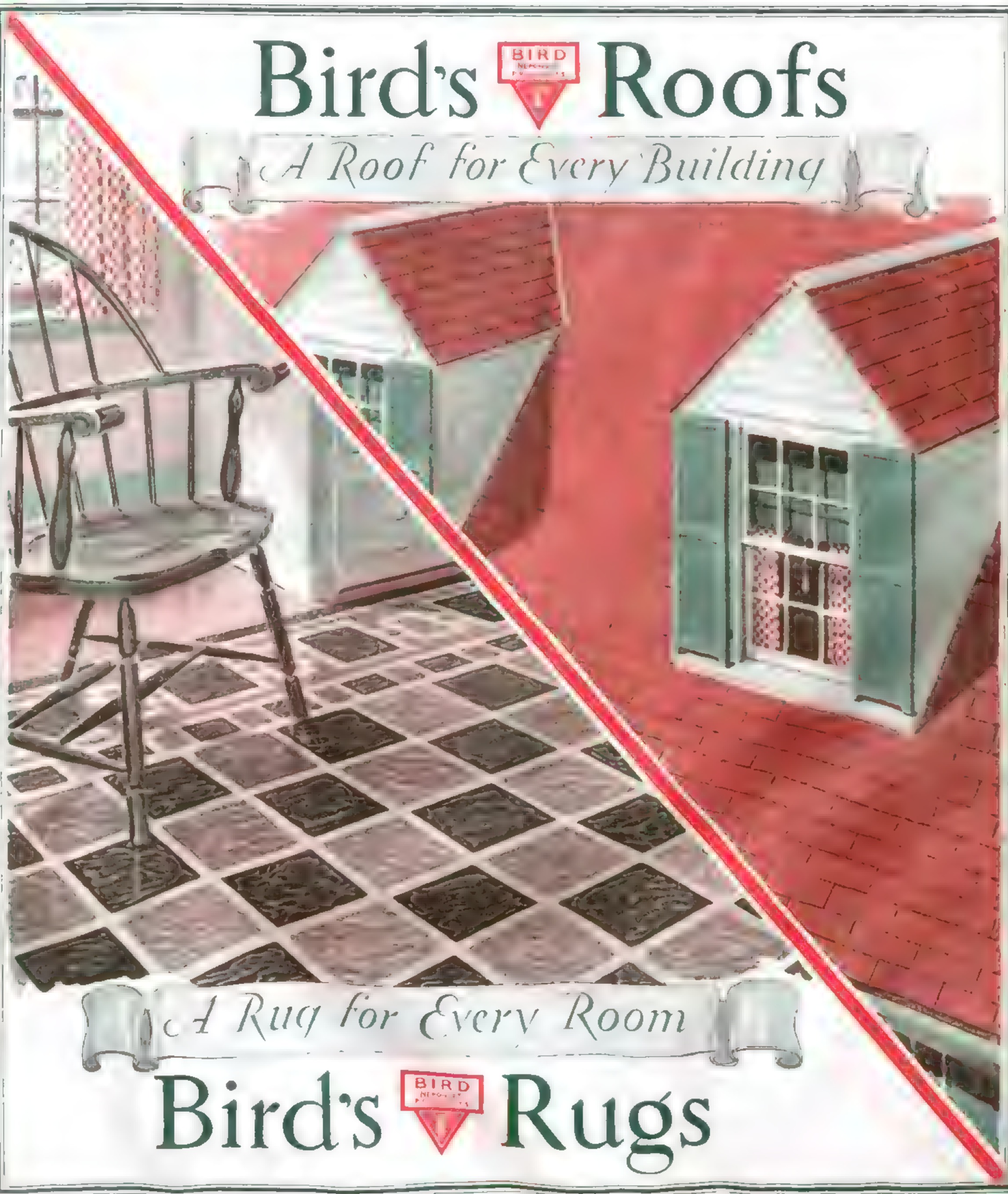

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Dependable, as always; with many new features of grace and beauty. . . $1.75

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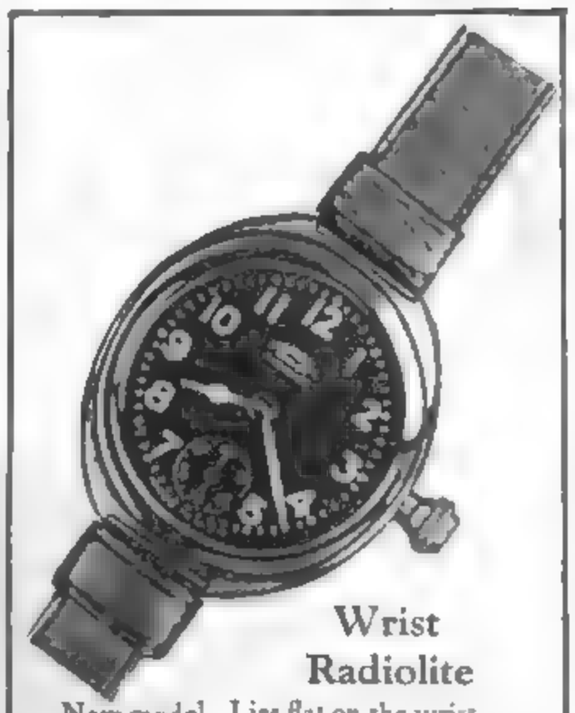

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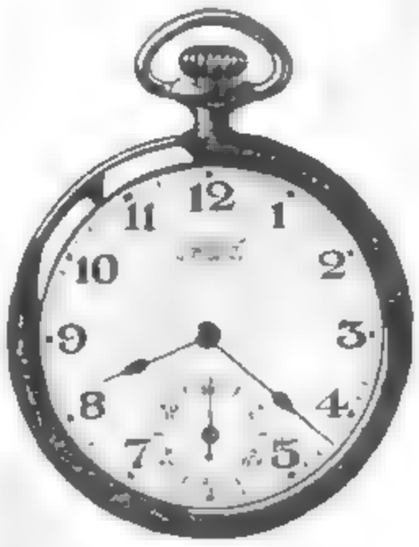

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The lowest-priced *jeweled* watch made in America. Stylish 12-size. . $5.50

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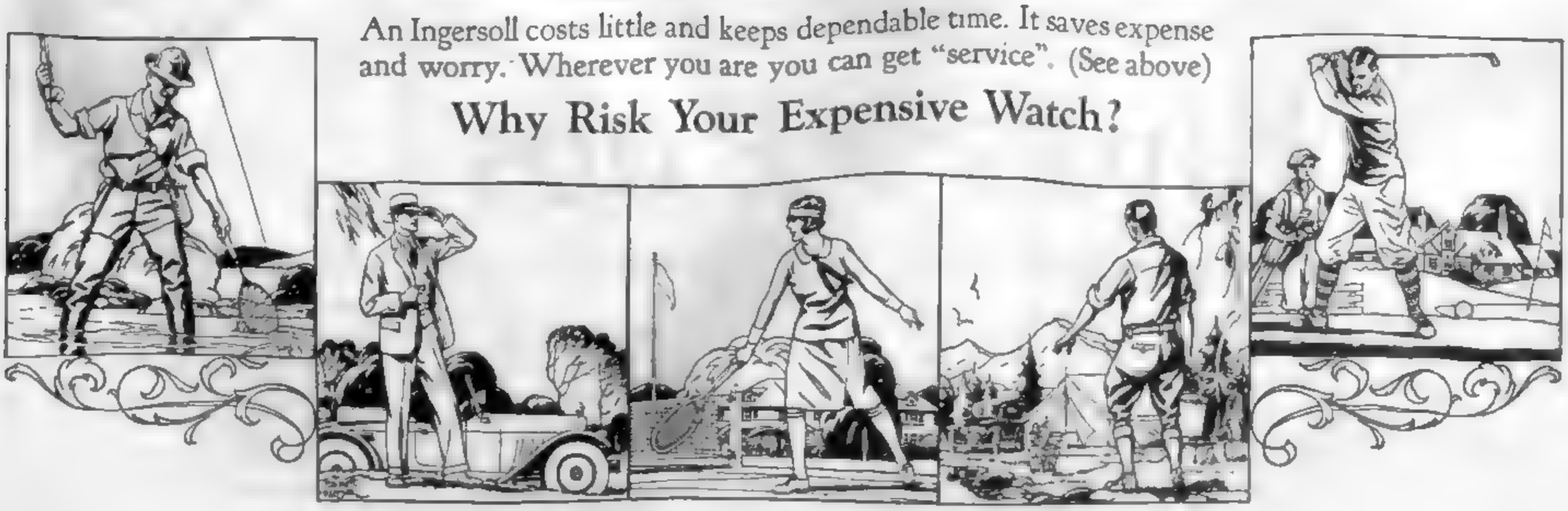

(Continued from Page 116)

hands may be carried to the top of the head on the back swing, or they may be lower down, as is the case with Barnes. The swing may be upright or it may be flat. The legs may be close together as is the style of Bobby Jones, or they may be well braced and wide apart, as in the stance of Francis Ouimet. The left arm may be perfectly straight if the player has flexible wrists like Jones, or it may be bent a little at the top of the swing if the wrists are not so flexible. Many successful players waggle the club before starting the swing, while others who shoot just as good golf always start without any preliminary movement at all. One may have a full follow-through and almost spin on the left leg like Sarazen, or have a highly restricted follow-through like Abe Mitchell, the famous English player.

At least nine golf teachers out of ten lay great stress on the necessity of following through with the club head. Mitchell is one of the longest drivers in the world, if not the longest, and in this connection he says:

"I believe in the controlled or restricted follow-through. The ball with a hitting swing gets a sharper kick than the ball with a swinging hit. Wrist drivers all appear to stop as the club meets the ball, but this is only an optical illusion, for the club head goes through if the hit is there."

There is a great difference between a restricted follow-through and a swing that pulls up or stops as the club head meets the ball. A lot of golfers who do very well with a restricted follow-through always slice the ball badly when they purposely try to carry the club on farther around.

The Psychology of Golf

Then there is the advice nearly always given to beginners to hold the club lightly in their fingers, taking it back low on the ground and inside the line with the left hand, later starting it down from the top again with the left hand, and then putting the right hand into the stroke just before hitting the ball. As far as the average person is concerned, much of this is merely a confusing collection of words. The advice to hold the club lightly is sorely in need of interpretation.

The teacher, in trying to prevent the player from holding the club in a viselike grip that tightens up all of the wrist and forearm muscles, makes the mistake of creating the impression that a golf club is held loosely. If one wants to set himself clear on this point, let him try to jerk a club out of the hands of a good player at the top of the swing. Furthermore, the right hand commences to hit from the top in the case of the average player, or it does not hit at all. Bobby Jones told me he starts hitting from the top of the swing with his right hand, and Francis Ouimet even goes so far as to advise starting the club down with a throw of the right wrist. All this advice about putting in the wrists at the last moment may be just what the experts think they do, but to add such complexities to an already complex game is to shoulder the average golfer with a mental handicap too great to be overcome.

Now I do not mean to imply that the golf stroke is a simple movement that requires no study or analysis. But what I do want to get across is that most golfers will have plenty to occupy them during the rest of their natural lives if they will give thought only to those fundamentals that are understandable and possible of utilization. Good golf is played in a variety of ways. In fact, there is hardly a rule that can be mentioned but is violated by some famous star. The real job for the business-man golfer is to work out a method of playing that is suited to his own mental and physical make-up. As an aid toward this end, let me set forth some pertinent thoughts selected from the accumulated knowledge of the most successful teachers.

The muscles follow the lead of the eye, so let mental laxity control the game. Staring at the ball throws things out of gear. Avoid thinking of the mechanics of the stroke as you are making your swing. To fill the mind with a multitude of mental detail leaves the muscles without a leader. See that your clubs are light enough. It is the speed of the club head at the moment of impact that counts, not the sheer power of the blow. Take the don'ts out of your game. Banish the rules about what not to do and give your mind only positive suggestions. In other words, think only of the things you are to do.

A common cause of bad golf is trying to hit too soon, which frequently results from thinking ahead of the stroke. One must not think of the finish of his swing or of a bunker he has to clear when all his attention should be concentrated on the start of the back swing. Golf is played by art and not by strength. Length comes only from good timing, and timing is the exact opposite of pressing—that is, trying to hit with all your might.

The mind can grasp the principles of a new stroke quickly, but it takes weeks for the new knowledge to soak in and build muscle memory. The benefit of a lesson taken today will not be so great tomorrow as it will be a month hence. This is an argument against a series of lessons coming one right after the other. Take things one at a time. Furthermore, it is fatal to anticipate failure. To believe that one is going to drive into a pond or land in a trap is the best possible way to do just that. It is better to think of the back swing as being lazy than to think of it as being slow. "Lazy" means that you start out in the beginning with the knowledge that a speeding up is essential. It also encourages relaxation.

The mental side of golf is far more important than the physical, and therefore I have here emphasized a few sound thoughts in what might be called the psychology of the game. It is essential that the average player lose no time in becoming sophisticated to the extent of at least questioning the value of the advice so freely passed around. This does not mean that one should refrain from trying out an occasional suggestion. I know several players who have been benefited by following the plan in driving of fixing the eye and attention on a spot on the ground directly back of the ball instead of looking at the ball itself. In the cases of golfers who are inclined to look up, this may partly correct the trouble and permit swinging with the same ease and rhythm that exist when one swings at a clover or a tuft of grass.

Analyze a Good Shot

Other suggestions worth trying include making a distinct pause at the top of the swing; grasping the club at about midway of the leather wrapping; shortening the back swing; keeping the weight back on the heels; having the hands low in the address, or sort of in one's lap; using a fuller turn of the body, which sometimes will help cure a slice; changing the position of the ball to and fro until the exact spot is found where the shot is most successful; and trying the tees high and low until this question is settled fully and finally. If only one of these suggestions improves the player's distance or direction, the time used in trying them all will have been well employed.

It is nothing less than astonishing to note what an absolutely headless game of golf can be played by unusually successful business men who are always calm and collected in their offices. On the golf course, their decisions are hasty, their judgment unsound, and as they hurry out and wade into the ball, every movement of the club shows there is no ease of mind. People go on playing golf for years without ever stopping to analyze their successful shots. The time to find out why a particular drive was perfect is immediately after the shot was made. The player should then and there try to remember just what he did, repeating the swing at once and fixing the method in his mind. It is also amazing that so few people have ever devoted an hour of practice with

(Continued on Page 121)

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4—Because Hasslers are SEALED in a dust proof, water-tight case, which permanently protects the working parts against wear by keeping the grit and the water out.

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7—Because Hasslers were designed AFTER the advent of the new balloon tire, are made ESPECIALLY for balloon tires, and are emphatically not an old device modified or REVAMPED.

8—Because Hasslers hold their quality for the life of the car—PERMANENTLY.

For sale by the dealer who sold you your car and by Hassler Distributing and Installation Stations everywhere

HASSLER STABILIZERS

(Continued from Page 119)

all their clubs in order to determine just how far they can make each club carry the ball. Thousands of players try to make shots with mashies that require mid-irons, and with mid-irons that require spoons or brassies.

The chief difficulty that confronts the average golfer is his tendency not only to take the teacher's suggestions too literally but to overdo them. If he is told to keep his right elbow close to his side in the back swing, he is almost sure to make the arm hug the side to such an extent that the swing is cramped. It is essential that the right elbow be close to the side at the beginning of the back swing, but in the last half of the swing with a wooden club, it must be allowed to move on out and upward with the shaft.

Considering How to Play

Another trouble is our proneness to accept the orthodoxy of golf without question. A few years ago practically everyone held the putter with the same overlapping grip that was used in driving. At the present time, Hagen, Jones and many other fine players keep the right hand entirely on the club and overlap the first finger of the left hand, making the putt really a right-handed stroke. A short while back it would have been considered rank heresy for a teacher to talk of making even a short shot largely a right-handed stroke. But now comes Jim Barnes with the suggestion that in all short approach shots the club should even be started back with the right hand, using the left merely as a steadying guide. The point here is that playing golf, like most other practices, has not been developed into a fixed art. Most of our current rules are still open to debate. Furthermore, it is quite possible that here, as in other industries, the great discoveries in the future will be made by people who are far from being experts.

As golf is now developing, there is just as much danger from overteaching as from ignorance. Youngsters who refuse to make a problem of the game get along splendidly. Bobby Jones was deadly in his putting in the early years of his tournament playing. Then along came some great students of golf who commenced to explain to him all the problems involved, so he began to think of his hands and feet, thereby destroying his confidence and robbing his putting of its accuracy. This reminds one of the oft-quoted lines:

The centipede was happy quite
Until the toad in fun
Said, "Pray, which leg comes after which
When you begin to run?"
This wrought her mind to such a pitch
She lay distracted in a ditch,
Considering how to run.

Now that the golf industry has become close to a billion-dollar business, it is time that order and good management be substituted for the slipshod methods that have resulted in so much waste. There should be an accepted code of trade ethics, and surely the time has arrived for the manufacturers of golf equipment to form their own national organization. Perhaps the tardiness shown in stabilizing the industry is due to the fact that the folks most interested in golf look upon it purely as a form of recreation, and therefore are disinclined to accept the responsibilities that always accompany the rapid expansion of any business. A further handicap has been the tendency to make high social standing and a likable personality the chief qualifications for the selection of country-club officers. Several of the newest clubs recently completed and put into operation represent an investment of $1,500,000 each. How absurd it is then for golfers to assume that the club professional or a few good fellows sadly lacking in business experience can successfully perform the duties of club executives and financiers.

The National Golf Show and Country Club Exposition, held in Chicago last winter, was a step in the right direction. It provided the purchasing agents of golf clubs with an opportunity to inspect power mowers, sprinklers, tee boxes, clubs, golf balls, lockers, showers, house furnishings, and hundreds of other articles that are essential to the game. The average club has from $3000 to $10,000 invested in machinery alone, so that to keep mechanical apparatus and devices in good operating condition is somewhat of a job in itself. In most lines of business where good merchandising practices prevail, the equipment manufacturers try to supply service to their customers, and there is great need for the wider development of such a plan in the golf industry.

This comparatively new field of trade must have a guiding hand, and the natural place to turn for leadership would appear to be in the direction of the United States Golf Association. The efforts put forth by Grantland Rice, Charles Evans, Innis Brown, Chester Horton, William Henry Beers and many others who love the game are splendidly directed and are certainly bearing fruit. But the things that are being done to reach a maximum of effectiveness must have the force of authority behind them. Unfortunately, only about 1300 clubs out of nearly 4000 belong to the U. S. G. A. With a proper effort it would seem possible to persuade most of the clubs throughout the country to enroll in the national organization, for the advantages are many and the dues very low—only ten to thirty dollars a year.

Traffic Cops of the Links

As for those who eventually are shouldered with the responsibility of golf leadership, the problems are many. First is the necessity for encouraging proper operating methods that will bring an adequate return in the form of interest charges on the enormous investment that has been made. If the game is to be maintained on a high level, it must be organized to pay its way. It is also perfectly obvious that if millions are going to play golf, there will have to be a more rigorous supervision exercised over congested courses, especially those open to the public. Something will have to be done with the slow matches that retard the progress of other players. Shortly it will be necessary to have golf policemen who will act with tact in enforcing the rules and in keeping the courses, especially the public ones, as free as possible of congestion.

An important problem is that of the lost ball that turns up for sale in the hands of the caddie. Where golfers buy balls from the caddies without inquiring where the balls come from, there is the possibility that some of the weaker youngsters are encouraged to steal balls in order to sell them. Perhaps the remedy is completely to remove the market for lost golf balls, except to give a small reward to caddies who bring in playable balls. The nominal payments so made by the club would be charged to the owners of the balls.

At any rate, every club should have a definite policy with respect to this matter. Since the courses are private grounds, each club legally owns every ball found on its property. In many places boxes have been installed bearing the sign, All Golf Balls Found on the Course Should be Deposited in this Box. It is also possible to remove some of the temptation to steal by having members mark all balls for identification. As for those players who knowingly permit their caddies to kick their balls out of rough spots or flatten the grass in the rough, there is little to be said except that they are doing more than merely sacrificing their own honor; they are exercising an evil influence in the molding of young lives.

Rulings Instead of Rules

As for the present rules that govern the game of golf, one expresses himself conservatively in saying that they are at least ambiguous and need careful revision. It is not easy for a golfer to guard his honor in playing if frequent occasions arise when it is difficult for him to know just what is the correct thing to do. The game may have been born in Scotland, and no doubt the intentions of those who created the first rules were admirable in every respect. But here in the United States at the present time we have some hundreds of millions of dollars invested in this sport, and it is absurd to assume that the modernization of the rules will mean the destruction of ideals.

In the words of the Hon. James Francis Burke, "All we have now is a set of rulings made from time to time to fit different incidents." That is the reason we see column after column in our daily newspapers and golf magazines answering all sorts of questions concerning the proper interpretation of the various rules. Some of the existing rules are as useless as a pair of rubber boots in the Sahara.

Of course, not all the trouble and confusion on our courses are due to faulty rules. Thousands of golfers devote years to a study of how to play, and yet have never spent five minutes reading the rules that govern the game. In every club are people who have no more conception of the etiquette of the sport than they have of the marriage rites of a Zulu chieftain. A few dollars spent by every club in the United States in furnishing all its members with books of rules and concise statements of the fundamental principles of correct conduct on the course would be money well invested.

If the statisticians are figuring close to the truth concerning the expansion in golf that is coming, it must be plain that the proper moment to organize a sound program of development is right now. Let us be done with eulogies and give to the business side of golf some of the same spirit we put into our playing. The game will not be hurt by constructive criticism. But it is suffering from delayed action. The idea that because golfers live so long, there is no urgency in the matter of betterments, is a fallacy of the first order. To compare the lengths of the lives of golfers with those of other people is like comparing married and single life—married men do not actually live longer, it just seems longer. So it is with golfers. The remedy is plain and needs only to be administered.

SHODDY

(Continued from Page 17)

experience for you then," said Mr. Krohn, writing. "You can safely leave everything to him. His taste is excellent. Here you are."

"Thank you," said Martin Claypool. "J. Tavistock, —— Albemarle Street. I'll drop in and see this paragon tomorrow."

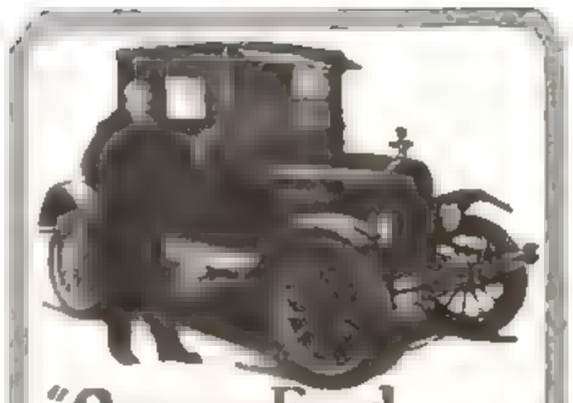
"You won't regret it," said Mr. Krohn. "Good night."

London was having one of its fair days when Mr. Claypool woke next morning. After a regal breakfast of bloaters and other cheering things, he wrote some business letters and then sauntered out. He strolled down the Strand, gazing idly into shop windows.

"Bum lot of stuff," he decided. "Not up to Fifth Avenue."

He had passed St. Paul's, bound east, when he stopped sharply in front of a shop window—rather, he was stopped. It was a large shop, with a garish new sign which announced that it supplied you with cloth Direct From the Mill at Prices that Will Astound You!

Martin Claypool's eyes had been arrested by a piece of tweed on display in the



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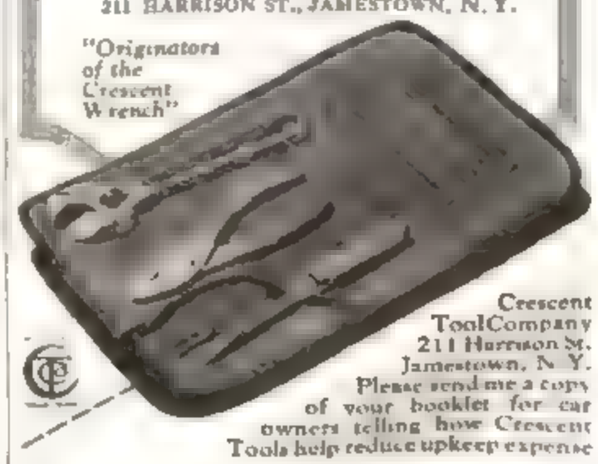

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You fill in the amount—any amount not exceeding $100—sign your name and mail this ad to Box 1634, care of The Saturday Evening Post, 814 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. We'll very quickly tell you how the amount you want may be yours.

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$400 MACHINE EARNED $5040 IN ONE YEAR. $240 machine, $440; $160 machine $2160. Many St. Louis machines earned annually $4000. One man placed 300. Responsible company offers exclusive advertising proposition. Unlimited possibilities. Protected territory. $1000 to $5000 investment required. Experience unnecessary. NATIONAL KEI-LAC CO., 320 N. 19th St., St. Louis, Mo.

window. Its pattern was the sort calculated to start a runaway, or stop one. The prevailing tone was saffron—a gaudy, bellicose saffron. It had been surveyed and marked off into square lots by lines of a rich, poisonous green. It was as rough and shaggy as the coat of a collie; and, indeed, at a quick glance, it looked somewhat like a collie that had fallen into a kettle of alphabet soup. Small vermicelli-like excrescences of divers bilious hues leaped out from it to smite and burn the eyes of passers-by. At a distance anyone daring enough to wear a suit of it must inevitably look like a hairy man suffering from acute jaundice complicated by some strange and violent form of measles.

It somehow fascinated Martin Claypool. "It certainly would make the boys at the country club sit up and take notice," he said. "A bit loud, maybe; but a man in my position can get away with anything."

He went into the shop. The price of the fearsome stuff was, indeed, astoundingly low. Martin Claypool bought enough for a suit. The clerks followed him with their eyes as he went down the Strand with his purchase under his arm, as if they expected to see him arrested for carrying incendiary material in the public streets.

He found Albemarle Street after questioning six bobbies. Before his number he stopped uncertainly. It was a plain, neat brick house of two stories, with a small bare shop window. On the door he located a tiny name plate, a venerable brass sign worn by years of polishing, and there in old-fashioned script was the name, J. Tavistock.

Mr. Claypool knocked and waited. Presently a small faded man with white hair came to the door. He did not look at Martin Claypool's face. He looked at the lapels of his coat. They seemed to sadden him.

"I've a letter to Mr. Tavistock," Martin Claypool announced.

"Yes, sir. I'll take it. Step in, please." His voice was small and faded too.

He conducted Martin Claypool into a dim parlorlike room, furnished with two chairs and a desk. It was all very solemn, Mr. Claypool thought.

"Now, sir?" said the small faded man.

"Are you Tavistock?"

"Yes, sir." He read the letter. It brightened him. He bowed to Martin Claypool. "Now, sir?" he said again.

Martin Claypool was entertained. He was accustomed to a more aggressive type of salesmanship. "The general idea," he said, "as you may gather from the letter, is that I came here to have you make me some clothes."

"Very good, sir."

"I'll want a lot of them," said Martin Claypool. "First, some business suits—a dozen, anyway. Then three or four evening suits. Then golf clothes, sport clothes, riding habits—you know—a complete gentleman's outfit."

"I'll do my best for you, sir," said the tailor. "Will you step this way, please?"

He conducted Martin Claypool to a back room, larger than the front one and a bit brighter. It was furnished with a long mirror; that was all. The tailor stood for some minutes, his white head cocked on one side, studying Martin Claypool's impressive proportions with a pensive pale-blue eye. Then from drawers he took little books of cloth.

"For lounge suits for you, sir, I'd advise this and this and this," he said, indicating samples. "Now this blue would be good, and I rather fancy this brown herringbone and this gray flannel for your type."

"A bit quiet, aren't they?" remarked Martin Claypool.

"They are on the quiet side, sir," said Tavistock. "But a big man like you, sir, should favor the conservative patterns. Now here's a splendid suiting—this nut brown—to go with your complexion."

"You're the doctor," laughed Martin Claypool. "Guess I'd better leave it to you, eh?"

Tavistock nodded. "Yes, sir." He did a lot of minute measuring. "I'll start to work at once, sir," he promised. "I'm not very—well, rushed at the moment, you see."

"Now about the prices," began Mr. Claypool.

"I send out my bills once a year," said Tavistock. "The garments will be sent to you directly they are finished."

"Good!" said Martin Claypool. He was starting to leave.

"Is this your package, sir?"

"Well, I almost did forget that. You'll make me up a sport suit from some material I bought?"

"If you wish, sir." Martin Claypool unwrapped his new-bought tweed. As it emerged from the paper like some great, hirsute, leprous caterpillar, Mr. Tavistock audibly gasped. "Is this the material, sir?" he asked. His voice shook a trifle.

"That's it," said Martin Claypool.

The tailor backed away from it. He retreated to a corner and looked on the defensive, as if he expected the tweed to spring at him and do him bodily harm.

"I—I really think, sir, if you don't mind my saying so, that you wouldn't like this," he faltered.

"But I do like it," said Martin Claypool.

"I mean, it wouldn't make up very well."

"It might be a bit noticeable," granted Martin Claypool.

"Noticeable, sir? Oh, yes—yes, indeed. It would positively call attention to you, sir. I really wouldn't like to see you in it."

"Well," laughed Martin Claypool, "I'm the one who will have to wear it. You need never see me in it. I won't wear it outside the state of Missouri."

"I'm sure, sir," said Tavistock gravely, "it would be a serious mistake to wear it anywhere."

"I'll take the blame for the error then," said Martin Claypool. "Let's see now; I'll want a belted coat and patch pockets ——"

He saw the slight form of the old tailor stiffen. "I'm very sorry, sir," Tavistock said, "but I could not make it for you."

"Why not?"

The old tailor approached the goods, stretched out a wary and reluctant finger and touched the tweed.

"You see, sir," he explained, "it isn't only the pattern that makes it unsuitable; it's the quality of the goods. Why, sir, it's shoddy!"

He said the last word as if it were something almost too terrible to mention.

"Oh, it didn't cost much and I don't expect it to last forever, you know," said Martin Claypool, feeling somehow nettled. "Besides, I won't hold you responsible for its wear; only for its cut."

Tavistock shook his head. "I'm sorry, sir," he said firmly, "but I just couldn't put my shears into a piece of goods like that. And I certainly could not put my name on a suit made from it."

Martin Claypool had attained his position in life by generally getting his own way. He grew more impatient.

"Look here," he said, "do you want my order, or don't you?"

"Of course I do, sir. To be frank with you, sir, I need the work badly. Times are hard in England now, you know. My business has fallen away to almost nothing. Now couldn't I show you some real homespuns or tweeds with a good bit of life in them for that sport suit?"

Martin Claypool compressed his lips. His jaws set stubbornly. His associates knew this was a sign to stop arguing.

"No," he said. "I want a suit made of that material."

Tavistock sighed and shook his head. "I'm very sorry, sir," he said. "You'll find tailors in London who will make it up for you. I can't."

"Can't, eh?" Martin Claypool snapped. "What do you mean—you can't?"

"Mr. Claypool," said Tavistock in his faded voice, "I've been a tailor all my life. I haven't grown rich, but I've been proud of my work always. I inherited a tradition from my father, who had it from his. In a hundred years the name Tavistock has never been put on a suit of poor fit or poor material. I hope it never will be."

"Oh, never mind putting your label in this suit if that's what is worrying you," said Martin Claypool, half amused, half angry. He always tried to win a contest of wills.

"That isn't the point, sir," said the tailor. "You see, sir, if I may say so, I look upon my work as—well, as a sort of art. You wouldn't ask a painter to do a cheap and nasty picture, would you, sir?"

"He'd do it if he needed the money," said Martin Claypool. "That's the thing that counts in this world—the old brass. I know the world. I've found that out."

"If you'll pardon my saying so, sir," said the old tailor, "I'm a great deal older than you; and I have a notion which may be old-fashioned, but which I have found to be true, and that is that a good name is better than great riches. Good day, sir."

The little tailor bowed stiffly. Martin Claypool felt an unreasoning surge of rage. He stamped angrily toward the door. The tailor's voice stopped him: "One minute please, sir."

Martin Claypool stopped, turned. "Changed your mind, eh?" he grunted.

"No, sir. I merely wanted to ask you to take this away." The tailor pointed at the scrofulous tweed. "I really shouldn't want to have it about my shop, sir."

Martin Claypool gathered up the cloth and stalked out. He was not a man of even temper. He was mad now, mad all through; and yet he was critical enough of his own emotions to realize that his anger was out of all proportion to its cause.

"There are thousands of tailors in London," he growled, as he strode toward his hotel. "I don't need to bother with that old fool. Why should I let him upset me? He's nothing but a stick-in-the-mud, a failure. Him and his art! Cutting out pants an art? Bunk!"

Once in his suite, he flung the tweed on a chair, where it clung like a flat serpent.

"Why should that old fossil of a vest cutter get my goat so?" Martin Claypool demanded of himself. "Better get to work and forget him."

From an elaborate pigskin portfolio he took papers, blue prints, photographs and studied them. "Let's see, now ——" He wrote down figures. "Suppose now, I substituted. . . . Let's see now—six times nine is fifty-four —— Big saving there. Not so good, of course. Apt to break any time. Good enough for a lot of Chinks though."

He picked up a photograph from the pile in front of him. It was a picture of the newest Claypool locomotive. He ran his eyes over its powerful lines. His eyes stopped at the name plate, set in the side. He could read it, clearly:

CLAYPOOL. Built and Guaranteed by Martin Claypool, Inc.

He got up and walked across the floor and poured himself a glass of water. The piece of tweed tripped him and he kicked it aside. Then he stooped, picked it up, ran his fingers over its surface, held it to the light. He dropped into a chair, still holding the cloth in his hand, and sat there, staring at it. He was thinking now of the first locomotive he had built and of how he felt when he saw it steam past him, and read the name—his name—engraved on the plate in its giant side. He must have sat there, staring, motionless, for an hour. He sprang up suddenly, reached for the telephone:

"Hello, Tavistock! This is Mr. Claypool. . . . Yes, that's right, Claypool. Go ahead with that order of mine. Forget about that sport suit. I've been examining the tweed and I find it isn't up to standard. . . . You're welcome. Good-by."

He called up another number:

"Mr. Krohn? This is Martin Claypool. Listen, that deal we discussed last night is off. . . . Yes, all off. I'll take your contract, but I'll fill it with A-1 locomotives, real Claypools, or nothing. . . . Yes, I'll pass up that money. All right, Krohn, you can give the order to a Swede or a Czech or the devil if you want to. But get this, Krohn—if you ever buy a Claypool locomotive you are going to get the real thing. No shoddy. No, sir!"

Throws Water farther than any other Sprinkler on the same Pressure

Adjustable to any Direction, Distance or Volume of Water you want—Whirling or Stationary

Solid Jets, Gentle Spray, Drenching Downpour or Rainbow Mist—All from this

$3.50 Rain King
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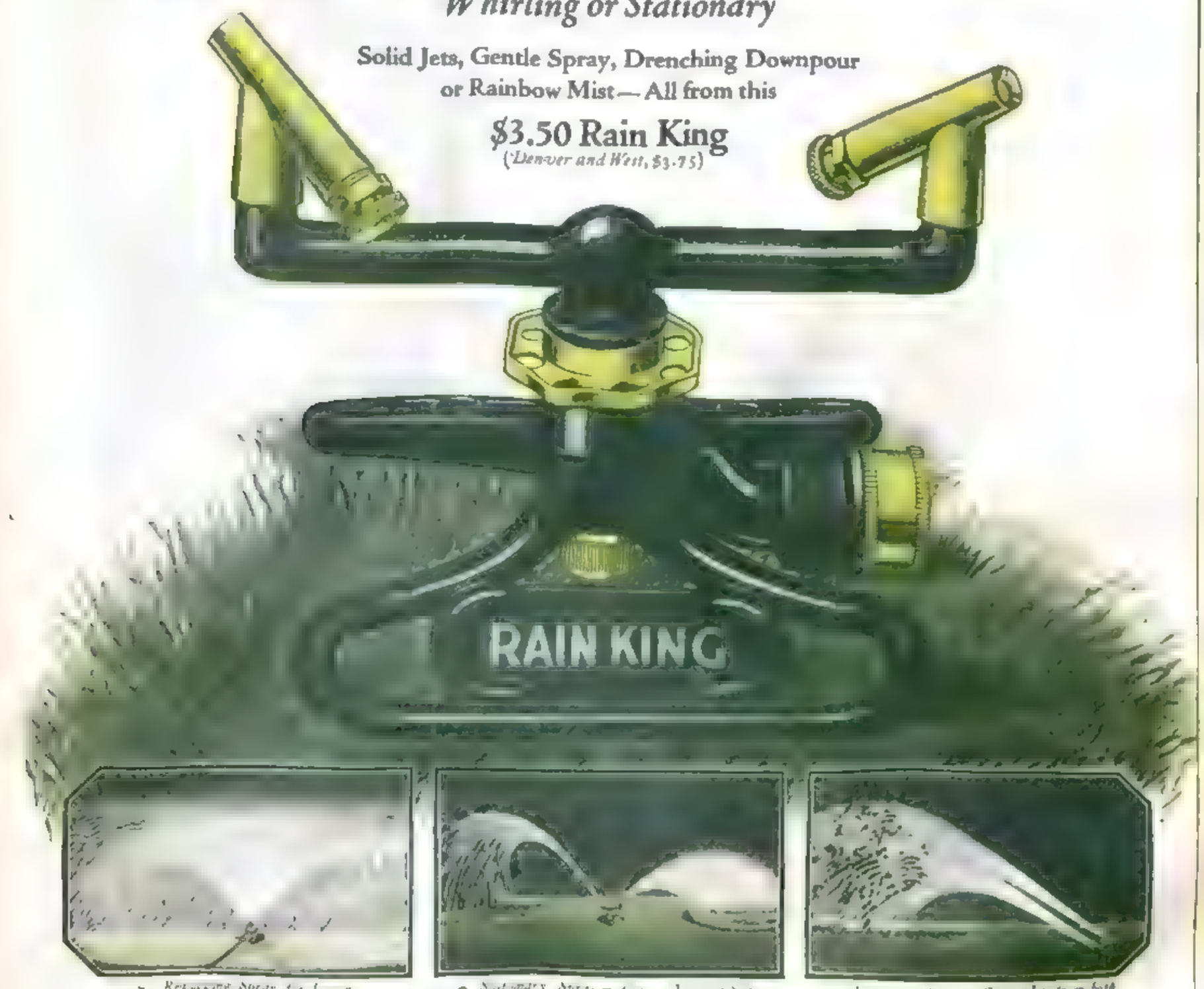

1 *Revolving Spray for Lawn and Garden*

2 *Stationary Spray—Coarse Jet (left) for Trees, Fine Mist (right) on Seeded Beds*

3 *Stationary Spray—Coarse Jets from both nozzles on Trees and Shrubs*

4 *Stationary Spray—Coarse Jets with nozzles adjusted to sprinkle long strip*

ALL through the hot, dry, withering days of Summer, let the powerful Rain King Sprinkler keep your Lawn and Garden as green and fresh and fragrant as Maytime.

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That's what distinguishes the Rain King from every other Sprinkler in the world—it waters anything—trees, shrubs, grass, flowers or seeded beds, with just the right stream, spray, or mist-cloud—whichever the situation demands—whirling or stationary, whichever way you turn the set-wheel and nozzles.

Small yards, large estates, parks or golf courses—there's a Rain King model with a big enough capacity to finish the job in quick-time, by covering large areas, with much or little water as needed.

Gives a beautiful play to water—many compare it to an ornamental fountain.

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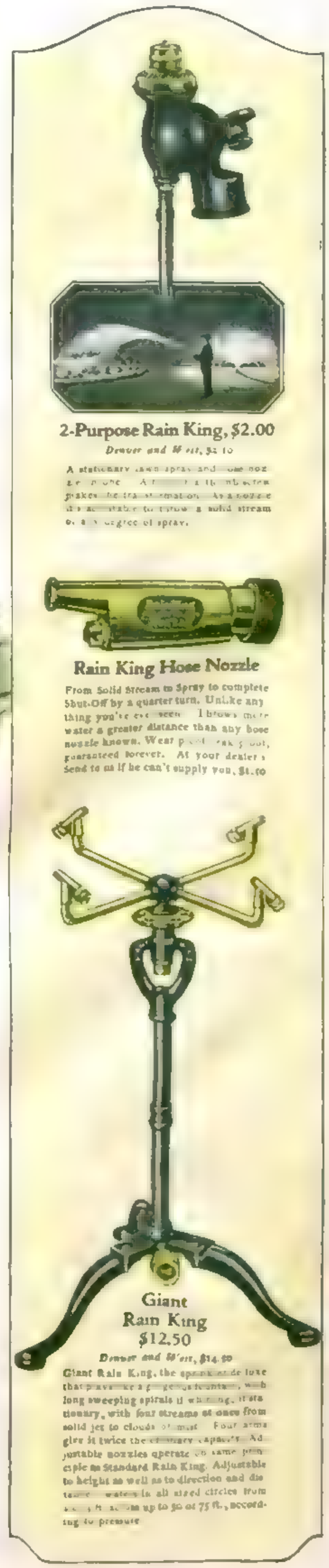

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A stationary lawn spray and one nozzle for hose. Adjustable to make the fine mist-cloud. As a nozzle it is adjustable to throw a solid stream or any degree of spray.

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From Solid Stream to Spray to complete Shut-Off by a quarter turn. Unlike anything you've ever seen. Throws more water a greater distance than any hose nozzle known. Wear proof, rust proof, guaranteed forever. At your dealer's. Send to us if he can't supply you, $1.50

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Giant Rain King, the sprinkler de luxe that plays like a gorgeous fountain, with long sweeping spirals of whirling, if stationary, with four streams at once from solid jet to cloud of mist. Four arms give it twice the ordinary capacity. Adjustable nozzles operate on same principle as Standard Rain King. Adjustable to height as well as to direction and distance. waters in all sized circles from [illegible] up to 50 or 75 ft., according to pressure

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MODERN women like the Florence Oil Range because it goes about its work in much the same efficient way they go about theirs.

The up-to-the-minute Florence gets busy without any preliminaries. Turn a lever, touch a match to the kindler, and the Florence will cook the dinner—thoroughly, and on schedule time.

The Florence burners are scientifically constructed to *focus* intense heat directly on the cooking. They keep the heat from scattering its energy. The top of the short, wickless Florence burner is only 2½ inches below the cooking. But that's not all. Florence burners force air inside the flame, giving a quick and most intense clean heat. Hottest heat close up under the cooking—this is *focused heat.*

And you can adjust the clean, gas-like flame to the degree of heat you wish, secure in the knowledge that the flame will remain steady and that the *focused heat* will go into the cooking.

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Your fuel bills are lower when you use a Florence—for the Florence burns kerosene, one of the cheapest fuels known. Then, too, the Florence saves oil by doing its work quickly—with no waste of time or fuel.

Keeping the Florence shiningly clean is simplicity itself. There are no wicks to trim, and the snowy enameled frame needs only an occasional going over with a damp cloth.

In the picture part of the heavy asbestos jacket [illegible] the Florence burner has been cut away so that you can see the principle of Focused Heat in operation. The sturdy hot blue flame [illegible] heat is focused [illegible] is cooked—not scattered [illegible] and cooled.

Now you can see how Focused Heat saves your time and money.

A really wonderful oven

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Florence One-Burner Water Heater for quick hot water

FLORENCE Oil Range

The stove with *Focused Heat*

YOUR FOOD AND OUR FARMER

(Continued from Page 7)

A shrewd observer in the press gallery at the moment the curtain was raised on farm relief, in answer to my request for an investigation of the forces behind the scenes, wrote me:

"The American Council of Agriculture and the Corn Belt Committee, which includes the American Farm Bureau Federation, represented here by Frank W. Murphy, of Minnesota, desires the Haugen Bill. The Committee of Twenty-two, organized at Des Moines early in the year, under the leadership of Governor Hammill, of Iowa, is represented here by George N. Peek, and also favors the Haugen Bill.

"The first organization is composed of the county coöperatives, the local bureaus and state Granges throughout the north-central states, and is the organization doing the heavy mass propaganda. The Committee of Twenty-two is composed of the two leading business or civic leaders in each state, and represents the successful element in that country. The first organization can and does get thousands of telegrams sent at a moment's notice, collect, so that the Government pays for them! It has circulated petitions in every farming community which it then served, on the congressmen.

"These petitions read something like this: 'We, the undersigned residents of —— County, urge you, as our representative in Congress, to vote for the Haugen Bill, as the only measure which will bring relief to the farmers.'"

No Agricultural Close Harmony

"It must be borne in mind that this campaign has only been carried on recently. In the past the organizations have been favoring different proposals and have lacked unanimity. I think it occurs to everyone who studies these bills, several hundred pages long, that they are extremely complicated and difficult for any but accomplished economists to grasp or reject. This has not disturbed the bureaus here. They have many types of circulars, printed in red letters with simplified diagrams and fat black arrows pointing to them, saying, 'The Haugen Bill will make you rich; see that your representative votes for it.'

"What they want, of course, is a scheme, similar to the British rubber monopoly or the Brazil coffee institute, whereby they can pool their product and release it when they think the time is opportune. The original contention of the Committee of Twenty-two was that this could be put across without any appropriation from the Treasury. 'We can set up our own machinery,' they say, 'and all we want is authority to do it.'

"But when they arrived here they soon realized that the East would not stand for a scheme which would raise the price of food, and that their only hope was to hand a gold brick to the cotton interests and get the Southern vote. Out of the $350,000,000 subsidy accordingly, $100,000,000 was to go to cotton coöperatives."

The fact is that the agricultural bills were the ping-pongs of this session. No one will deny that some congressmen approached the subject of farm relief with signs of broad vision; but behind the scenes the whole discussion was a weighing of political advantage.

So far as the clamor was agricultural, it was a howl from overproducers of corn. The East failed to sing. Cotton raisers in the South did not tune in. Wheat made a noise unexpectedly feeble. Cattle and dairy interests were not so pleased at a government economic subsidy tinkering which would raise the price of feed.

The East failed to sing, and Eastern congressmen began to hear that their farmers were not so excited about this class legislation. They were agricultural consumers themselves. Then the urban populations were not overjoyed at the idea of paying more taxes out of one pocket in order to pay more for three meals a day out of the other pocket.

Mr. Black, of New York, and Mr. Haugen, the author of the bill, had a tilt about it. Mr. Haugen said labor was behind his proposal—would have to be. Why? Because if the farmers were not prosperous the consuming power to purchase goods would be lowered, factories would close, labor would be out of jobs. Mr. Haugen added that the wage earner was protected by the tariff and the farmer was not. He shouted, "The question here is: Are you going to do something for the farmer?"

Unfortunately for Mr. Haugen, however wise his conclusions, something is the matter with his facts. If the farmer is now in such a desperate situation, if his purchasing power is lowered, if that closes our factories and creates unemployment, why does not someone arise to say, "Is it so? And if so, why hasn't it done so?"

And then about the tariff. The tariff, it is true, protects farm produce less effectively where world prices make domestic prices because of the exportable surplus, but so far as the tariff can be effective for the farmer, it was made effective.

Says an old member of the Finance Committee of the Senate, "The farmers wrote their tariff. They even brought their own pens and ink."

And on top of that, everything—almost every last thing the farmer buys for use in his industry is on the free list.

So, on the whole, the East and the urban forces cared little for farm relief which took a government-doctoring, price-raising form.

And the South, as a Democratic stronghold, and even as a cotton stronghold, did not like the Haugen proposal any too well. Indeed, some Southern congressmen tried to pin upon the Republican Party the tag of special privilege. Pou, of North Carolina, said a great deal of condensed education for all of us when he said:

"The parceling out of favors is coming back to plague you now. By this bill you attempt to override economic law. You would take money out of the Treasury to help one class of the community at the expense of all the people."

With Special Privilege to None

"Mr. Speaker, the situation with which we are called upon to deal is the culmination of a policy of conferring special privilege on the few at the expense of all the people which has been practiced for two generations, whenever the Republican Party has been in complete control. You have protected the manufacturer against competition. You have conferred upon the manufacturer privilege he has no right to expect. By forcing the farmer to buy in a protected market you have taught him a lesson he was somewhat slow to learn, but which at last he has learned.

"The effect of a prohibitive tariff is practically the same as the effect of a direct subsidy. The farmer cannot understand why the manufacturer must be the recipient of special favor while he must work out his own salvation without any help whatsoever. The farmer produces the necessities of life. He produces food and clothing for the nation, but he must buy in a protected market, while certainly his surplus is disposed of in a market where world conditions fix prices.

"Laboring against unfair discrimination, it is not surprising that agriculture should languish. Certainly there is a reason. Many industries in the nation are prospering. Bank deposits have mounted higher and higher. It can hardly be said that there is scarcity of money, and yet in the midst of such prosperity agriculture is sick.

"You cannot restore agriculture to health by providing a subsidy. You may afford slight temporary relief, but unless you intend to make your subsidy permanent, the disaster you will invite in the end will be far greater than any disaster which is threatened today.

"Equal opportunity to every citizen, to every industry; special privilege to no citizen or industry.

"The depression we all would remove if we could is caused by a violation of this just principle.

"A square deal for every citizen, for every industry. No citizen has a right to expect more than a square deal, and every citizen has a right to expect nothing less than a square deal.

"You gentlemen who come from the cotton-growing section had better read this bill a good many times before you vote for it and go back to your constituents, because the basis of that bill is not sound.

"Why, our farmers are large purchasers of some of the very commodities the price of which is going to be increased by the Haugen bill. I believe that bill will put up the price of wheat approximately fifty cents a bushel, and will advance the price of corn; it will not help the farmer a particle, but, on the contrary, will increase the price he is forced to pay for some of the necessities he is forced to buy. I think my state purchases, or perhaps I should say uses, some 8,000,000 bushels of wheat annually. Therefore this bill, in order to raise the subsidy, will impose a tax of $4,000,000 annually upon the people of North Carolina."

Buying Votes With Gold Bricks

"I could not support such a measure unless I belonged to a political party that believed in parceling out special privileges, that believed in helping one man or one class at the expense of all the people. You are handing to the cotton farmers of the nation a gold brick; you are handing to the tobacco farmer a gold brick; you are asking us to support a measure here which is vicious in its provisions and will not only be of no benefit to the people in the cotton-growing sections of the nation but will add to their expenses. Those who are thinking of supporting this bill will do well to consider the great army of consumers. The price of bread will certainly be advanced, and there are many millions who must have bread. Any price-fixing measure is wrong in principle, and the Haugen bill is certainly a price-fixing bill."

Mr. Fort, a member of the Committee on Agriculture, with due consideration, perhaps, for the undoubted fact that the farmer does take more of a gamble and a longer shot than the manufacturer, added a paragraph which was instructive:

"I object to the Government guaranteeing the farmer a profit. If he is to take no gamble on his crop, or practically none; if he has the assurance that this bill attempts to give—and if it does not give it, what is the use of wasting time to talk about it?—that he is going to get more money for his crop than he now gets, and if he is producing an excess today at a loss, what will he do at a profit? He will produce more. He would not be wise if he did not. I would do it, and you would do it, and any business man would do it. Give him the promise of a profit in place of a long-running loss, and what will he do?

"He will plant more, and I would have less respect for the American farmer if he did not go to it and plant all he could; certainly as long as the government Treasury held out. It is the history of this country that every year of high prices has been followed by an increase in acreage, with possibly three exceptions of wheat in forty years, and I think only once or twice in the same period, of cotton. If we are going to promise definitely an enhanced price, enhanced by a definite figure, we have got to face a return to the wheat acreage of

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"Mum" neutralizes the destructive *acids* as well as the *odor* of perspiration

"Tubbing" silk hosiery every evening is not enough. The all-day acid action must be neutralized as it occurs.

WOMEN everywhere are making the happy discovery that "Mum", which they have always found so effective in overcoming the unpleasant *odor* of perspiration, also neutralizes the destructive *acids* of perspiration. This means much longer wear from every pair of costly silk stockings. And it means that the leather and linings of their fine shoes last much longer.

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"Mum" is 25c and 50c at drug and department stores.

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We will be glad to send you a generous trial package of "Mum" for 10¢ (to cover cost of packing and mailing), including a booklet that discusses intimately the various important uses of "Mum" that every woman should know of. Send the coupon today.

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☐ "Mum" 50c postpaid ☐ "Mum" 25c postpaid ☐ Trial Size, 10c to cover the cost of packing and mailing a generous trial size of "Mum".

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75,000,000 acres; we have got to face the bringing in of the tremendous acreage in Texas that has recently been found to be available for cotton, and we have got to face a return of production of crops to their past peak."

In other words, it is possible to see in measures like the Haugen Bill not so much relief to agriculture as final wreckage!

But the bill went bumping through the debates with almost every political wind in the land blown at it. Even the wets were inspired. They made ready a campaign to say that the whole trouble with the farmer came when barley, corn, hops, and so on, were no longer needed in the making of liquor and beer! One expected, before this disjointed, disconnected and sometimes disorderly debate was over, to hear from some special interest that the whole trouble with agriculture arose from the collectors of postage stamps!

It is an excellent example of the rapidity with which a class-interest economic monstrosity will call up a thousand other special interests. Instead of legislation for the general welfare which is fully appreciative of the needs of unity and of liberal recognition of any distressed or backward factor in our national life, we are treated to a spectacle of selfish class or selfish political interests making a great to-do in favor of or against something merely, as one congressman, who alleged that the President would surely veto the Haugen proposal, said, "to make a gesture at the farmer."

How Not to Deal With the Problem

That is all it was. Only thirty-odd Southern Democrats voted for it, and only sixty-six Democrats all together; it is lost even as a party political issue. The country and even many farm interests are so much against it that it is no longer a good personal presidency-campaign proposal. It remains a memory of how not to deal with the agricultural problem.

But the agricultural problem remains, regardless of anything done in this session of Congress. While the farmer is not yet fitted into our social and economic life as he should be the agricultural problem will be with us; and the statesman who will lead us toward a whole program which the consumer as well as the producer, with liberal concern for the future of agriculture, accepts, will have done something for the country worth a very great reward.

The almost overwhelming importance of the economic problem of the farmer must not obliterate the lesser and lessening social problem. When Thomas Jefferson designed a land system on the square-section and quarter-section idea, he did no service to congenial farm life. That checkerboard system of land division did, inadvertently, everything possible to be done for isolation. It put families as far apart from one another as they could be put. If four farmers built in the corners by a crossroads, they were just so much farther removed from other neighbors. If they built on the middle of a square holding they were remote from anyone. In other, older countries where there was a natural development, and in New England, where stockades were needed against Indian attacks, the village grew more easily. In some towns in Russia and China the farm holdings radiate out from social centers. But the American farmer, in the main, was condemned to isolation by quarter sections.

That mail delivery, cheap printing, periodicals, the internal-combustion gasoline engine, radio and even airplanes, have cut down that loneliness which has driven youth to cities is not to be denied and is asserted constantly. The farmer of America is now reaching out for and demanding electric service and more adequate telephone connection with the world. He will get them.

He will get them by his own initiative, persistence and by the ever-increasing range and universality of the material benefits of civilization. He will get new social contacts when urban dwellers consciously look toward those farmers within reach of their urban centers as being a social factor in central activities. It is quite possible—and the hint here given out may be taken by many communities—for urban boards of trade, chambers of commerce, and social and civic societies like the Rotary and others, to reach out and include the near-by farmer. This may not touch socially the large agricultural acreage, but it certainly will reach and tie into class unity of purpose vast numbers of our farm population. The very fact that the scales have just tipped from the days when our rural dwellers exceeded in numbers the urban dwellers, to the present day when urban dwellers are greater in number than rural dwellers, puts a higher responsibility upon city men and women to contribute a brotherly aid toward making country life more socially and economically tolerable.

To separate the social and economic welfare of the farmer is, of course, impossible. At the bottom the problem is an economic problem, and it is not to be solved by any mere attitude and gesture of improving the farmer. That paternal attitude will bring us little distance. No mere welfare or educational campaign can stand alone as anything approaching a broad national policy on agriculture.

An example of the controlling effect of economic forces on social life in farm districts is the problem of the tenant farmer. The landowning farmer is the man we want as the backbone of our agricultural life. Why? He has permanence. He improves his property. He puts up buildings. The soil being his, he has no wish to impoverish it. He maintains its fertility. He plans years ahead, balances his efforts and does not loot the soil and then move on. He is not a fly-by-night, and his children, unlike those of the tenant farmer, are attached to property and associations, and do not have the temptation of the tenant-farmer children to rush into the cities. The whole family has a sense of responsibility, because they are attached and are not mere crop-gambling nomads.

Onto the Land and Off Again

The farm owner is not the man who jumps onto the soil, overproduces and then jumps off again. The landowning agriculturist is a steadying influence and not a radical clamorer. If we keep the titles of our farm lands in those who work and manage them, the whole social aspect of the American farmer will be quite different and infinitely more assuring than if we allow economic forces to work toward speculation, absentee ownership and the gradual replacement of the farm owner by the land hog and his tenant farmer.

Four out of every ten farms in the country, however, are now operated by tenants or managers, and tenancy is on the increase. One hundred thousand more farms were operated by tenants in 1920 than in 1910. The change from landownership to absentee ownership has been alarming in some states. Tenants now operate 48.7 per cent of all farms in thirteen leading cotton states; 40.2 per cent in the eleven leading hog states; 37.8 per cent in the eleven leading corn states; 32.8 per cent in the eleven leading wheat states. In eight states tenants now operate more than half the farms.

Two causes are behind the tendency to decrease the number of landowning farmers, and consequently the social structure of our agricultural population. A representative of one of the older farm organizations states them in his letter to me:

"The landowning farmer who cannot make a go of it sells his farm. That is not social; it is economic. The farm is then taken over by a land speculator, and not another farm operator. That is not social either; it is economic, mostly. It is because the capitalist and speculator can swing a credit which the farmer who wants the land can't swing."

(Continued on Page 129)

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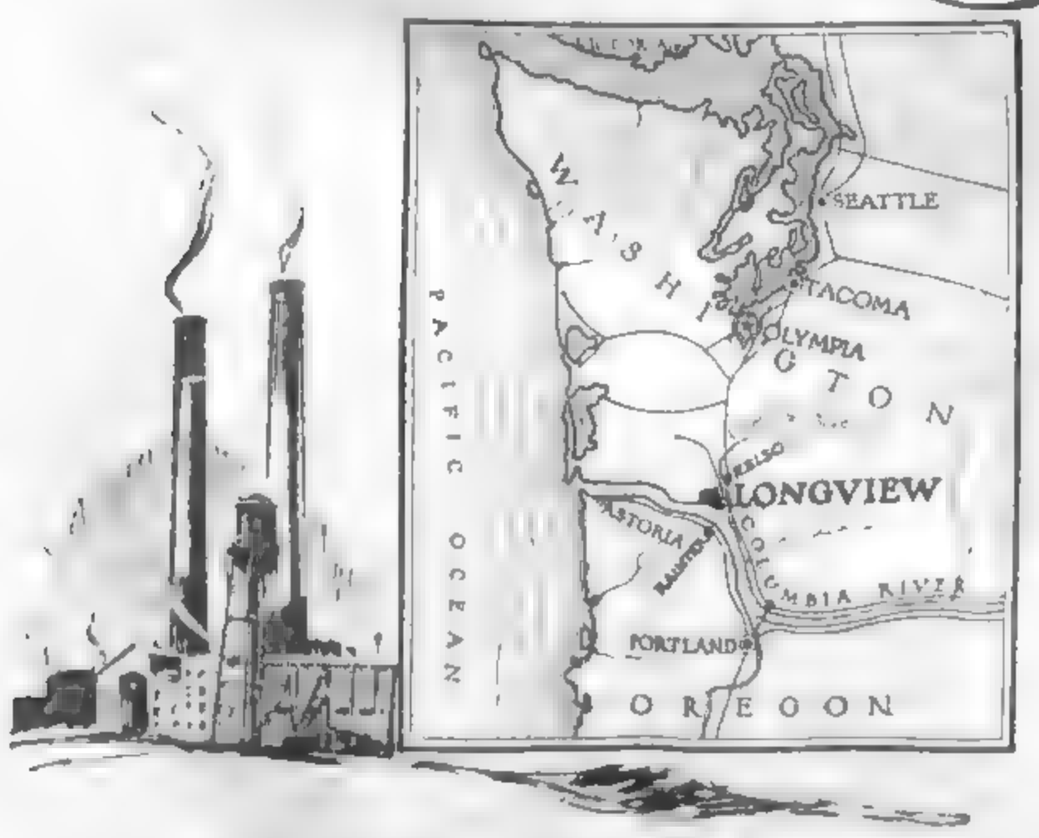

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2 Climatic Conditions

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(a) Lumber—Douglas fir, hemlock, spruce, cedar, etc.; (b) wool; (c) wheat and other grains; (d) flax; (e) livestock; (f) agricultural products such as fruits, berries, vegetables, peppermint; (g) dairy products—milk, poultry and eggs; (h) fish; (i) mining—coal, iron ore, copper, nonmetallic minerals.

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THE LONGVIEW COMPANY, *Longview, Washington* Address Department 11

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(Continued from Page 126)

It always comes back to the economic question! Education of the farmer, however important it may be, is the least important part of any national policy. Scientific education of the farmer is almost wholly devoted to showing methods of increasing production; and overproduction, at least temporarily, has been as great a bane to the American farmer as underproduction.

The education needed by the farmer and, indeed, by the consumers and by all of us, to form a national agricultural policy is wholly economic—a business education based on realities, and stripped bare of demagoguery and Treasury-looting schemes which ultimately will push the farmer and all of us into a place where our national agriculture is more than ever out of our national economic unity.

No one remedy, certainly no one legislative remedy, can cure the troubles of the farmer. Nor can we think clearly about those troubles unless we acknowledge that they exist in all four things that the farmer does. Look at them:

He is a purchaser. He buys land and manufactured goods and implements. He produces. He has to engage transportation. He has to market.

Say it over: He buys. He makes. He sends. He sells.

And the fundamental difficulty—the basis of the farm problem—is that all along the line he finds it difficult not to stand in relation to every one of these operations as a detached, isolated figure. As compared with the city manufacturer and business man, he has, even as an individual, less contacts, less business friendships and less credit. And organization with others for economic common purposes is immensely more difficult than it is for the mill owner, the commercial man and the laborer.

Let Washington Do It

"To organize the farmer and keep him interested, the professional organizer is always tempted to promise the farmer something from the public platter," says one lobbyist. "It is a much more difficult uphill job to organize the farmer to help himself. A natural soil individualism instinctively arises against organized, cooperative, self-financing, long-view attempts to get credit, control production and organize to transport, distribute and sell. That natural instinct comes on top of all the difficulties of comparative physical isolation and of cross-purposes of any group where one man is not doing or planning the same line of production or policy adopted by the next man."

But unless an economic miracle comes to pass, organization conducted by the farmers and financed by the farmers, and receiving the coöperation of consumers, industry and labor, is the only way out of the difficulties which are at the bottom of the farm problem.

The time has gone when it is possible to say, "Let the farmer individually work out his own problem." And yet it seems an inescapable conclusion that we must all set our faces against the slogan, Let Washington Do It.

I have no doubt that these two conclusions are in the mind of the President. I have no doubt that anyone with a long view, even a farmer in trouble, must see that attempts to obtain a government subsidy would fail; that in the process of failure they would irritate and make enemies of consumers and taxpayers; and that, even if successful, subsidy and the interference of Government in agriculture would lead ultimately to wildcatism and conditions more unsound than they are today. The laws of supply and demand have never been amended or repealed by legislation.

Nor does it do any good to say that cooperation has failed. This rabbit of coöperation and organization in our basic industry will climb the tree because it has to. Some may not like it, some may not want it, some may not believe in it; but the ultimate salvation of American agriculture depends on voluntary organization with a whole basketful of legitimate commercial and political ends at stake. The recognition by the Government of such legitimate systems of organization, and the recognition on the part of public opinion that they will preserve our basic industry, keep us, as a nation, self-fed in peace or war; keep our agricultural population—nearly one-third of us—socially and economically sound, are necessary aids to their development and success. If the part played by state or Federal Government goes as far as extension of any sound credit to the individual farmer, or even to his organizations, there need be no complaint of subsidy, paternalism or attempts to tinker inimitable economic law by legislative gewgaws.

That the need for coöperation is pressing can be seen by a rapid survey of the functions organization can play when individuals are helpless.

Organization Is the Answer

The farmer buys, makes, distributes, sells.

In the purchase of land he needs credit. Cooperative action, politically or commercially, will help him get it. In the purchase of land he needs organized intelligence to save himself from such boom prices as were paid for land by some of our farmers who now complain of the unfair burdens of interest charges, as if America and not they must take the blame for a bad bargain. In the purchase of implements and other necessities of his business he needs low prices, and organization will help him by keeping on the free or low tariff list the things he wants. If he believes, as some of us do, that state taxes should be light on all farm buildings and improvements, organization will help him.

Close contact with his organization, which advises and prevents overproduction, will save him from disasters, just as close contact with organized efforts and organized education to guarantee maximum scientific production will save him from high unit costs when maximum production is needed.

Organization will build up warehouse and terminal facilities, now badly behind the times.

Organization will create better customs of standard grading, sorting, packing, processing, and containers.

Organization will not only obtain commercial and governmental credits for purchase of land but should extend credit to loans on crops.

Organization will take over the middleman's function whenever middlemen are giving the farmer too little or asking the consumer too much.

Organization, and only organization, will watch and deal with transportation interests as to the freight rates on farm products.

Organization, and nothing but organization, can deal with the great problem so much advertised by the Haugen Bill proposal—the problem of preventing by cooperative management the export surplus of our important agricultural commodities from causing our domestic price to be fixed by the world price.

Sound national policy will go to the limits to help the farmer organize for these legitimate ends.

But business organization is the farmer's and not the Government's business.

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Please send me your FREE booklet, "*Efficiency in Steering*" which explains fully the Ross Cam and Lever principle

If you are interested in the Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear for replacement on Ford cars, put a check mark in this space. ☐

Name .....

Address .....

Car owner ☐ *Car dealer* ☐ *Automotive jobber* ☐

WEATHER REPORT

	High	Low		High	Low
Akron	91	89	New York	92	90
Boise	88	85	New Rochelle	91	89
Boston	90	89	Oakland	87	85
Buffalo	[illegible]	87	Oklahoma	95	93
Canton	[illegible]	[illegible]	Omaha	98	97
Chicago	[illegible]	[illegible]	Philadelphia	90	89
Cleveland	[illegible]	90	Phoenix	100	95
Cincinnati	89	[illegible]	Peoria	92	90
Denver	[illegible]	[illegible]	Pittsburgh	[illegible]	91
Des Moines	90	87	Portland, Ore.	[illegible]	87
Detroit	89	[illegible]	Portland, Me.	[illegible]	83
Dodge City	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	95
Duluth	[illegible]	85	[illegible]	[illegible]	84
El Paso	[illegible]	95	St. [illegible]	[illegible]	92
Eureka	[illegible]	89	St. [illegible]	[illegible]	90
Flagstaff	88	85	Sacramento	100	98
Fresno	100	95	Salt Lake City	[illegible]	95
Galveston	[illegible]	91	San Francisco	[illegible]	87
Grand Rapids	[illegible]	[illegible]	San Jose	[illegible]	85
Helena	[illegible]	[illegible]	Santa Fe	100	93
Huron	[illegible]	[illegible]	Seattle	90	88
Kalamazoo	[illegible]	[illegible]	Spokane	91	88
Kansas City	[illegible]	[illegible]	Tampa	90	89
Knoxville	[illegible]	[illegible]	Tucson	98	97
Los Angeles	[illegible]	[illegible]	Toledo	90	87
Memphis	[illegible]	[illegible]	Tonopah	100	98
Miami	[illegible]	[illegible]	Washington	90	87
Minneapolis	[illegible]	[illegible]	Wheaton	91	86
Needles	[illegible]	[illegible]	Winnipeg	85	83
Newark	[illegible]	[illegible]	Worcester	89	85
New Orleans	95	73	Yuma	101	99

Comfort Brings Customers

Watch the stores where Robbins & Myers Fans hum their cool and breezy song.

They're filled with customers who are comfortable . . customers who are thinking of buying, instead of perspiring.

Such a store marks the successful business man who realizes that customer-comfort is the first requisite in store-courtesy.

Robbins & Myers Fans in your store this summer will put every employe on his selling toes, too. Folks can't work their best when their hearts are under strain—hot weather is physically dangerous.

Don't overlook this sound investment in summer comfort—R & M Fans.

You'll find all types and sizes of R & M Fans at any good electric store. Expertly built, they will last a lifetime.

The Robbins & Myers Company
Springfield, Ohio • • Brantford, Ont

Robbins & Myers

Fans & Motors

Costs Less to Operate than One Electric Light

THE CABINET OF DOCTOR CALCOOLY

(Continued from Page 23)

Gum-shoe Henry, growing bolder, slyly
peered across her shoulder.
She was also writing "modern"—by her
look you might have told 'er.
But the words with charm that wrapped 'er
as she typed her second chapter,
Sounded sort o' darned familiar to her
watchful would-be captor:

"Camelia Proon
Was fond of gin.
She'd just as soon
Live out as in.
She loved to spoon
With Tom McGinn
And softly croon,
'So this is sin!'

"Tom had the kick
When slightly drunk.
He scorned that Victorian bunk.
'You make me sick,'
He sneered. She shrunk,
Then canned the hick
And packed her trunk."

The mother sweet
Now paused to think
And conned a sheet
Of printer's ink;
Its type, though fine,
Was set to tote
The big headline,
For Authors—Note!

Henry Goes After the Higher-Up

NOW Henry had learned through the years to detect
The evidence leading from cause to effect.
So he pulled the false-fur lock
That hung from his chin
And argued like Sherlock,
"This lets me right in
For the cunningest clew that a guy ever clewed.
It's plain as a pup
There's a man higher up
Furnishing dope to these geniuses rude.
Out of ninety-nine authors I've shadowed this week
I've found the whole lot
At the very same plot.
In the very same style—which is simple though freak.

"There's the very same lameness,
The same beat-the-game-ness,
The same shameless shame and the very same sameness.
And the whole busy pack—what's become of my goat?—
Are writing their stuff from the same printed note!"

So Henry went forth just to run to the wall
The thinking machine who had started it all.

The Mystery is Revealed

IN A LITTLE pink tea room off Washington Square
He cornered the boss of the show—
A young intellectual. White was his hair
And his beard was the color of snow.

"Oh, young intellectual, listen to me,"
Our rubber-soled Henry outcried.
"Now how can a young intellectual be
So ancient and thoroughly dried?"

"Oh, moron! Oh, Babbitt!" The dotard was bland.
"With pain I regard your defect.
Why do you demand what you can't understand
Since you never have joined the elect?

"Though you think it is vain, let me try to explain
The urge of my Russian complex;
Now ain't it the truth that there's nothing but youth
And youth, it is nothing but sex?

"I'm aged eighty-four, so my wisdom is more
Than that of the average man.
I've worked out this sex for the young intellex
On a standard efficiency plan.

"At my humble address I've a large printing press
Which prints my directions each day:
Standardized smut for each standardized nut
To be built in the standardized way.

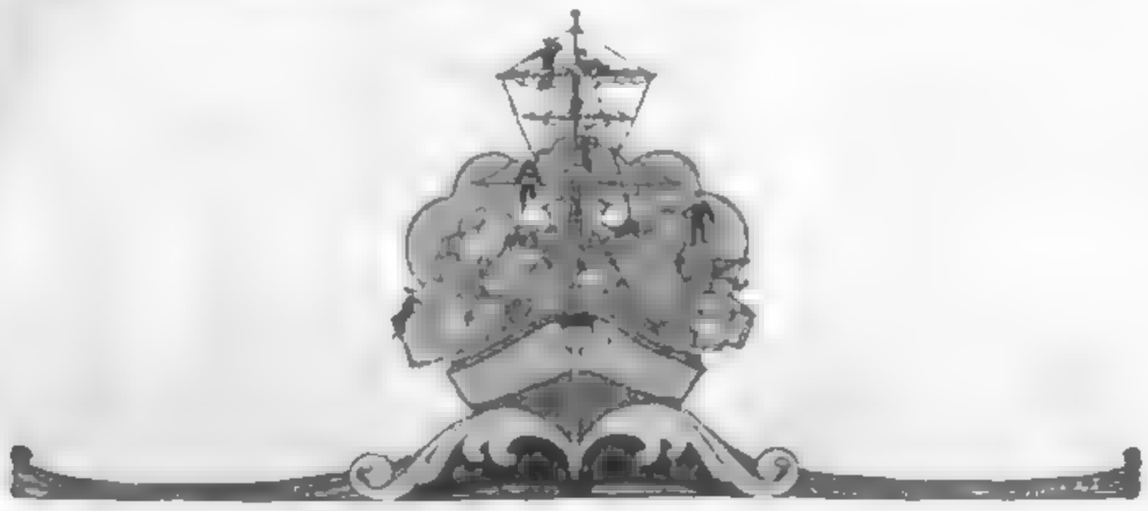
"My sample: Begin with an old-fashioned sin:
Your job is to prove that it's nice.
Make your heroine bad and your hero a cad.
Drape the background with little-town vice.

"You see the result. The success of our cult
Puts hen-minded critics to shame.
So great is our art you can't tell us apart
And our books they are always the same.

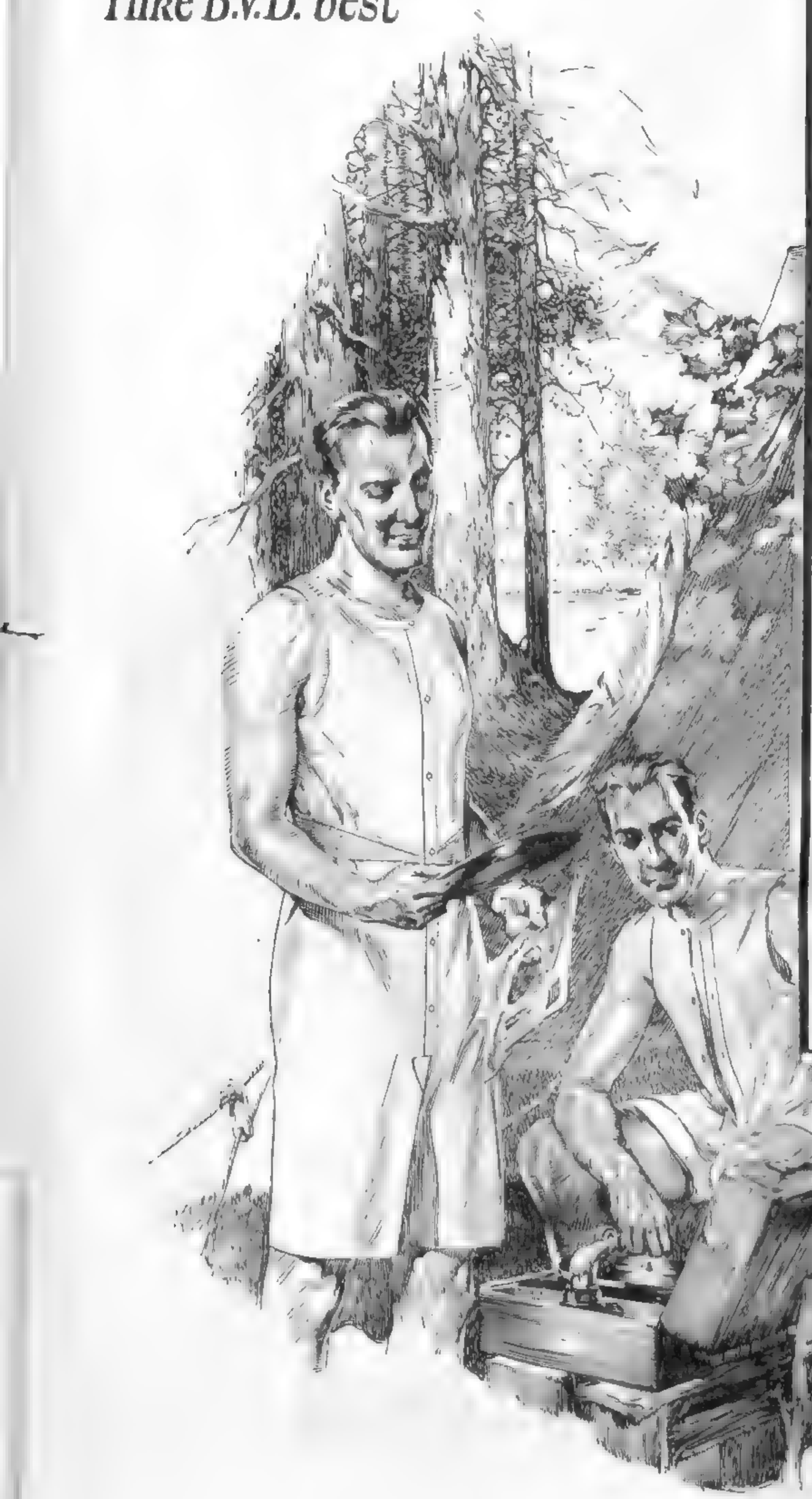
"We've standardized verses and standardized curses
And standardized Freudian dream work,
Standardized wreckers and flappers and neckers—
In short, our success is our teamwork.

"And the pride of our place is the quantity basis
That strongly appeals to our trade,
As we label each slip on the goods that we ship
With our custom mark, Factory Made."

"I thank you," said Henry with courtesy rare
As he brushed his disguise and went out in the air
To write his commander this thoughtful report:
"We can settle the case of this gang out of court.
It's merely waste motion to make a big haul.
If you capture just one, why, you've collared them all.
But if you're determined to punish their knavery
Turn to the act for suppressing white slavery."



"Next to myself I like 'B.V.D.' best"



Does Your Underwear Meet This Test?

The test of underwear comfort is to be able to forget you have underwear on!

The way to be sure that *your* underwear will meet that test, is to *look* for the red-woven "B.V.D." *label*.

Nothing without that label is "B.V.D." —nor can it offer that matchless *Comfort*, *Fit* and *Wear* which have given "B.V.D." a generation of world-leading popularity.

What's Back of that "B.V.D." Label?

A *quality* as unique as the fame of the trademark! From its specially treated nainsook, woven in our own mills, to its last lock-stitched seam, "B.V.D." is an underwear with *differences that count*. To understand the dozens of details vital to underwear value, write for our interesting free booklet, "*Why the Knowing Millions Say: 'Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best!'*" It tells just how "B.V.D." is made and is a revelation in the fine points of fine underwear.

We Want You Properly Fitted!

The height of union suit comfort comes only in "B.V.D." with its patented construction at shoulder, waistband and crotch. But be *correctly measured*. From over sixty sizes, for widely varying "builds," *yours* can always be determined by 3 simple encircling measurements: 1-*Chest*—2-*Waist*—3-*Trunk* (under crotch and over shoulder). If your dealer is in doubt as to your size, write the B. V. D. Service Bureau, 350 Broadway, New York City, giving above measurements.

Be sure to SEE it's "B. V. D."

It ALWAYS Bears this Red-Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

The B. V. D. Company, Inc., New York

Sole Makers of "B. V. D." Underwear

"B. V. D." Union Suit Men's $1.50 the suit Youths' 85c

"B. V. D." Shirts and Drawers 85c the garment

© 1926, The B. V. D. Co., Inc.

The two extra plies mean many extra miles without sacrifice of flexibility.

Quality—a Pennsylvania Product.

Pennsylvania Balloons

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. OF AMERICA, INC., Jeannette, Pennsylvania

THE REBORN ITALY

(Continued from Page 15)

was carried is shown by the 1919 figures In that year 18,387,914 working days were lost in industry through strikes, and 3,346,827 in agriculture. In 1920, the loss in industry aggregated 16,398,237 days in the factories and 14,170,321 days on the land Italy has agricultural as well as industrial unions.

In September, 1920, the climax was reached when, following the refusal of the metal manufacturers to grant wage increases, the workers began to seize and take over the big industrial establishments in Milan, Turin, Genoa, and other important productive centers. Soviets were set up in the shops and what was heralded as the dawn of a new era broke. Moscow got a real kick out of it, but that is about as far as it went internationally. But there was serious trouble at home.

The Italian workers showed the usual executive incompetence of the proletariat once they get into the saddle. One incident will illustrate how this mind functions when it is released from trained authority.

The American Radiator Company has a large branch plant just outside Milan. Like many other similar establishments in the vicinity it was occupied by the workers. One of their first jobs was to ransack the office. Here they discovered the letterheads of the company which contained the engraved statement that the capitalization was 2,000,000 lire.

Immediately they rushed to the safe, expecting to find this sum of money there. When they found it missing they sent a formal protest to the manager charging that he had "stolen the capital!" According to their enlightened intelligence the capitalization of a company had to be carried in the office safe as a tangible and visible asset!

The Privilege of Paying Bills

In all the factories where the workers took possession a so-called workers' cooperative was set up. The most important evidence of cooperation, however, was to unite for impairment of product and demoralization of business. Furthermore, these little soviets found themselves unable to sell goods or to raise money for payrolls.

This reminds me of another episode that happened in a Turin factory. On the day after the workers took hold a committee waited on the manager and informed him that they had assumed all responsibility for the firm. Much to their surprise he smiled and said "Fine." With this he took a bundle of papers out of a basket on his desk and said, "Here are bills for 1,500,000 lire which fall due today. Since you are assuming responsibility, you can pay them."

This dampened the ardor of the committee, and it was not long before the establishment had passed out of the hands of the communists and was functioning normally. As soon as the workers generally discovered that they had bitten off more than they could chew, they were glad to surrender their alleged rights and go back to bench and forge, convinced that the capitalistic system was the only one that guaranteed three meals a day and a roof over their heads. The longest period of occupation in any factory was a month.

Some of the by-products of the seizures were interesting. A firm at Spezia that had bought goods from a factory during its occupation was subsequently fined for receiving stolen goods.

Paving the Way for the Duce

Between 1920 and 1922 Italy went from bad to worse. The cabinet which preceded the one formed by Mussolini was presided over by the then Deputy Facta, who belonged to the Giolitti group. It was the weakest of all the weak cabinets which had followed one another after the war. They prolonged their existence from day to day by a succession of compromises with the subversives as well as the other elements. The Facta group, in particular, governed only in name.

The country was in such a state of anarchy that widespread Bolshevism impended What practically amounted to a general strike prevailed. The railway system was demoralized, production was at low ebb, property rights were endangered, and life itself was held to be of small value. The communists sniped from every side.

The already desperate situation was complicated late in 1921 by the sudden suspension of the Banca Italiana di Sconto, one of the largest banks in the country. It was precipitated by the financial embarrassment of the great Ansaldo concern at Genoa. This monster institution had been developed by Pio and Mario Perrone, who made it the Krupps of Italy. Before the war they had built merchant ships and railway equipment. With Italy's entry into the struggle they increased the plant and manufactured munitions and warcraft. At the high tide of their prosperity they organized the Banca Italiana di Sconto. When the postwar depression struck the country they found themselves up against it. The impairment of the Ansaldo firm weakened the props under the bank and it fell. The

Count Volpi, Minister of Finance

The Vacation Suit
Of a Wise Nation
More and more men are packing Palm Beach Suits in their "go-away" kits—
There never was a better suit for travel. Light in weight—great in comfort—smart in style—remarkably cool and spruce.
It sheds the dust—washes or dry cleans with perfect ease...and as to Value—well, just ask your clothier!
See those new Palm Beach Weaves in colors light and dark.
THE PALM BEACH MILLS
GOODALL WORSTED CO., SANFORD, MAINE
Selling Agents A. Rohaut, 229 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.
PALM BEACH SUITS

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

Florsheim Shoe

Featherweight

Built light and Skeleton Lined—the proper shoe for Summer—as necessary as a straw hat—gives your feet the same comfort you get in a light suit. FLORSHEIM featherweights are being shown at your local agency.

Booklet "Styles of the Times" on Request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers · CHICAGO

Most Styles $10~

The BELDEN *-Style S-138*

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

institution had financed the Unione Cinematographico Italiana and the Banca Italiana-Caucasica and, in consequence, many activities were affected.

In 1919, Mussolini had organized the first resistance to the agencies that were sapping the life and production of his country. This resistance was embodied in what he called the Fascisti. Being a man of action he did not take opposition out in words, but literally fought the Reds in the north. It was not until the Fascisti had lost 3000 of their number in action that the leader decided that the time had come to strike, and in the big way. He gathered 100,000 of his followers and launched the ultimatum that he would march on Rome, take it by force, and through force assume power.

The Facta cabinet announced a state of siege and closed all the entrances to the capital with barbed wire. The king refused to sign the decree proclaiming siege, which meant the fall of the cabinet. The king then asked Mussolini to form a new government. At the head of his hosts the one-time Socialist agitator entered the Eternal City without resistance, greeted not as a conqueror but as a savior.

Dusty and travel-stained, and wearing the black shirt that he had introduced as part of the uniform of his order, he stood on the balcony of the Quirinal Palace alongside the king and the royal family while his legions marched past. It was a spectacle unique in history, this elevation of a once-proscribed agitator to the point where he dictated terms to a ruler.

With the political complications that confronted Mussolini once he took over the government we are not concerned, save that he immediately divorced business from politics. The curse of the pre-Fascisti period was that they were inseparably joined. Now each went on its own, and they have been doing it ever since.

What surprised Italy as well as the rest of the world was the fact that the moment he got into power Mussolini announced a definite and constructive business program. If you study the economic rehabilitation of Italy under him you discover that from the start the animating slogan has been in three words: Work, unity and economy.

The Leader in Readjustment

The promptness with which Mussolini started the business wheels to whirring provides food for reflection upon the whole present-day European problem. It may be based on a statement made in 1922 by Basil Miles, when he made a survey of Italy for the American Section of the International Chamber of Commerce. At that time he wrote:

"After the Armistice idealists looked for a regeneration in Europe which would justify and explain the ordeal of the war. The economic and moral recovery of Europe has been held in suspense, however, by the adoption of national policies which have appeared as reactionary and as selfish as though the great nations had never rallied the flagging spirits of their armies by the cry that they were fighting to preserve civilization and liberty. Whatever is thought of the methods adopted, the Italian Fascisti have been the first to emerge with an open and national program of reform, sweeping from their path the cobwebs of bureaucracy and bad government."

What I want to emphasize in this connection is that it was not until four years after the ending of the war that any European country got down to the brass tacks of practical readjustment, and it was Italy that took the lead. Go back for a moment to the other nations and see what happened.

With peace Lloyd George orated eloquently on making England "a place for heroes to live in." Failure to grapple courageously with unionism and its devastating restriction of output made the tight little island the ideal abode, not for heroes but for strikers. What the endless succession of strikes failed to bring about the shirker completed. From the Armistice period up to the very hour I write this paragraph England has been rent with industrial strife, all because of evasion and compromise in meeting the vital issues. Mussolini never would have tolerated such persistent temporizing.

France expected a flood of reparations that would bind up the visible wounds of war without appreciable drain on her resources. She looked to the Versailles Treaty, instead of an orderly scheme of amicable reconstruction, as the panacea. The Versailles document, however, was a treaty of war, not of peace. Moreover, it was drawn by politicians and not by business men. It was uneconomic and therefore unsound. The indemnity proposition became snarled with politics, and it was not until the Dawes Plan, which came two years after the Fascisti had started the new deal in Italy, that anything like order was brought out of the mess. Today France is still fiscally at sea. As I pointed out in the article about Mussolini, if ever a country needed some of the attributes of a dictatorship it is our sister republic across the Atlantic.

Fascism vs. Bolshevism

Germany made her way through an orgy of currency inflation to something like stabilization. One of the many ironies of the European financial situation is that the money of the conquered is safely anchored at par, while that of the conqueror, France, has been on the toboggan for months.

During all these years of stress and storm when the fruits of the war were in constant jeopardy, the League of Nations rendered no specific economic aid, save when it sponsored financial assistance for Austria and Hungary. Instead of being an agency to allay and compose difference, it permitted Brazil, whose interests were thousands of miles from the center of Europe, to make a fiasco out of the last Geneva conference. When Germany was kept out of the League the spirit of the Locarno Pact was stultified and the European clock set back. It is characteristic of Mussolini that he has told the League of Nations more than once where it got off. Emotional uplift has no place in his dynamic scheme of things.

The moral of this little excursion into the rest of Europe is obvious. Italy, because of the inflexible program laid down by Mussolini in 1922, which was no respecter of persons, established a precedent for economic readjustment and prosperity that has not been followed by the other great powers. She therefore stands out as an illustration of what work and unity can accomplish.

One more contrast before we go into the specific story. The difference between the Fascistization of Italy and the Bolshevization of Russia is illuminating. The Bolsheviks not only debauched their own country economically and politically, but through the expenditure of immense sums for propaganda purposes sought to crimsonize the rest of the universe. Like the Turks under the Sultanate, they tried to foment trouble or capitalize discord everywhere. The Fascisti have stuck to their knitting at home, which means that the full measure of their achievement is recorded within the confines of their own country. Moreover, they have not attempted to propagate their cult abroad. All Fascisti movements, whether in England, France, Germany, Belgium, Austria or Hungary, have been weak imitations of the real thing and sponsored by native sons and daughters.

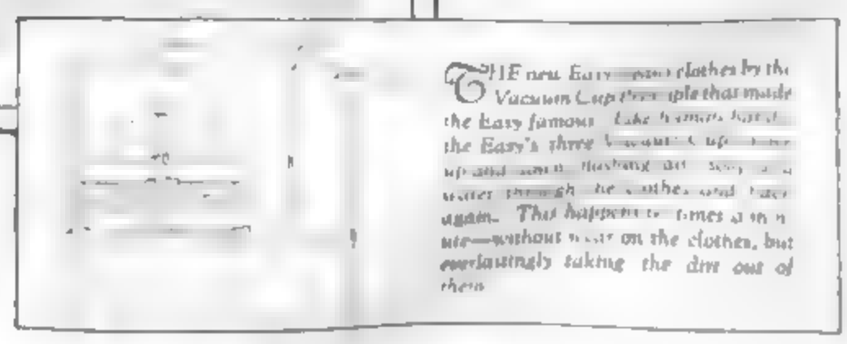
The Russians set out to create trouble, which is all that they have done. Their watchword has been destruction. The Italians have accomplished an outstanding job in nation salvaging. Construction is their watchword

One of Mussolini's first and most vulnerable points of attack was the distended government machine. He cut out useless personnel and expenditure, limited expenses for public works to indispensable

(Continued on Page 137)

TWO TUBS

The small tub dries while the large tub washes



The New Easy Washer

- - *washes and dries at the same time*

WASHES, rinses and dries all at the same time . . . Dries for line or immediate ironing without wringer . . . No water to lift or carry; not a drop wasted . . . Makes own soapsuds in forty seconds . . . New water-circulating system returns all soapsuds to washtub . . . Returns rinse and blue waters to rinse and bluing tubs . . . When through washing, empties itself into drain or sink . . . Does a complete washing faster than any other washer...Dries clothes without wrinkles; saves ironing time . . . Safeguards buttons . . . Gas heater keeps water hot . . . Washes more gently and thoroughly than human hands . . . Just touch a button, move a lever, and it's done.

MODEL M

This is the famous Easy Washer with one-piece metal wringer. With hundreds of thousands of these washers in use today, their tremendous popularity has created a permanent demand for them. We shall therefore continue to make this model, with the same fine workmanship and materials

THE new Easy has an amazing new dryer that works like magic. It whisks all the water out of one batch of clothes in three minutes—while another batch is washing.

Just move a lever and your clothes are all dried! You don't even have to hang them on the line on cold or rainy days. Just run the dryer a little longer and you can iron immediately.

No water to handle—No water wasted

The Easy's marvelous new water-circulating system handles all the water for you without wasting a drop. The soapsuds are recovered from the clothes and returned to the washtub. The rinse and blue waters are taken from the dryer and sent back to the rinse and bluing tubs. And when you are through washing, the new Easy even empties itself into drain or sink.

The new Easy washes without friction or wear on the clothes. It can't break buttons. It never puts hard-to-iron wrinkles in linens. Its round copper tubs are easy to keep clean. Its special gas heater keeps the water hot through the washing.

FREE—Your next week's washing

You must see the new Easy in action to appreciate it. For this reason we have arranged to do your whole week's washing free, without the least cost or obligation. Just phone an Easy dealer and he will send the new Easy and a demonstrator to your home on your next washday. If you know of no Easy dealer near you, write us. *You can pay for the new Easy on easy terms.*

SYRACUSE WASHING MACHINE CORPORATION
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The EASY WASHER

One Day of Life

Six little bottles of milk? No, not merely that. Six little bottles of strength, of growth, of health—of Life itself.

Every mother knows that the preparation of her baby's milk is one daily ritual which is ruled not by her housekeeper mind, but by her mother heart. The best of milk—the exact formula—scrupulous cleanliness—these are essential. But they are of no avail unless freshness and food value are preserved. And for that there must be dependable and *constant cold*.

Electric refrigeration can make constant cold a certainty. The best dairies everywhere are turning to electric refrigeration, so that their milk may come to you with food value undiminished. Now, electric refrigeration makes possible in your own home the same positive protection for your baby's source of life.

Electric refrigeration can bring you this:

Constant cold—fixed scientifically at just the right temperature for food protection.

Cleanliness—a degree of cleanliness that will be a delight to every housekeeper.

Unfailing supply—close your house, go away for days, and when you return you will find the food in your refrigerator just as you left it.

Economy—you will probably find that in your locality, electric refrigeration, with all its advantages, is actually cheaper in daily expense.

Convenience—new frozen desserts made possible, and pure dainty ice-cubes for the table.

When you get your electric refrigerator—and you will soon or late—you will take the keenest pride in it.

For it will stand not only as a symbol that your home has thrown off the yoke of needless labor, worry and waste, but the life-giving values of your family's food are protected as nothing else can protect them.

This is the true magic of electricity—that electricity is a better way of living.

The Society for Electrical Development

A non-profit organization founded in 1912 to promote for the interest of the public and the electrical industry, the greater service of electricity.

Swept Away

The dusty tyranny of the broom was swept away by the electric touch of the vacuum cleaner. And now another fundamental need of the home is met by electric refrigeration.

To protect food is to protect life

Constant Cold

© Soc. for El. Dev.

Electric Refrigeration

—a better way of living

(Continued from Page 134)

operations, and reorganized all administrative departments. The two-hatted gentry got the ax early in the game.

He introduced an equitable system of taxation. It began with a direct-tax measure that reached the incomes of working men and agriculturists, who had hitherto escaped the income tax because their employers refused to be tax collectors. The third radical step was to transfer public services formerly operated by the state to private ownership. Fourth came measures to encourage the investment of foreign capital in Italy, and to protect it once it was employed. This gave a great impetus to hydro-electric development, which is the backbone of industrial Italy. Since the negotiations to settle the Italian war debt, $50,000,000 of American money has been put into Italian water-power projects.

Nowhere has the Mussolinization of the country been more effective than with the budget. When the Fascisti took over authority in 1922, there was a deficit of 15,000,000,000 lire. At the close of the fiscal year which ended in 1925 the budget had been balanced for the first time in fourteen years, and on May first of this year there was a large surplus. This state of affairs resulted from increased revenues from all public sources. The stabilization of the lira around 24.80 to the dollar was brought about and maintained largely through a loan of $100,000,000 arranged through the intermediary of J. P. Morgan & Co. and associates.

The balancing of the Italian budget in these circumstances is not without its lesson. Once more we must turn to France for a parallel. During the past four years various large American loans have been made to the French Government, always with the idea of stabilizing the franc. Yet the franc refuses to be stabilized, and the budget is still out of gear.

Nothing fundamentally is wrong with France. There is no unemployment; business is flourishing and the people are thrifty. The trouble lies at the top in the shape of a weak government that shies at a drastic tax program. It is the exact reverse of what is going on in Italy.

The Italian financial situation was compactly set forth to me by Count Volpi, Minister of Finance, in the huge ministry building in Rome. He was the first of the outstanding government officials I met, and it was a sort of preparation for the contact with Mussolini.

Count Volpi's Forecast

Count Volpi, who became known to many Americans because he headed the mission which discussed the debt settlement at Washington, is big, broad and bearded. An experienced business man himself, he had had previous official experience as governor of Tripoli. His anterooms hummed with action. Delegations came and went. You had the feel that something was being accomplished within those busy precincts. It was typical of the galvanized Italian atmosphere.

When I asked Count Volpi to give me some idea of what was happening, and likely to happen financially, he said:

"It is not an easy matter to make forecasts for 1926 so early in the year and in view of the unsettled economic state of Europe. I can, however, state that the balancing of the budget is on a firm basis and the future of the lira is safe. On the other hand it is not possible to foresee the outcome of this year's harvest, which in an agricultural country like Italy has so decisive an influence upon the economic situation.

"As a result of what Mussolini calls the 'battle of the grain,' which he instigated with his usual vigor and foresight, and to which our agriculturists have amply responded, there is every expectation of record yields and a consequent reduction of cereal imports to a minimum.

"I am optimistic about the future because of steadily decreasing unemployment, the improvement of the commercial budget, continual and progressive increase in railroad and maritime traffic, and expansion in all manufacturing branches, resulting in the growing use of coal and also greater consumption of hydro-electric energy.

"Lately the economic development of the country has perhaps been excessive in proportion to the accumulation of savings. I have lately taken steps to reduce the interest on state investments, and this has steadied the money market and favored a new flow of capital for industry. Italy today is an orderly and hard-working country and during the current year production, already increased, is certain to expand.

"The promise made by the national government ten days after the march on Rome that Italy, by her own forces, would undertake the systematization of her finances, has been completely fulfilled. By the fiscal year 1924–25 the fourteen-year-old deficit had been wiped out and we had a working surplus of 417,000,000 lire. For the 1925-26 year there will be an effective balance of not less than 300,000,000 lire, notwithstanding the fact that during the period in question our expenses have increased by nearly 2,000,000,000 lire. I expect that the surplus at the end of the year will be greater than any heretofore attained. We will then be able to reduce taxation and some of our state debt, and also compensate state services more adequately. In other words, the stability of the Italian budget is assured."

The Lira Stabilized

"The reorganization of taxation and the adoption of rigid economy have contributed to the balancing of the budget. In organizing taxation by adapting it to the present needs, the government has aimed at creating a system of taxation on a broad and elastic basis which would be capable of resisting any eventual decrease in prices and, in times of need, aid the nation without disturbing the economic resources.

"Capital has not been touched. On the contrary many taxes which directly burdened capital have been abolished or lightened, so that not only the creation of new capital is encouraged but investments courted.

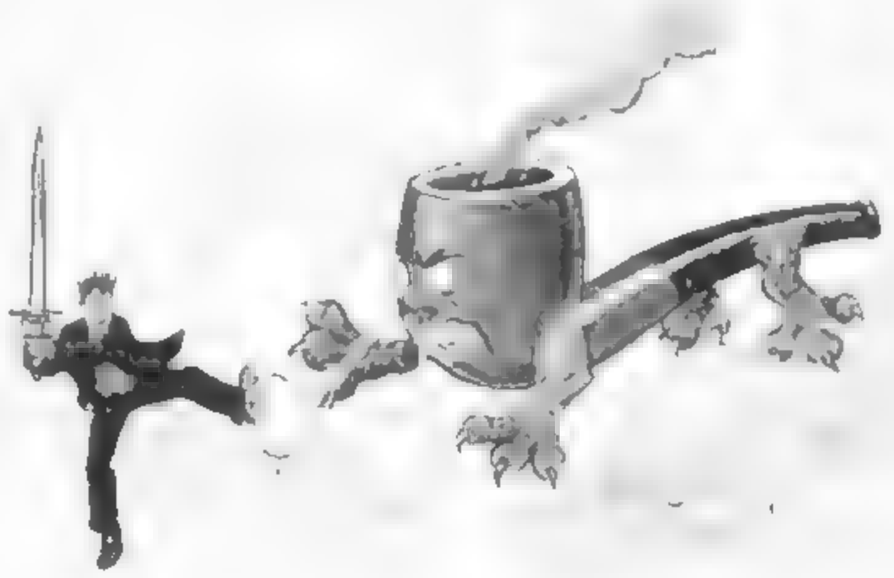
"Economies introduced into public services have rendered them less costly and more efficient. The two vital services of the railroads and the post and telegraph which have so great an influence on the economic life of the country, and which for so long a period proved so tremendously unprofitable, have a large profit margin on their balance sheets.

"All these steps taken by the government which resulted in eliminating the disturbing factors of the money markets, contributed first to the improvement and then to the stabilization of the value of the lira. They also specially contributed to the arrest of an increase of paper currency and to the systematization of the war debts both with the United States and with England.

"I can safely say that the lira is stabilized. This is due to a variety of reasons. They include the cessation of inflation, the solidity of the economic budget, and the drastic control that we now exercise over the manipulation of foreign exchange and stock-exchange operations. So far as it is humanly possible to do so, we have checked gambling in the lira. The free play of supply and demand operates and this eliminates speculation. Behind all this is the inestimable asset of confidence in the government and what it is doing. Italians believe in Mussolini and in Fascism, and this in turn means confidence in themselves."

Now let us take a look at industry. Italy labors under a strong handicap in that she is poor in natural resources. As most people know, she produces practically no coal and must import all her raw materials with the possible exception of a small quantity of silk. Her one vital and tangible asset is white coal. Ninety per cent of the power generated in Italy is derived from hydro-electric installations. Because of the wide

Now every pipe should be a pipe-of-peace



LITERATURE is literally littered with cracks of wisdom, anent the blessedness of a pipe. . . Indeed among all manner of men, savant and savage, the pipe has ever been a symbol of peace and contentment. . .

Nevertheless, there are men today who fight shy of a pipe as if it were a fiery dragon. . . never realizing that their bitter pipe experiences came from using the wrong tobacco. Alack! (a very sad lack of tobacco knowledge). . . Alas, if they only knew Granger Rough Cut!

If they only knew that Granger has made the world safe for pipe-smokers. Granger—ripe old Kentucky Burley, mellowed Wellman's way—there's not a bit of harshness or bite in a billion bowlfuls.

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Rough Cut

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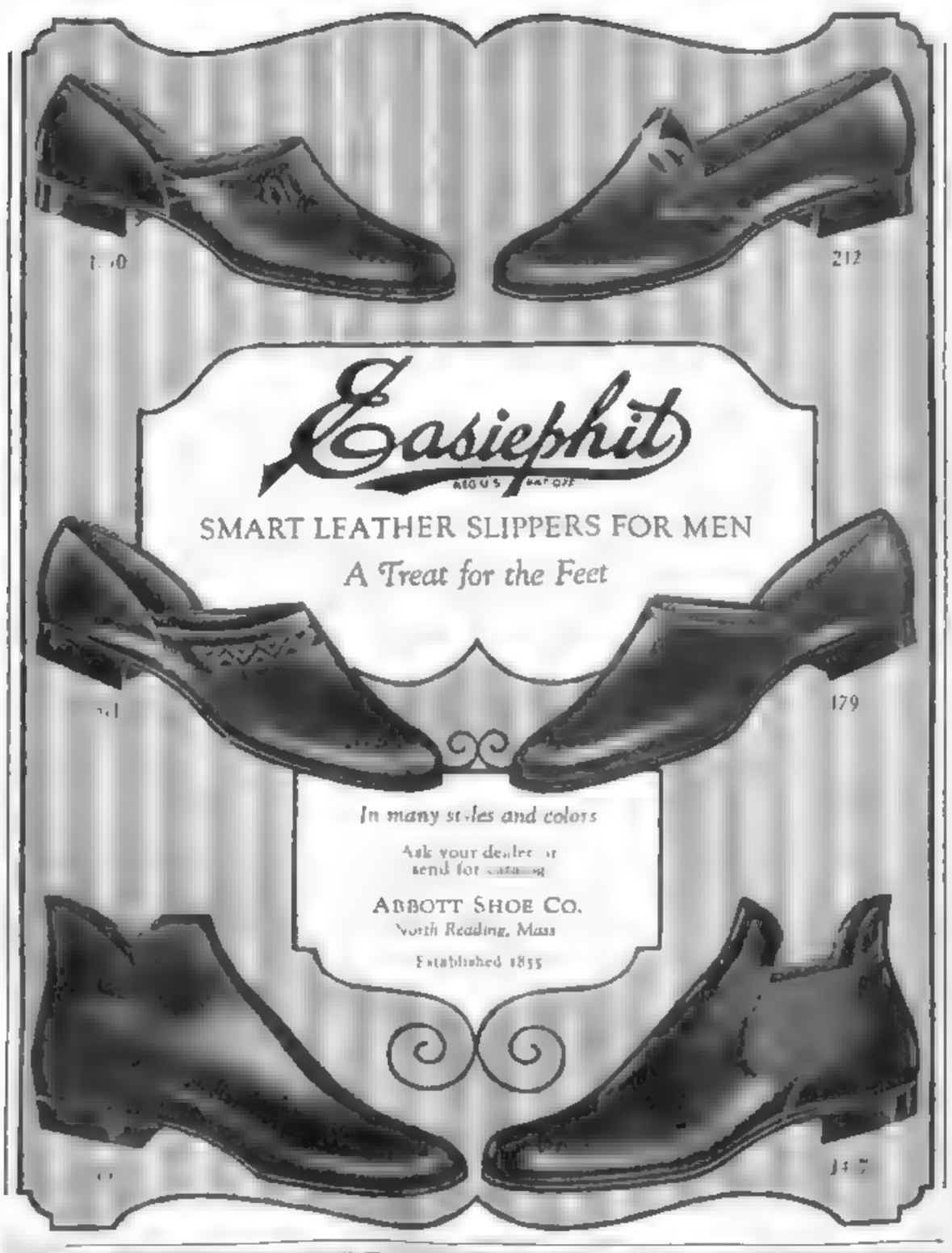
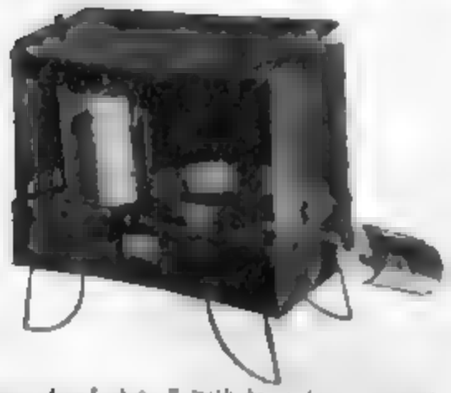


First Off The Load



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mountainous area, agriculture has had to yield to the industrial advance.

The industrial empire lies within the three northern provinces of Piedmont, Lombardy and Venetia, where two-thirds of the capitalization is concentrated. In this section Fascism had its birth, because Mussolini labored for years as editor of a Milanese newspaper. Here you find the results of his rule in an intensive productive expansion. The year 1925 was the most prosperous since the war.

To get a sharp contrast I have only to state that in 1921, output in textiles, shipbuilding, iron, steel and engineering trades, and motor manufacture was practically at a standatill, while more than 500,000 men were idle or on part-time work.

When I visited Italy last March nearly every factory was working full tilt. Shipbuilding was second only to that of the British yards, and the artificial-silk industry was making inroads upon our premier position. The manufacture of artificial wool from wood pulp had given Australia something to think about and added a new activity to the Italian list. The citric-acid monopoly was tighter than ever. Unemployment was less than 70,000. Britain's population is only 3,000,000 more than Italy's, yet for six years her army of unemployed has been more than 1,000,000.

Italy's Auto Industry

Italian industry has expanded because it is closely coördinated. It is just another evidence of the Mussolini-inspired unity to which I have already referred.

Two nonpolitical organizations mobilize the productive and corporate element of the nation. One is the General Fascist Confederation of Italian Industries and the other the Association of Italian Corporations. They have statistical and research branches and, through monthly bulletins and otherwise, keep their members informed of what is going on. Moreover, they are in close touch with national legislation. The secretary-general of the General Fascist Confederation of Italian Industries, Gino Olivetti, is a member of Parliament.

This unity enables the government to deal with industry as a whole and vice versa. Once more we can make a diverting parallel with Britain. One reason why the British coal industry has been in turmoil for years and why the last general strike was precipitated, lay in the lack of cohesion among the owners, and especially those who operate on a royalty basis. There are too many mine owners in England and too many small mines being worked at a bare profit. Numerous small properties have been in families for generations and a sort of divine right seems to attach to them. There is a Federation of British Industries, to be sure, but it does not quite get under the skin of things. Italian industry has shown the value of concentration for common action. It has taken the Mussolini injunction to heart.

It is impossible, of course, to catalogue all the Italian industries. A few nationally known enterprises will serve to indicate the expansion since the advent of Mussolini and show that the romance of high-powered production is not confined exclusively to the United States. The motor car is a striking illustration.

The American traveler who goes to Italy is surprised at the conspicuous absence of Yankee automobiles. In practically every other country of any importance he sees familiar home cars on all sides. In the leading South American republics, for example, more than 90 per cent of the gasoline-propelled vehicles are North American made. The percentage is large in England, France, China and Japan.

To a greater degree, perhaps, than any other country except the United States, Italy has made herself self-sufficient with motor cars. Her greatest motor factory was established twenty-five years ago by Giovanni Agnelli, a retired cavalry officer, and Guido Fornaca, an engineer. Associated with them were a few Turinese capitalists. Shop was set up with twenty-five employes. Today it is one of the largest automobile factories in Europe.

During the World War this institution produced nearly 50,000 trucks for army use and thousands of airplanes, to say nothing of innumerable tanks and machine guns.

I visited the vast establishment at Turin and felt that I was back in Detroit.

One feature is worth a special paragraph, because, with all our miracle of motor-manufacture advance, we have not duplicated it so far as I know. It is a banked mile testing track wide enough for eight cars to travel abreast, built of concrete on the roof of the main building. It is five stories from the ground and is reached by a series of winding ramps. This enables a motorist to enter from the street and keep going. The factory is so constructed that you can make a continuous trip through it in an automobile. This is precisely what the King of Italy did when he visited the place last year.

It is symbolic of the universal dependence upon the automobile that another great Italian enterprise should have come to the front through tires. In 1872, an electrical engineer won a scholarship at the Milan Polytechnico to study the opportunities that lay in rubber manufacture. With a borrowed capital of $35,000 and twenty workmen headed by a French rubber expert whom he had to import, he established a factory at Milan. Later his sons joined him as partners. Between them they established the Italian rubber industry.

Their output of tires is now the third largest in Europe, but they have expanded along other and more distinctive lines. When the Italian Government decided to link the lesser islands with the mainland by a submarine telegraph cable, they undertook to supply, lay and maintain these cables, and took the business from the British bidders. They erected the first Continental factory for the manufacture of submarine cables at Spezia and built a cable-laying ship, the Citta di Milano. Since that time the firm has been conspicuous in the submarine-cable industry. They supplied the cables that linked Italy with Libya, also the lines to South America. When the motor age came, tire manufacture was inaugurated by this company upon what has become a constantly increasing scale.

Alberto Pirelli is the foremost industrialist of Italy and Mussolini's chief business adviser. This is why the *duce* never goes wrong when he tackles practical affairs. Pirelli is one of those soft-voiced, effective men who never pound the table, but who get what they go after. He speaks excellent English. No living Italian has served his country in a more varied capacity. During the war he was behind production of essential supplies. Since the Armistice he has served as a member of the Economic Council at Versailles, the Dawes Commission and the Italian Debt Settlement Committee. He is president of the Association of Italian Corporations.

The Battle of Exports

Pirelli's latest task is being chairman of the National Institute for Exports which Mussolini caused to be formed in April to carry on what he calls the battle of exports. Just as his battle of the grain, to which Count Volpi referred, means an intensive campaign to stimulate cereal production through the introduction of the latest scientific agricultural methods, so does the offensive to expand exports indicate still another expression of that unity which is the Italian watchword.

At Milan I renewed an acquaintance with Alberto Pirelli which began during the war. When I asked him about the business situation he said: "Italy is prospering because she has that first essential to economic progress which is a strong and fearless government."

Italian industrial development under Fascism is not confined to motor cars and

(Continued on Page 141)

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Poor oil makes junk!

Poor oil doesn't give a motor even a gambler's chance. It does one of two things. Causes costly repairs. Or sends a motor to an early grave. . . . Yet the majority of motorists are utterly indifferent to the oil they use. You could put anything, *anything* that looks like motor oil into their crank-cases. Every year a certain percentage of them pay a king's ransom in repairs and replacements for their indifference. That's hard to believe. But it's true!

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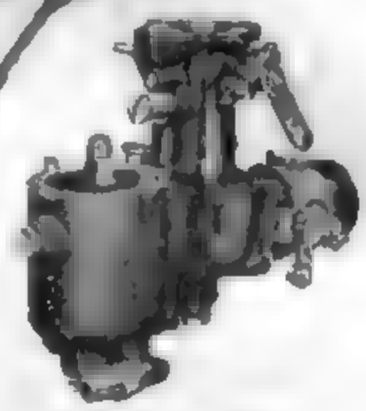

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(Continued from Page 138)

accessories. Perhaps the most amazing progress has been recorded in the manufacture of artificial silk, one of Mussolini's pet projects, which has grown to astonishing proportions since he became national accelerator. It is the youngest of the big activities, having been launched at Padua in 1908.

In 1922, when the Fascisti marched on Rome, Italy occupied seventh place in world artificial-silk production. She has gone to second. Expansion has largely grown out of cheap and abundant labor, factory locations adjacent to large centers with good communications, low-priced and ample electric power and good water. The largest concern employs nearly 25,000 people in its factory near Turin. Behind this mastodon is Riccardo Gualino, another one of the Italian industrial kings. Like so many of his colleagues, he began with the proverbial shoestring and became a power in production.

The advance in artificial silk is duplicated in shipbuilding and has also been reflected in the boom in the Italian merchant marine. Here you have a definite link with the United States. The four leading companies—the Lloyd Sabaudo, the Navigazione Generale Italiana, the Cosulich and the Lloyd Triestino—have expanded their capitalization and their fleets.

The Roma, the new flagship of the Navigazione Generale Italiana, which will be in service this autumn, has a tonnage of 33,000 and is being built at the Ansaldo works at Genoa. A further evidence of the revival in industry is shown in the fact that this vast shipbuilding plant, which got into difficulties during the postwar depression, has been reorganized and is going strong again.

Marvels have been achieved with the railroads. A chronic deficit of $60,000,000 was converted into a profit of $10,000,000 last year. With half of the original number of employes, both freight and passenger service has been improved. One of the first things that strike the traveler in Italy today is that trains run on time. The weeding out of useless employes on the railroads was part of the drastic housecleaning which affected all governmental services when Mussolini began to wield the ax.

Strike Insurance

The drama of financial and industrial transformation that has just been disclosed would be in constant jeopardy were it subject to the sudden dislocation that strikes—and especially a general walkout—bring about. Mussolini has taken out insurance against this contingency in what is perhaps his most daring and revolutionary experiment so far. Through state control of trade unionism he has put the fear of God, as well as of the law, into the workers.

In the personal article about this remarkable man I explained the project in detail. Summed up it is this: Through the organization of the Syndicati Fascisti he has sterilized the power of the old Socialist trade-unions by giving the Syndicati the only legal right to collective bargaining. Though membership in the Fascisti party is not obligatory for entry into the Syndicati, the great majority are leagued with the black-shirt host.

The moment he got into office Mussolini realized that the havoc wrought by almost incessant strikes must stop. He initiated legislation which not only outlaws and penalizes interference with industrial output and the operation of state services but sets up a tribunal for compulsory arbitration. If employers and employes cannot agree the issue is taken before a Magistracy of Labor—there is one in every important center—from which there is no appeal. The net result of these drastic innovations is that Italy, like the New Zealand of other days, is a country without strikes. This is why she prospers.

Late in April Mussolini created a new cabinet post called the Ministry of Corporations, which will supervise the state control of labor unions and be the official steward, as it were, of the conciliation program. The word "corporations" is not employed in the sense that we know it, but because the organized bodies composed of workers or capitalists are technically called corporations in Italy.

It is altogether likely that Mussolini himself will become Minister of Corporations. If this happens he will have exactly seven departments directly under him. At the moment he is President of the Council, Premier, Minister of Foreign Affairs, War, Navy, and Aeronautics.

The Mussolini social program has not ended with the elimination of strikes. The *duce* has proved to the workers that industrial peace and democracy, like Fascism itself, pay. An investigation of conditions in Northern Italy generally, Milan, Brescia, and Rome, made in February, showed that wages have increased 21, 17, 13 and 12 per cent respectively.

A Country of Workers

Mussolini has also inaugurated a housing scheme that is providing cheap homes for the workers. A fund of 500,000,000 lire has been set aside to finance the beginning. The king laid the cornerstone of the first block of cheap houses for government employes in Rome. The fact that this piece of constructive state altruism includes government workers shows that all who work for some kind of wage, whether intellectuals or artisans, are eligible to its benefits. This is also true of the Syndicati Fascisti, who now number 2,000,000. The housing scheme is directed by the National Institute of Collective Ownership, an evidence that the Fascisti rule is not confined exclusively to any abstract reactionary formula.

When Mussolini declared at the outset of his régime that "everybody must work" he was not making a mere grand-stand appeal. Just as he has put the fear of God into the worker, so has he also stirred the shirker. Perhaps the most unique measure introduced in any parliament is the so-called *la legge contro l'ozio*, which, literally translated, means "the law against idleness." All idlers who cannot show good reason why they are not at work in some way are subject to fine or imprisonment or both. In explaining the provocation for this statute, Mussolini said: "The existence of privileged individuals for whom life's sole enjoyment is to profit by the work of others is inadmissible."

The anti-idleness bill was actually drawn by Edmondo Rossoni, formerly a tin worker in Pennsylvania, and now the titular head of the Confederazione Corporazione Fascisti, which is the national federation of the Syndicati Fascisti. When I asked him about it at Rome he said:

"This measure, like the compulsory arbitration bill, seeks to make Italy a nation of workers. Those who lack the instinct or the desire for toil will be made to labor. It is merely part of our larger idea of syndicalistic unity."

No phase of the new Italy is more expressive of growing self-sufficiency than the decline of German influence. Before the war the country, economically, was little less than a German state. Eighty thousand Teutons lived within the confines of the kingdom. With an investment of a bare $10,000,000, which was one-third of the money employed by France in Italy, they controlled nearly all of the 783 stock companies in some way. In Milan, Genoa and Turin you heard almost as much German spoken as in Berlin. Italy's greatest bank—the Banca Commerciale Italiana—had been founded by Germans, was staffed by Germans, and was the power house, so to speak, of the Teutonic penetration.

Behind all this German influence was an interesting reason. When Cavour and his successors literally hawked Italy's desire for trade development throughout Europe the only hearing they got was in Germany. Britain was busy with empire building. France had linked herself with Russia.

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Besides, the French have not been popular with Italians since France annexed Nice, Savoy and Tunis. Germany responded because she needed Italy in her new business of world expansion.

What was perhaps the most extraordinary illustration of German economic sovereignty over an alien country followed. Italian factories throbbed with German machinery in charge of German engineers. The hydroelectric activity to a very considerable degree was organized, financed and installed by German bankers and industrialists. William Hohenzollern himself press-agented the conquest by making frequent trips to Italy and having a summer home on one of the Italian islands.

A concrete incident will show how Germany put herself over. The Banca Commerciale Italiana, which is invariably referred to in Italy as the B. C. I., was the Italian partner of the famous machinery concern, the Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft of Berlin, better known as the A. E. G. The first president of the B. C. I. was head of the Italian branch of the A. E. G. If a group of Italians wanted a loan for a water-power project, they could get it only by using German machinery. Otherwise all bets were off.

When the World War broke, Italy was up against it, because the German influence dominated her finance and industry. This is why there was very little sequestration of German interests during the struggle. With peace the Germans began to resume their old power, which continued until Mussolini appeared on the national scene. Things then began to happen.

One of his first injunctions was to ask Italians to become as economically independent of Germany as possible. When the row developed over the refusal of the Tyrolese to speak Italian—Italy had acquired the Southern Tyrol after the war—Mussolini blazed forth as a 100 per cent Germanophobe. He saw German influence behind the Austrian resistance and defied the Teutons in a speech that had a good deal of the sword rattle in it. This was political.

More practical has been the effect of his admonition to Italian industry. Instead of buying German equipment today, Italy is manufacturing a great deal of it herself, especially installations of hydroelectric plants. The old interlocking system which tied up factory equipment with German loans has stopped. The feeling against German goods is one factor. In addition, Germany, because of her pinched fiscal condition due to Dawes Plan payments, heavy taxation and high interest rates for money, is unable to offer the old-time attractive credit terms.

American Influence in Business

Less penetrative but increasingly effective is the American economic influence in Italy. For years the chief regular traffic between the two countries was in immigrants, and it went one way. Now that this has subsided, the exodus is from the American side, first in the shape of tourists and second in dollars and goods.

One reason why we have not registered the same automobile advance as in other countries is because of the big Italian production which I have already mentioned. Furthermore, an American car or truck practically doubles its price when offered for sale in Italy because of the 68 per cent duty on them.

What most people do not comprehend is that the Italian market is highly competitive. Nothing is self-selling. We have more than held our own, however, in some lines; especially electrical goods, where we have made a big dent in the former German and British sales.

The oldest American interest in Italy is that of the Standard Oil Company, which began in 1891. Operation is not by a subsidiary, as is usually the case, but through the introduction of capital and American officials by the Standard of New Jersey. The organization is called the Società Italo Americana pel Petrolio, whose main offices at Genoa are in the Palazzo Celesia, one of the historic landmarks of the city, which contains three noted mural paintings by the eminent Genoese historical artist, Barabino. In view of the importance of these paintings the structure has been earmarked by the government as a national monument. As such it cannot be sold.

The Società Italo Americana pel Petrolio is a factor in stimulating commerce between Italy and the United States, and has also contributed to the growing importance of Italian ports in the transatlantic trade, in as much as certain parts of Switzerland, Austria, Jugoslavia and even Czecho-Slovakia receive their supplies from the company's Italian importing installations. The company has extended its commerce to Italian colonies and to near-by countries, having agencies or connections in Tripoli, Albania, Tunis, Algiers and Malta.

Except for the fact that it is not an oil producer, the S. I. A. P., as it is called for short, is a complete unit in itself. It not only maintains many large importing stations for receiving refined products from abroad, mostly America, but it manufactures its own cases and cans, and through a stock interest in the Raffineria Triestina di Olii Minerali maintains a refinery as well. Finally it has been the pioneer in introducing the American service station to the Italian automobilist.

First Aid for the Exporter

The next ranking Yankee interest in Italy is in the two branches of the National City Bank of New York. The first one, at Genoa, was opened in 1916. A year later it was appointed a depository of the United States Treasury. During the war it played an important part in effecting payment of the assignments to the dependents in Italy of American soldiers of Italian origin. The Milan branch, inaugurated in 1924 in the heart of Italy's richest and most thriving city, owed its start to the stabilization of conditions following the advent of Mussolini and Fascism.

One of the most pretentious American enterprises is the Società Nazionale di Radiatori, an Italian limited-liability company, the shares of which belong to an American company. It was founded, with head offices in Milan, in 1909, and for the first two years imported its products. In 1911 a complete plant was constructed at Brescia, where a full line of boilers and radiators is manufactured. This factory, with 600 employes, has operated without interruption since its construction. Other American concerns with factory or selling interests in Italy are the Vacuum Oil Company, the General Electric Company and the Western Electric Company.

The American exporter who seeks to enter Italy has a first aid there in the American Chamber of Commerce for Italy, which was organized in 1918 and which maintains a pretentious establishment at Milan. It not only provides adequate commercial data for our business men but originates trade opportunities. It includes both Americans and Italians in its membership of 700. The chamber is as much interested in accelerating Italian exports to us as vice versa, thus recognizing the real formula for oversea commercial expansion, which is that you cannot sell without buying.

I know of no better way of emphasizing the Italian solidity than to chronicle European happenings during the week in which this article was written. Britain was just emerging from the devastating general strike. A revolution broke out in Poland and armies battled in the streets of Warsaw. The French franc went to the lowest point in its history. Germany's cabinet fell, while an incipient monarchist plot was disclosed. Belgian fiscal and political turmoil continued with little prospect of settlement. Spain faced a renewal of the North African war.

In contrast is the strike-free Italy, pursuing the constructive tenor of her way. For once, concentrated might means economic peace and prosperity.

COLLINS,
star salesman,
says

"It's as important as the morning shave"

HE MEANS Glo-Co Liquid Hair Dressing. *Glo-Coing* the hair keeps it in place all day and gives that look of good grooming associated with men of success.

And it doesn't take a minute to do. Just a few drops from the squirt-top bottle on the hair, two or three strokes of your brush, and the job is done.

Nothing artificial in the finished effect either. Glo-Co Hair Dressing is not a sticky paste. It is a tonic liquid dressing that makes the hair soft and lustrous. It acts on the hair follicles, stimulates new growth, and helps keep dandruff away.

If you're especially troubled with dandruff—*beware!* It's a sign of coming baldness. Use the Glo-Co treatment once each week. Apply Glo-Co Hair Dressing liberally to the scalp to soften the scurf that clogs the openings of the follicles, then wash with Glo-Co Shampoo. The cleansing, antiseptic lather of this shampoo frees the scalp from scale and bacteria, and makes your hair like silk.

After the shampoo, comb your hair with Glo-Co Hair Dressing to keep it in place. There is nothing else like Glo-Co. Guard against substitutes. Look for the handsome *blue and gold* Glo-Co packages. Sold at drug and department stores and barber shops. Try Glo-Co. You will be amazed at the results. See what Glo-Co will do for you. Send the coupon below, with only 10c, for liberal samples. Mail it today—*now*.

GLO-CO

LIQUID HAIR DRESSING

GLO-CO COMPANY
6511 McKinley Avenue
Los Angeles, California

Enclosed find ten cents for trial bottles of Glo-Co Liquid Hair Dressing and Glo-Co Shampoo.

Name

Street or R.F.D

City and State

The Kroehler Manufacturing Company, maker of davenports and living room furniture, wanted:

Dealer Influence(1)
Leadership Farm Homes(2)
Reader Interest(3)
Expanding Circulation(4)
Results(5)

"We have no objection whatever to outlining our reasons for adding The Country Gentleman to our list, and giving the results we have had therefrom, as requested in your letter of March 6. First, we regard it as an extension of Curtis circulation.

(1) An investigation made for us by an independent research organization last year showed that dealers almost without exception regard Curtis circulation of greatest value. The Saturday Evening Post, in particular, showing almost 100%.

(2) By using The Country Gentleman we could reach the leadership farm homes, whose average we believe is better than that reached by other national publications of large circulation.

(3) Reader interest, the writer knew from previous use, far exceeded that of any other farm magazine.

(4) A rapidly expanding circulation, due to changing from a weekly to a monthly and the unusual interest which a new publication attracts, or better still an old publication in a new form, made The Country Gentleman in our opinion an exceptional buy.

Results have more than justified our decision.
(5) Inquiries both in number and character exceed a number of the publications we are using, all of which have much larger circulation.

Yours very truly,

KROEHLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY."

The Country Gentleman

The Modern Farm Paper

More than 1,200,000 a month

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Advertising Offices: Philadelphia, New York, Chicago Boston, San Francisco, Detroit, Cleveland

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

"Not doing anything just now"

Is that the answer you give your printer? If it is, you are hurting yourself. The nearer you are to doing nothing, the more you need good printing ~

IF you and every man in your business slept all day, there would still be a lot going on in your business.

Rent would be going on. Overhead would be plugging steadily away. Salaries would not stop.

What is MUCH more important, your customers and prospects would be planning, deciding, and buying with less and less thought of you and your firm.

There are many reasons for postponing, holding up, or neglecting the printing that keeps a business in touch with its public.

Some of these reasons may seem good, but they are all bad compared to the fact that you are doing no direct advertising. The public's memory will not mark time, just because you do. The public forgets.

No matter how much printing you intend to use next year or "some time soon," no matter what splendid printing you have used in the past—no matter if business is off, or you are so busy you are rushed to death—don't give your printer the answer that you are "not doing anything just now."

In the first place, it isn't wholly true—and he knows it. In the second place, to whatever extent it is true, you need good printing more acutely than ever.

In the use of printing to promote your business, doing something is always infinitely better than doing nothing.

Further, just to say that you are doing nothing has a tendency to lull yourself and your people into the belief that nothing needs to be done, that nothing can be done.

Watch yourself if you feel like giving that answer to your printer. If you have already given it, right now—this minute—is none too soon to call him in and prepare to do something right away.

To merchants, manufacturers, printers, and buyers of printing

Some interesting information on the use of printed pieces in advertising and on coöperation with good printers is contained in a series of books being issued by S. D. Warren Company. Ask a paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers to put you on his mailing list, or write direct to us, suggesting, if possible, the special problems of direct advertising on which you need help. S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS
Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

better paper ~
better printing

Here's AFTER-SHAVING COMFORT *on the hottest day*

A COMFORTABLE *face goes far toward making the whole body comfortable Aqua Velva after shaving keeps the face feeling fit all day long*

IF you're looking for a new sensation, first slap a dash of Aqua Velva on your newly shaven face one of these sultry summer mornings. Step out to your job with a new vim!

The cool, refreshing tingle of Williams new after-shaving preparation puts a new complexion on the whole day—keeps your own complexion as it should be—skin flexible and smooth. No more powders—they absorb moisture. Greases? Not this weather. Aqua Velva *conserves* the natural moisture of your skin—keeps it cool and like velvet all day long.

Aqua Velva does these five refreshing things

First: It gives your face an invigorating, lively tingle.

Second: It sterilizes and helps to heal each tiny cut and scrape.

Third: It has a fine, fresh, manly fragrance.

Fourth: It helps the skin in its fight against sun and wind and exposure.

Fifth: It conserves the needed natural moisture in the skin. (Powder absorbs this necessary moisture—leaves the skin dry.)

Aqua Velva conditions your face and *keeps* it just as comfortable all day long as Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it.

Aqua Velva is a clear, sparkling liquid—not gummy or greasy. Nothing to wipe off. Try it after your next ten shaves FREE. We are so sure that you will become a steady user that we'll send you a generous test bottle FREE. All you have to do is to mail us the coupon below—or use a postcard.

The large 5-ounce bottle of Aqua Velva costs 50c (60c in Canada). By mail, postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it. Aqua Velva costs almost nothing a day to use.

FOR USE AFTER SHAVING
Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

Free trial offer!

CLIP AND MAIL COUPON

The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. 47-A, Glastonbury, Conn.
Canadian Address: 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal

Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva

Plupy Regrets an Ambition That Leads Him Into Literary Activities

Continued from Page 38

and we did and licked him good and maid him holler enuf.

i got 2 moar licks on my mouth and i gess i will never play the e flat alto horn agen. after we got in old Francis licked me agen for fiting. John Stacy sed i hit him ferst and he had to hold me down and while he was holding me down to save himself Beany helped me lick him. Beany sed he saw me down and he helped me becaus a biger feller had me down. so old Francis sed John Stacy done rite to hold me down and Beany done rite to help a friend in truble and i done rong. so he licked me. i get the wirst of it always. darn those old himms ennyway.

Thursday May 13, 186—i got sum tracks from the chirch today. tracks is stories of men whitch has been snached as a bran from the birning. i gess they want to snach me two.

i dident get licked today. i wonder why. the fellers hollered at me a good deel. i wish i had never rote them himms.

Friday, May 14, 186—well of all things that has hapened this is the wirst. the Exeter News Leter come out today and had a peace about me and the minister and the chirch. they sed they had maid a cairful xamination of the himm book and had found jest what himms a certain grate wrighter took his lines from for those himms whitch were sed to combine the buty of those of J. K. Paine, the melodius mesures of Lowell Mason, the trumpet call of Martin Luther. they sed they hated to gnock down a statute whitch had been erected by the reverent gentleman, but cander compelled them to maik a further staitment whitch was that the music was the saim music of 2 popular songs the wirds of whitch was as follows

1st.

Sally come up, Sally come down
Sally come twist your heal around
the old man has gone to town
Sally come up in the middle.

2th.

i usted to board at the Axter House
took my dinner at haff past four
plenty of cloths upon my back
scrip laid up for moar
now i have an old coat all split up the back
shoes dont cover my toe oh ohs
hat on my head goes flipper apper ack
this is the way the rum jug goes.

they sed we still feal that the reputasions of the gifted himm wrighters is in no grate dangir of being eclippsed by our yuthful townsman.

there i have rote this jest as Cele read it to me from the News Letter today. i wish old Smith Hall and Clark was at the bottom of the river. they have been mad with me and Pozzy Chadwick ever sence we went into bizziness as gob printers.

well i wunder what is going to happen to me now. i think this is the wirst yet.

Editor's Note—This is the fourteenth of a serics of sketches by Mr Shute. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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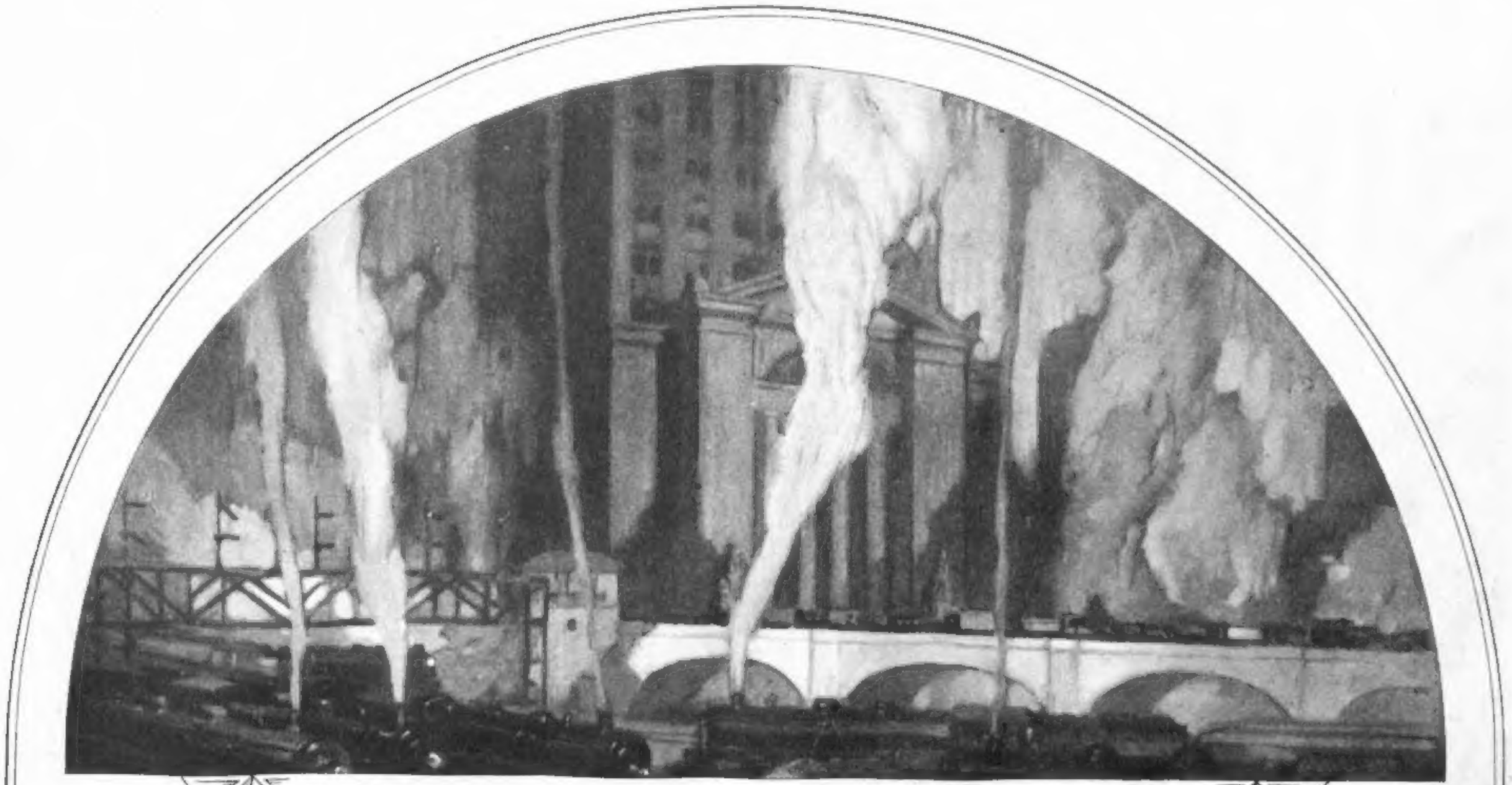
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.



75 YEARS OF CONTINUOUS

SUCCESS

ON THE MORNING of September 2, 1850, a diminutive "tea-kettle" engine, drawing one coach, puffed along a new railroad between Aurora and Turner Junction, Illinois.

Twelve miles were the line, and the second-hand engine, coach and two freight cars were the total rolling stock of the pioneer Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, born that day.

* * *

Today, 75 years later, twelve miles of track have become 11,500 miles. The Great Lakes are joined to the Rockies; the great Northwest meets the Gulf of Mexico. An empire of thirteen states is welded by a single transportation system.

Twenty-two hundred locomotives have replaced the "tea-kettle" engine, 80,000 freight cars bear the Middle West's commerce, 1,600 passenger cars carry 19 million people in a year. And 50,000 employes serve with a builder's pride this railroad that has grown to greatness.

* * *

Measure the success of the Burlington, the span of its development and influence since the "tea-kettle" engine of Lincoln's day, and you have measured the swift growth of the great Middle West it helped to build. Here, before the railroads came, were open prairies, wilderness and desert waste. Now the bulk of the nation's food crops are produced, great manufacturing centers count their output in billions, a population of 30 millions only hesitates at the mark.

* * *

In the service of this great territory Burlington's history is written.

Agriculture was aided—now the Burlington carries more live-stock than any other railroad. It carries more grain than any other railroad. It is the largest food distributor in the world.

Industries were fostered—now the Burlington is the second largest coal carrier in the West. It is the principal carrier for the great beet sugar industry, for the vast oil fields of Wyoming and Montana.

Travel service was perfected—now the Burlington holds a world's "on time" record. It is the largest carrier of summer tourists to the Rockies. It has been the government fast mail carrier from Chicago to Omaha for 42 years.

* * *

In no spirit of boasting are these facts stated. The Burlington does not claim to be the model railroad, although it acknowledges no superiors. It is proud of its past, but it is humble in facing a future of even greater responsibilities of public service.

Since the morning of
September 2, 1850

The Burlington has completed seventy-five years of successful railroad service. The Burlington has never been in the hands of a receiver; it has never defaulted on a financial obligation. The Burlington has counted success as necessary to a useful existence. It knows no other way to provide the high class of service the public has demanded and which the Burlington has made its first purpose

PRESIDENT OF THE BURLINGTON

The Burlington Route

The National Park Line Burlington Route *Everywhere West*

11,500 MILES OF RAILROAD IN THIRTEEN STATES

There is a certain fascination in choosing new lighting equipment for the home, particularly when decorative lighting is now available at such low cost

"What style of lighting fitments should I have in our living-room and dining-room?...What is best for the hall and bed-rooms?"

The Authorized Riddle Dealer in your community will aid you in answering these questions in a satisfactory way

People are coming to recognize the importance of the lighting equipment; it has so much to do with the appearance of the home.

If you are building a new home, or if you are thinking of changing old-style lighting fixtures for decorative lighting fitments, as so many are now doing, you will find it worth while to consult an Authorized Riddle Dealer, not only because he will show you the new styles in Riddle Fitments, but also because he will give you reliable advice on the handling of the various rooms.

It makes a great difference whether you have just the right fitments. It may be a question of a candle fitment or a drop-light style. You may wonder whether one-light or two-light brackets should be used on either side of the fireplace; or you may have some doubt about the appropriate style for the dining-room. On all such questions the advice of a Riddle Dealer is well worth having.

Riddle Dealers comprise a select group with the necessary experience and judgment to give competent suggestions about home lighting, both from the standpoint of adequate illumination and with respect also to the artistic effect.

You need have no feeling of obligation in consulting a Riddle Dealer, as he will be glad to have the opportunity of discussing your lighting problems with you, whatever decision you may finally reach.

There are Authorized Riddle Dealers in practically every community. If you will write The Edward N. Riddle Company, Toledo, Ohio, the name of a nearby Dealer and a folder illustrating new styles in Riddle Decorative Lighting Fitments will be sent without delay.

Riddle

DECORATIVE LIGHTING FITMENTS

THE STANDARD OF RESIDENTIAL LIGHTING

Remodel now and do it with Sheetrock . . . .

Summer is perfect time for remodeling and repairs. On mild, sunny days, you can have the doors and windows open while the work is going on—no inconvenience, no discomfort. And labor is plentiful now.

Sheetrock is perfect material for alterations or repairs to walls and ceilings at low cost.

Use this fireproof wallboard to add space and value and comfort to your house—to finish off the attic, make two new cozy rooms out of an oversize old one, line the basement against next winter's cold and fuel expense, make a sleeping porch, sun room, summer kitchen, fruit cellar, or provide a real garage for the car.

Sheetrock is easy to work with and good in its results. It comes all ready for use, pure gypsum factory-cast in broad high sheets that are light and easy to handle, saw and nail like lumber, need only to be nailed to the joists or studding. It *will not warp*—it *will not burn*—it makes rigid, tight-jointed, *permanent* walls and ceilings.

You can decorate Sheetrock according to your needs or taste, with wallpaper, paint, panels, *Textone*.

Your dealer in lumber or building supplies has Sheetrock or can get it for you promptly. Insist on the genuine Sheetrock—made only by the United States Gypsum Company—every board branded with the USG Sheetrock label.

Sheetrock is inspected and approved as an effective barrier to fire by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY
General Offices: 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois

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SHEETROCK

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The *FIREPROOF* WALLBOARD

USG PRODUCTS

Valuable book of prize plans—"Fireproof Homes of Period Design"—sent for $1 and this coupon addressed to Fireproofing Dept. W, U. S. Gypsum Co., 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Illinois.

Name_____

City_____ State_____

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY
Dept. 30, 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Illinois

Send me free booklet, "Sheetrock Walls."

Name_____

Address_____

The safeguard to

Healthful Cleanliness

and the easy way to clean floors

Spotless, sanitary floors are a distinction of good housekeeping as well as a health protection. Most of the dirt on floors consists of impurities that are tracked in. These are often dangerous. Old Dutch removes all such impurities and is the sure way to *healthful cleanliness.*

Sprinkle a little Old Dutch on the floor and apply the mop. You will be amazed with the result. Just as Old Dutch so easily and quickly removes all dirt and invisible impurities from bathtub, sink, cooking utensils, refrigerator, etc., so it does the same service on floors. Leaves no greasy film to collect dirt and show footprints.

There is nothing else like Old Dutch. Its efficiency lies in the fact that its particles are thin, flaky and flat shaped. The microscope shows this. These flat particles work like thousands of tiny erasers, removing all uncleanness without scratching.

Economical—Goes farther, lasts longer—doesn't harm the hands.

Old Dutch removes the dirt, not the surface

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